WEEK ENDING APRIL 2, 1927

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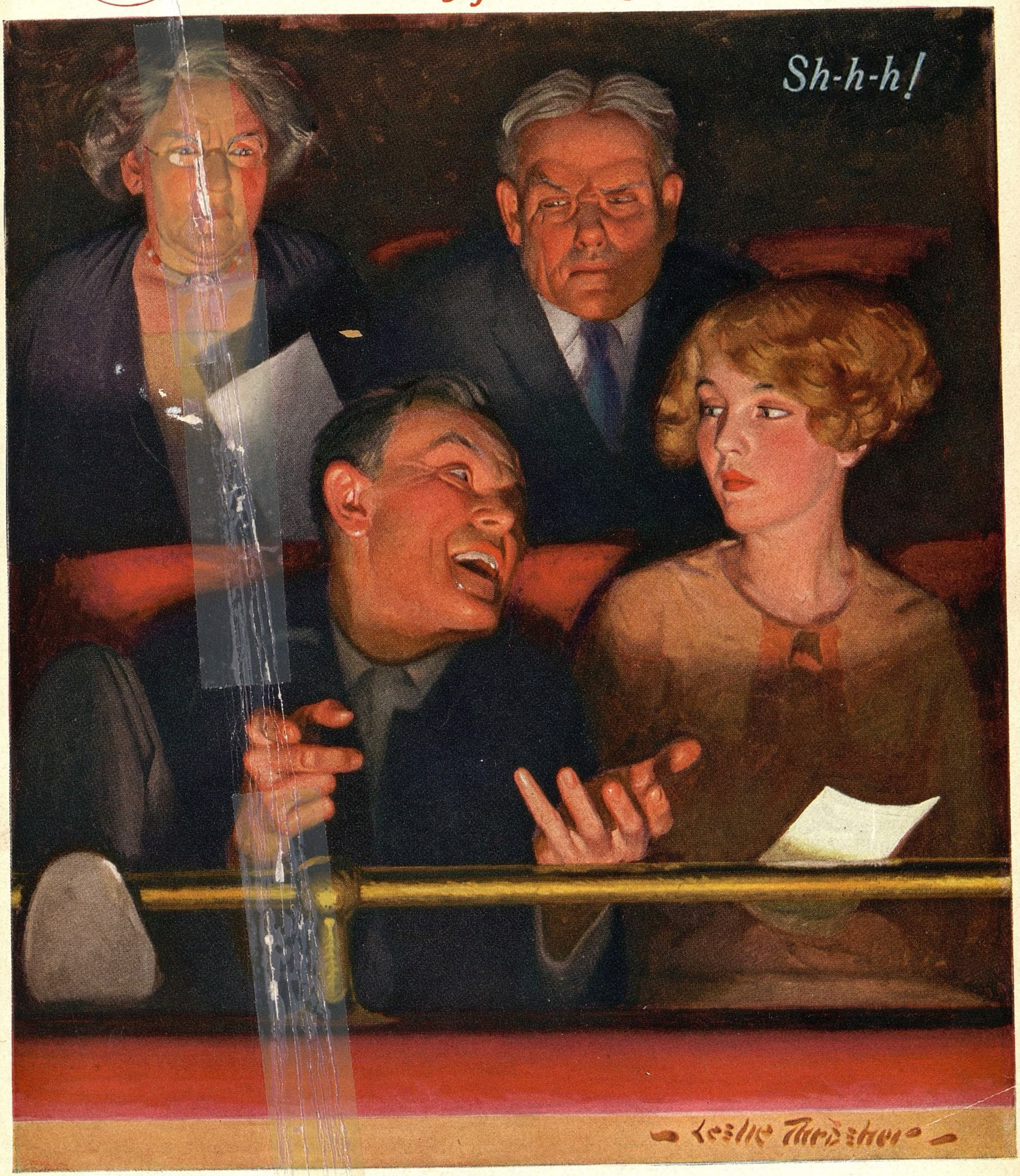
Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody



In this Issue **THE THRILL OF DIVORCE** *by* **ELIAS TOBENKIN**

also **OYSTERS IN SEASON** *by* **FRANK R. ADAMS,** *The* **ZARA MYSTERY** *by* **SAX ROHM**

Tired . . .
before the day's tasks begin

Driving his brain, hurrying his meals, slighting his exercise, the business man invites Auto-Intoxication

And Auto-Intoxication, an enervating form of self-poisoning keeps thousands of men from doing their best work. It is often the real cause of dull headaches, tired nerves, and fatigue.

* * *

THE American business man is a good provider. He wants his family to have the best—and he works long and late to get it for them.

The day is too short for the demands that crowd upon him. And so he eats hastily—takes his exercise in spurts—rests himself badly—and, often in the morning, he is tired even before the day's tasks begin.

In the absorbing struggle for success, we are impatient with nature's laws. We all know that we should observe the simple a-b-c's of health. We all make good resolutions to exercise more regularly and to eat more carefully, but we forget them in the rush, rush, rush of these quick-step times. We drive ahead on nervous strength alone, seldom at the peak of physical or mental efficiency.

* * *

The most common result of our hurried living is stoppage of waste products in the intestines. This is the source of a host of modern ills. For if this waste does not pass quickly—and completely—from the body, fermentation begins and poisons are set up. These poisons are carried through the body by the blood causing the form of self-poisoning popularly called Auto-Intoxication.

Auto-Intoxication takes some part of health, some portion of vitality from nine out of ten people. It shows itself in headaches, indigestion, irritability and depression. And unchecked it may lead to far more serious troubles. Even in its milder form, Auto-Intoxication brings a feeling of fatigue and inability to concentrate.—*It keeps thousands of men from doing their best work.*

To keep really fit, to hold our own in this age of relentless competition, Auto-Intoxication must be prevented. Waste products must be eliminated regularly—and thoroughly.

How to guard against Auto-Intoxication

The first step in combating Auto-Intoxication is to correct the stoppage in the intestines and to sweep away the poisons of waste. To do this Sal Hepatica is the safe and approved standby. It stimulates the natural secretion of water in the intestines and brings about prompt elimination by flushing.

Sal Hepatica is a delicately balanced combination of several salines, fortified with sodium phosphate. Dissolved in a tumblerful of water it makes a sparkling, effervescent, palatable drink.

You may take Sal Hepatica on arising, or, if you prefer, half an hour before any meal. It helps you to feel better, to work better, to play better.

* * *

Send the coupon for the free booklet on "Auto-Intoxication" which explains more fully the causes and effects of self-poisoning and the ills which follow in its train. The booklet also explains how you may avoid this prevalent condition and clearly and logically it tells you how to keep physically fit.

Memo to Myself:

Beginning today, I am going to exercise regularly. I am going to eat sensibly. I'm not going to cut the corners on sleep and rest. To start the good work of keeping myself physically fit, I'm going to get a bottle of Sal Hepatica—today. And I'm going to send the coupon in the opposite corner for the free booklet that explains more fully the causes and effects of Auto-Intoxication.

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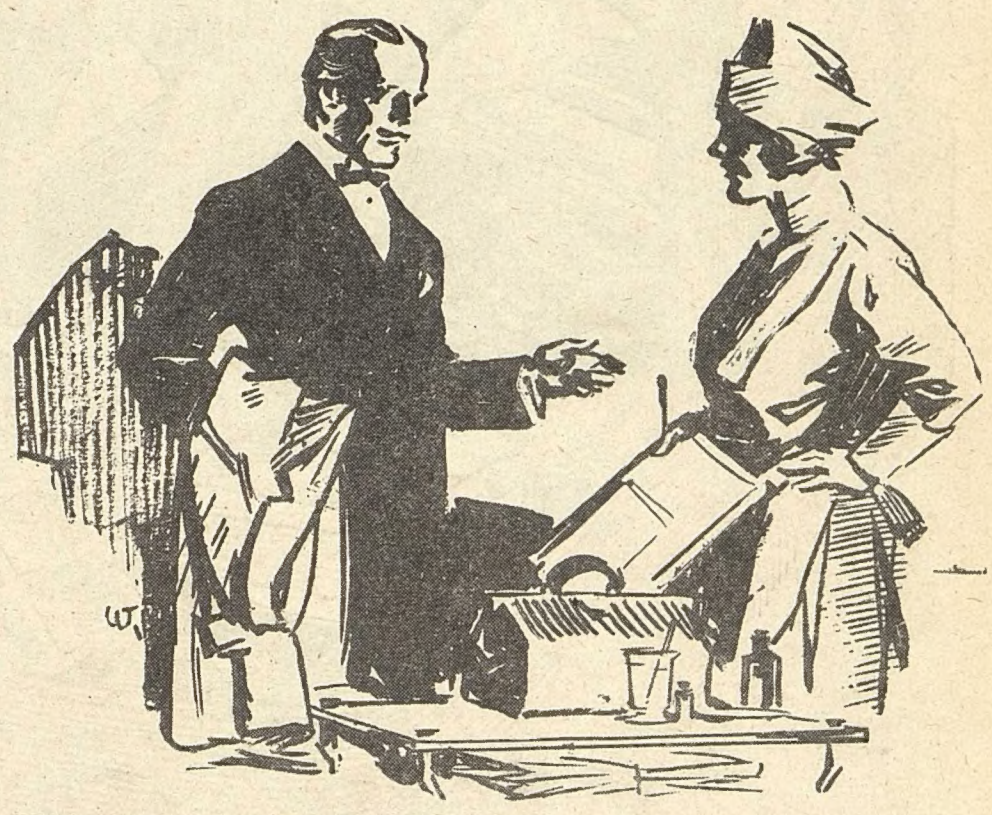
*City*_____ *State*_____

How is your family classified by physicians and nurses?

Many proud and enlightened households would be humiliated to know how backward are their ideals of health and cleanliness in the eyes of modern science



WHEN the physician steps through the door, do you realize that your household is, in a sense, immediately placed on trial? When a trained nurse is called, your family standards become an open book. There is nothing hostile . . . simply the natural attitude of the scientific mind. You are judged not by clothes, manners or interior decorations, but by your *hygienic standards*.

And properly so. Every member of a family, every member of a community, is under a moral obligation *to maintain and raise* the health standard. So it matters a great deal, just how you rank in the opinion of those who know.

Zonite marks the enlightened home—and protects it

The first step toward a higher sanitary standard is disease-*prevention*. This calls for an antiseptic or, far better, a genuine germicide. And right here has always arisen the difficulty. All the known germicides were poisons. Carbolic acid, bichloride of mercury—these were a menace in the house, especially if the family contained children. Furthermore, the uses of these preparations were very limited. For the nose and throat, it was necessary to depend on less effective antiseptics—weak mouthwashes which might retard germ-growth temporarily but could never even pretend to stamp out germs entirely.

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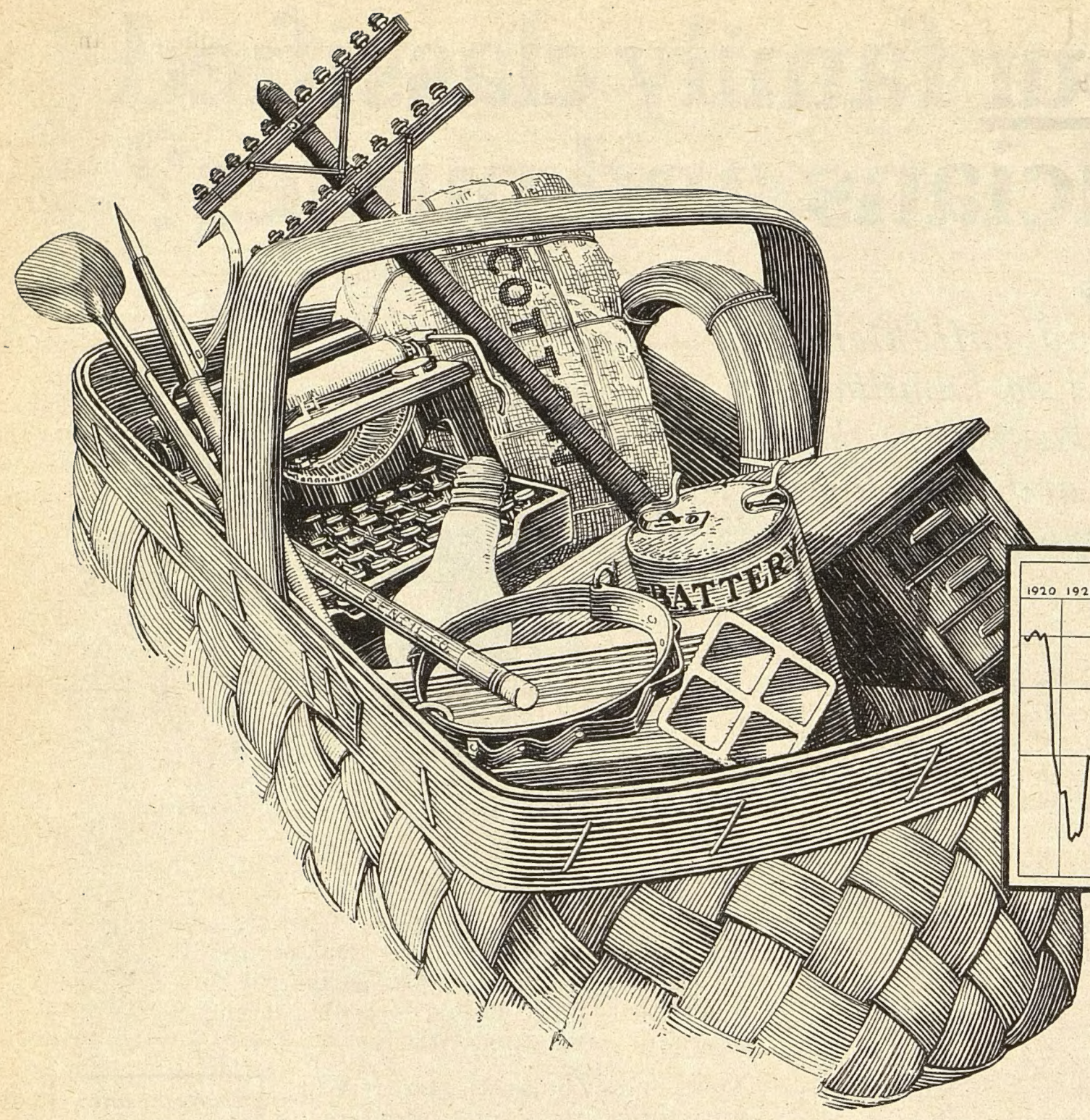

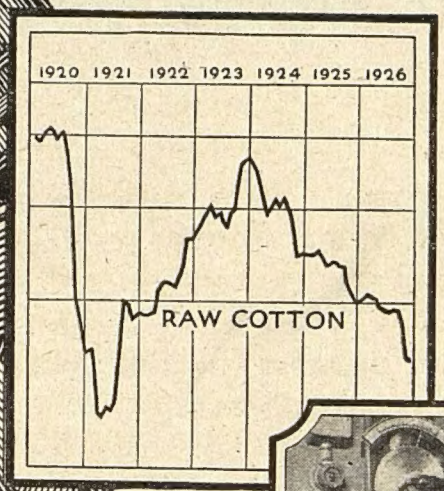

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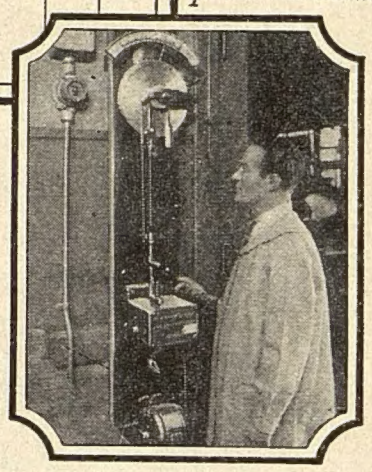

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April 2, 1927

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

Vol. 3 No. 48

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

RELIGION AND MEXICO—*An Editorial*

President Calles of Mexico, through political skill or luck, has been able to introduce the religious element into both Mexican and American politics. By confusing the issue of confiscation of property with that of religion, he has succeeded to a certain extent in splitting into two camps those who oppose the Roman Catholic Church and those who sympathize with it, and committing them at the same time for or against his other programs.

There has not been, in recent history, a better illustration of the consequences of injecting religion into affairs of state. It has confused the decisions of the governments of both Mexico and the United States, and caused the people to regard any action with suspicion. Worse: in both countries opinion has been directed away from national interest, international justice, and fair play, and focused on religion.

Strangely enough, we in the United States who live and work together successfully regardless of who is Jew or Gentile, Protestant or Catholic, have been led into partisanship over Mexican affairs, and it has been seriously proposed that the United States deal with Mexico, on the basis not of what Mexico may do to Americans, but of what it may do to Mexicans with respect to their religious beliefs.

When our country was founded, our forefathers, who seem in retrospect wiser than we, had only recently come from Europe, which for centuries had been torn by religious hatreds. In the name of the same God, the Europeans had burned one another, tortured, ravished, disemboweled, impaled on sharp sticks, and loosed wild beasts upon one another.

Many of our forefathers were not allied to any religion. They believed there was great danger that our nation would be torn apart if they allowed to take root here the religious hatreds that had torn Europe, made Spain and France and Germany slaughter pens, bred war and persecution in England, and caused the condition that inspired the Irish poet to sing:

> Fightin' aich other for the sake of peace,
> And hatin' aich other for the love of God.

They decided they did not want the nation that was created in the name of liberty broken up by religious dissension, and that the way to avoid it was to forbid the establishment of any state church. They provided that each individual should enjoy social and religious freedom, and that none might use the state to favor or repress any form of religious worship.

Now, after 150 years of greater or lesser tolerance, we have been led into a division along religious lines because of the troubles and the political scheming in another country.

Our advice to Americans is that we all adhere to the policy adopted by the founders of the Republic. We should disregard the religious aspect of the Mexican situation. We should regard the Mexican problem only in its commercial, industrial, and political aspects, as these affect us.

If we stick to this line, we'll be wise.

THE RIGHT TO TRIM A SUCKER
—An Editorial

The Supreme Court of the United States has upheld the verdict of the grafter that any game fish is entitled to trim a sucker. The High Court has decided that New York ticket scalpers have a right to rob any poor saps who want to pay $100 to see a theatrical performance usually worse than we used to pay seventy-five cents to see. However, in the case of Bazinsky vs. Jones it has been decided that no one has to attend a theater unless he wants to.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

How to Pass the Screen Test

NO matter how well qualified you may think yourself for the movies, if you can't pass the screen test there is no hope for you as a film player. That's why this article by Brenda Ueland is so intensely interesting. It tells you what the movie camera does to your beauty, your figure, your coloring, your personality, and whether you could pass a screen test.

P. G. Wodehouse has written a scintillating yarn of a California tourist who gets into an argument with an Englishman in an English country tavern over whether the San Francisco disaster was an earthquake or a fire. To prove his point, the Englishman declares that if it hadn't been a quake his uncle wouldn't have won a bride, and he tells why in It Was Only a Fire.

When Gertrude Ederle swam the English Channel and was immediately swamped with offers of all kinds, it looked as if she was headed for great wealth. But how much has she actually netted for her magnificent feat? You'll be surprised when you read What For? Westbrook Pegler wrote it.

Sidney Sutherland, in Bloody Williamson (Part Two), tells of a sinister prediction made to him by Charlie Birger, one of the murderous gang leaders in America's most lawless district. The prediction later came true.

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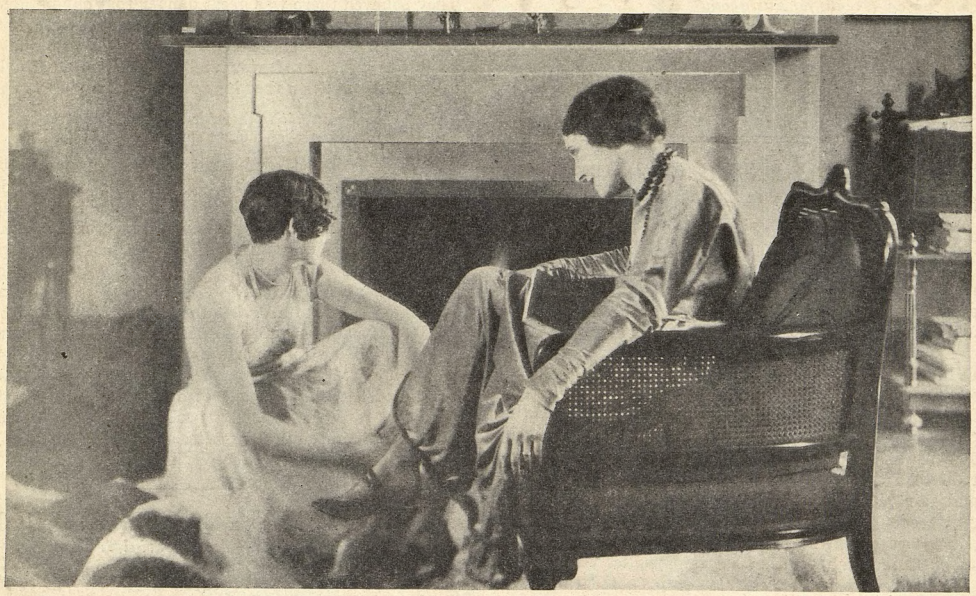

"Do you tell your daughter *everything?*"

"EVERYTHING" may be worse than *nothing* if your own information is incorrect.

Feminine hygiene, plus sane living habits, is so vital to health and happiness—and so capable of harm if improperly practised—that every wife and mother owes it to herself and to others to know the facts.

MAKE NO MISTAKE. *Only a poison can kill germs.* That is why "Lysol" Disinfectant has for 30 years been standard for personal disinfection in hospitals, doctors' offices and homes. That is why it still is without substitute in medical opinion and cases where certain disinfection is imperative.

MAKE NO MISTAKE. The proper practice of feminine hygiene involves more than the choice of the right disinfectant. In the booklet shown below the makers of "Lysol" Disinfectant offer you the professional guidance you should have.

The booklet was written by a woman physician. It is frank and explicit. It is reliable. It has helped thousands of other women. It will help you, too, and contribute to your peace of mind. It will reach you in a plain envelope. It is free.

In the meantime, use "Lysol" Disinfectant for all antiseptic purposes. It is both safe and sure. Its quality never varies. Every drop is potent. It cleans as it kills germs. Get a bottle at once and send for the booklet today.

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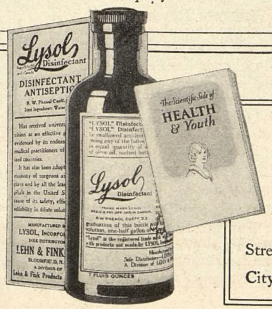

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Bloody WILLIAMSON

The Crimson Record of the Most Lawless District in America

P. & A. photo

GUARDS with machine guns protecting Charlie Birger, gang leader, held in the Benton, Illinois, jail, from possible assault by an opposing gang.

An Article by

SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

[EDITOR'S NOTE: LIBERTY has featured several stories of crime in large cities, and conditions in them are well known. Their lawlessness, instead of abating, has extended even to the rural districts. Most marked among the latter is Williamson County, Illinois, and especially the town of Herrin. This is the first of two articles by Sidney Sutherland in which he describes how organized crime has spread to the smaller towns and cites instances of the results of this gang warfare.]

PART ONE

IF the outstanding characteristic of a community could be depicted by a color, then Williamson County, in the State of Illinois, would appear on maps of the United States as a blot of crimson; for the pre-eminent features that distinguish it from every other community in America are murder and violence.

Not idly has this county been christened Bloody Williamson. It earned this name itself, a horrified world merely indulging in the obvious epithet when the county began its sanguinary career nearly sixty years ago. I don't believe there has ever existed another area in America where human life has been appraised so low, where there has been such general and genuine contempt for legislative canons, or where the most trivial offense or fancied wrong has been resented in so prompt and homicidal a fashion.

From the pickax handles and bowie knives of the family-feud period, the art and practice of murder has developed until, today, the gangs are equipped with high-powered rifles, hand grenades, machine guns, and airplane bombers!

It is a long and red-smeared story. An identificatory paragraph is desirable.

An English province, Williamson County was settled in 1763. In 1793 John Jay made it American. It is a perfect rectangle, twenty-four by eighteen miles. Located 100 miles southeast-by-east of St. Louis, Missouri, it lies in the southern tier of Illinois counties, in the heart of that larger section known as Little Egypt. Once a prolonged drought killed the corn everywhere in Illinois save down there; hence the appellation indicating plenty.

Bituminous coal mining is the county's chief industry. In its 352 square miles there are about 70,000 inhabitants, 85 per cent of them depending for their livelihood directly on the county's forty-five mines. Many of these are "strip" mines, worked by the simple process of removing with huge steam shovels a shallow layer of soil that lies above the veins of coal.

Williamson has produced more than 175,000,000 tons of coal since mining began there in 1881, and it probably is the most compactly organized union field in America. This latter fact enters importantly into the story of the massacre of June 22, 1922.

The principal towns are Herrin, with a population of 15,000; Marion, the county seat, with 11,000; Johnston City and Carterville, with about 7,500 inhabitants each. Adjoining counties, also mainly engaged in mining, are Franklin, Saline, Jackson, and Johnston, and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[BLOODY WILLIAMSON Continued from Page Seven]

these contributed their mobs to the thousands who participated in the outrage of June, 1922.

Because of this, it is only fair to Herrin to exculpate that enterprising little city from a large portion of the infamy that the world assigns to it today. It just happened that the strip mine where the pogrom took place was nearest to Herrin; that the dead and wounded were taken there; that the outside newspaper correspondents made it their headquarters because it has the best hotel in the county; that they filed their startling stories from Herrin; and that the town was the defenseless site of the subsequent carnival of killing for which S. Glenn Young and his fellow Klansmen were responsible.

And even if the savage slayings and the present bizarre warfare of the Birger and Shelton bootleg gangs are inevitably associated with the name of Herrin instead of being identified with the communities and connecting highways where they really are taking place, such is the penalty for Herrin's original notoriety, that almost every crime hereafter perpetrated in southern Illinois will eternally be coupled up with the town.

PRIOR to the midsummer of 1868, Williamson County had a generous quota of assassinations; but it was a frontier peopled by men who had little time or temper to waste in the amenities. The foundations for the feud that began in that year, and which even now is referred to as the Bloody Vendetta, were laid in the troublous years that preceded the Civil War. Indeed, the northern part of the State had a titanic struggle to keep Little Egypt lined up with the Union side. There was widespread and earnest sympathy for the rebel argument in the internecine quarrel, and Copperheads were as plentiful as Loyalists.

After Appomattox, fierce partisans from both sides settled in Williamson County. The families most conspicuously involved in the vendetta were the Russells, Sisneys, Hendersons, Bulliners, Hinchcliffs, and Crains. Half a dozen other clans played minor roles in the tragedy.

There were numerous causes for the battles between these families: the natural aftermath of war; the hatred between Yanks and Rebels; corn liquor, love affairs, gambling, and the all-round hellishness of the citizenry.

The vendetta raged for eight years, and at least forty men were slain. One hanging (of Marshall Crain), numerous penitentiary sentences, and the depleted ranks of the feudists called a halt, although the armistice came only after the first of countless incursions into Williamson County by the State militia.

Later there were race riots, so vicious that to this day a Negro may not live within the city limits of Herrin. Indeed, neither colored men nor women are permitted to work there; there is not even a Negro maid or janitor; and no Negro may stay in town any longer than it takes him to do needed shopping.

The Negroes live in Colp, a few miles away. This Caucasian supremacy was not attained until numerous whites and blacks had perished in racial clashes, still further calling the nation's attention to the district—and State troops to the scene.

The decades of coal-mining development were marked by ruthless local hostilities. There are few foreigners in Williamson, and the descendants of the hasty-tempered settlers are the spit of their sires from the pioneer hamlets of Kentucky and Tennessee.

As mine after mine was discovered, unionization of the field progressed. With this industrial phase, social contacts often were explosive, since the independence of numerous native families brooked no wage dictation from the labor chieftains in the East. Manifestly, there were bitter battles and many funerals.

This forty-year struggle culminated in June, 1922, with the historic massacre. The country's miners were on strike, and the Williamson pits were idle. William J. Lester, president of the Southern Illinois Coal Company, obtained permission from the union to continue stripping the surface soil from the coal veins at his mine. C. K. McDowell, his crippled, sixty-five-year-old superintendent, hired about fifty laborers from the employment agencies on West Madison Street in Chicago, and took them to the mine.

Picture by H. Winfield Scott

THE strike-breakers fled for the fence and a withering volley was poured into them. Below: Map showing Williamson County, where the massacre took place.

THERE they were enrolled in the Steam Shovel Men's Union, a unit not affiliated with the United Mine Workers of America. So long as they only burrowed down to the coal, no objection was made by the thousands of strikers in the five counties. But, about June 10, Lester decided to dig and load coal.

This was instantly resented by the union men. For several days there were conferences between McDowell and emissaries from the strikers' camp. These got nowhere and armed strike-breakers were put on patrol around the premises.

Strikers strolling near the property were cursed, threatened, and chased away by the Chicago gunmen. The workers were captured and beaten by the union men if they ventured too far from the mine. By Sunday, June 18, it was apparent to everybody in southern Illinois that grave business was afoot.

Colonel S. N. Hunter, representing the adjutant general of Illinois, hastened to the scene, grasped its menacing potentialities, and begged Sheriff Melvin Thaxton to ask for State troops.

The sheriff, like all officeholders in Little Egypt, relies on the miners for his votes. He procrastinated, saying that he could handle the situation. Colonel Hunter and responsible citizens were frantic. They telephoned the capitol in Springfield, and were instructed to tell Thaxton to do his duty!

Strikers began to gather in groups, and the groups gathered in mobs. The mobs raided hardware stores in all the towns for firearms and ammunition. Hot-headed leaders and those radicals ever hovering on the rim of bloodletting enterprises incited the throngs to frenzy.

President John L. Lewis of the United Mine Workers, in response to a message from State Senator William J. Sneed, president of the mine local, telegraphed on June 19 that the shovel men were not recognized by the union and "should be treated as an outlaw organization of common strike-breakers."

On Tuesday, the 20th, the strikers went wild when this message was read to them. At that mass meeting the plot to destroy the Lester property and its workers definitely took shape. On Wednesday morning there was a monster assemblage in the cemetery on the road from Herrin to Marion and not far from the mine.

BY midafternoon probably 3,000 strikers, hundreds of them armed, were milling around. Leaders were not lacking, and the march on the pit began. Firing started as soon as the sentries and the vanguard saw each other. All afternoon the struggle continued, the strikers crawling as close as possible, behind trees and knolls and shrubbery; the Chicagoans prone behind their intrenchments. A number of men were wounded, but the besiegers could not advance beyond pistol range.

Yielding to the insistence of Colonel Hunter, union officials finally agreed to a truce, and word was telephoned to McDowell. The latter ran up a white flag and the firing stopped. Regardless of what the labor chieftains did, the mob did not disperse; indeed, after darkness came, hundreds of strikers hurried to the spot from the adjoining counties.

By dawn of the 22d Hunter had word from

President Lester, promising to close down the mine for the duration of the strike. This message was sent to McDowell, and a surrender was arranged on the following terms:

1. Both sides were to cease fighting.
2. The strike-breakers were to be protected until they could board a northbound train.
3. The property was not to be damaged.

The chronicle of what next occurred is contradictory and confused. But by 6 o'clock the battle was resumed. During the predawn armistice the attackers had crept into the big gulches dug by the steam shovels, and from this close point suddenly loosed a terrific barrage on the workers, who had retreated to the gondolas, half filled with coal, and were now doing their utmost to defend themselves.

AT 8 o'clock McDowell sent two of his men out with a white flag—a cook's apron tied to a broomstick. A group of miners met them and solemnly swore they would comply with the terms previously agreed upon, if the strike-breakers would drop their weapons and march out with hands raised.

This was done, and a moment later the miners had surrounded the forty-seven prisoners. There was obvious indecision and noisy wrangling as to the next step. Then a few tight-lipped strikers took charge and the march toward Herrin began. A few men remained behind to loot and destroy the mine.

By the time the immense crowd had proceeded half a mile it was determined to slaughter the workers! Everybody came to a stop. At one side of the road, in a field about a quarter of a mile away, was a clump of trees. A barbed-wire fence stood about thirty-five yards from the highway.

The strike-breakers were lined up, beaten, kicked, and cursed. Then a union leader spoke:

"Well, you rats, your time has come. When I count three, start running for that fence. If you get through, we'll let you get away.

"One.

"Two.

"Three—*go!*"

The panic-stricken men fled for the fence. They had not taken ten steps when a withering volley was poured into them. Several bounded into the air and fell, kicking like wounded rabbits. Most of them reached the barricade and tried to scramble between the wire strands. The fusillade went on. Men hung on the barbs—limp, dying, bleeding effigies silhouetted against the morning sun. Others got through and ran terrified across the plowed ground. Hundreds of miners pursued them, firing pistols on the run and stopping to aim rifles and shotguns.

The great mob scattered into clusters of men chasing solitary fugitives. The whole landscape was dotted with the dreadful man hunt.

The wounded who fell moaning and writhing to earth were leaped upon. A killer knelt on top of a disabled worker where he lay on his stomach. Grasping him by the hair, he raised his head, tilted it back until the throat was taut, and then almost decapitated him with one sweep of his pocketknife.

Women, wives and kinsfolk of the strikers, crushed the skulls of wounded men with jagged stones. One man, shot through the body in ten places, whimpered for a drink of water. A comely young woman, holding her little girl by the hand, spat in his face, ground his bleeding features with her heel, and snarled: "I'll see you in hell first, you scab dog!"

Within a few minutes, dead and mutilated men were lying all over the countryside, near the roadway, on the barbed-wire fence, in the furrows, and at the foot of trees in the woods. Each body was trampled into the bloody mire.

From the main group chasing the helpless quarry, 100 men went on up the road to the cemetery. In their midst were seven prisoners, four of them wounded. One was McDowell, stumbling along on his peg leg, bleeding from a dreadfully battered face. The arms of each had been drawn back and bound with ropes.

They reached the graveyard and stopped. The captives fell to their knees and wept with terror, mumbling incoherently as they begged for their lives.

THE mob stood close around, gloating. Then a swarthy striker reached into his pocket, drew out a knife, slowly opened a long, cruel blade, and bent above the cowering, crippled, white-haired old superintendent.

"You will bring them scabs in here—to steal the food from our mouths—will you?" he asked, an oath after each phrase.

McDowell, speechless, eyes glazed, trembling, looked pitifully up at the dark face drawing lower and nearer to his own.

The man twined the fingers of his left hand in the silvery hair, jerked the old man back across his knee, and stabbed him through the jugular vein.

Growling like strange animals that haunt a nightmare, the throng fell on the six living prisoners and hacked them to pieces.

By the time Colonel Hunter reached the scene with the apologetic sheriff, the mob had vanished. The deputies gathered up twenty-one shapeless cadavers and took them to the morgue in Herrin on a truck.

The women and children of the town amused themselves the rest of the day by pulling the cotton sheets off the nude bodies, where they lay on improvised slabs, and counting the bullet holes and knife wounds in the corpses. The count ran high.

Ten wounded men, who had saved their lives by feigning death, were taken to the hospital. Others managed to dodge and double in their flight, to mingle in the throngs, and escape. These never were heard of again, you may be sure. Most of the dead never were identified, and a few days later they were buried in a long trench in the potter's field.

Two interesting items remain to be told in this chapter of Bloody Williamson's story.

Would you believe that the five counties actually seemed incapable of appreciating the enormity of their atrocious butchery until days later, when the repercussion of a horrified country's condemnation was felt in the district?

Here is an excerpt from an article that rings throughout with pride in the glorious feat: it is copied from the *Christopher Progress*, a weekly paper issued on the afternoon of the fearsome day:

> We have talked to several who were near the scene of rioting, and many have reported to us that no city in the community showed their colors as much as Zeigler, Franklin County. At least 300 strong journeyed in cars from Zeigler, and almost every car was loaded with men, guns, and ammunition.

The second item is this:

Troops were poured into the county—tardy as ever when Governor Len Small is confronted by any chore that may cost him a few votes—and five men were arrested and tried for the massacre. It was understood that if the prosecution won this case it would establish a precedent for the trial and punishment of hundreds of other assassins who had been identified.

But the jury acquitted the quintet—and to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[BLOODY WILLIAMSON Continued from Page Nine]

this hour nobody has ever been punished for the murders.

Bloody Williamson now enters into the third of the blood-drenched phases I am concerned with in this article—the war between the Ku Klux Klan and the bootleggers of Little Egypt.

It is meet that you be informed at the outset of this chapter that *no religious angle* entered into the Klan troubles. It was purely a war to the finish between the decent elements of the county and the whisky crowd. That the former enlisted the paraphernalia and customs of the Klan merely attests to the fondness for the spectacular that animated the insatiable appetite of that man-killing tiger, S. Glenn Young.

Appreciating the sheeplike character of so many Americans, particularly that vast percentage known as "chronic joiners," he concluded that by mystery and ritual and secrecy he could recruit more followers than by simply going out in daylight and waging war on evil.

THE whole of 1923 was spent in Williamson County by citizens' organizations and law-enforcement battalions in mobilizing for the conflict with the rapidly spreading flood of bootleg whisky which the local and East St. Louis gangsters were bringing into the county.

Somebody conceived the idea of sending for Young, who had gained considerable fame in the Middle West by his raids against the slackers among the Tennessee mountaineers during the war, and by his single-handed onslaughts against the moonshiners of the same districts while he was in the revenue service.

S. Glenn Young came. He was a brave man, but he had killed too often. He had evolved an aberrant confidence in his own superdestiny, in his ordained right to suspect, accuse, indict, try, convict, and execute those he disagreed with; and he was so preoccupied in preening himself before the mirror of his own egotism, that numerous hoodlums enlisted under his banner without his being aware of it. These outlaws availed themselves of Young's unceasing meddlesomeness to rob and chastise their enemies as they saw fit.

Consequently, the Klan's visitations always left a rotten taste in the community's mouth instead of accomplishing its intent, which was to stop bootlegging and punish bootleggers.

Late in December, 1923, a striking commentary on the ominous fanaticism of our native reformers was made available to those who like to study such *phenomena Americana*. Several Williamson County citizens hurried to Washington, D. C., obtained approbation for their program from the Anti-Saloon League overlords of our government, returned home, and called a meeting. It was held in Odd Fellows Hall in Carbondale, and 600 men, headed by Young, were sworn in as United States deputy marshals. The curious part of this proceeding was that their commissions lasted for just that one night.

P. & A. photo

S. Glenn Young, slain Klan liquor raider.

Zero hour was set for 9 o'clock that evening. Each man brought along his favorite sheet and headgear, and at the witching hour of righteousness rampant the masked mob departed on a series of raids that swept across the five counties.

More than 150 men were arrested and escorted north to Danville, Illinois, on a special train. From the standpoint of drastic law enforcement not all these arrests were in vain, because almost every man sent north was convicted of violating a Federal law and was sent to prison. But on that historic night hundreds of homes were outrageously violated, thousands of dollars' worth of personal effects were stolen by the rascals kicking up their heels under their nocturnal kimonos, and scores of innocent men and women were beaten and insulted by the masquerading ruffians.

For this spectacular service S. Glenn Young was paid $7,000. But it was the nature of the man not to retire from so choice a scene. He decided to stay and continue his corrective processes against mankind in general and his personal foes in particular. A few adventurers joined him; a few politicians catered to his caprices; enough citizens pledged their support and ballots to encourage him; and he launched his career as self-appointed custodian of Little Egypt's morals.

Promptly mobilized against him were the gangsters of the sector, led by Ora Thomas, a courageous lad who had served in France and who hated the very breezes that caressed the brace of pearl-handled pistols worn a-hip by the arch-reformer.

The adversaries jockeyed for a running start. Sheriff George Galligan was forced by Young to replace several of his deputies with Klansmen. Elections were bitterly fought on the proposition that a candidate was either for or against Young. And, because of the latter's successful raids and his whole-souled disposition to shoot it out at the flutter of an eyelid, the county was sundered between an honest desire to halt drinking and a natural hatred for the coercive practices of the district's dictator.

P. & A. photo

John Smith, Herrin garage owner.

Herrin crowd warning Sheriff Galligan to do his duty.

P. & A. photo

George Galligan, former sheriff of Williamson County.

Well, it wasn't long before bullets succeeded ballots in the course of the quarrel; and once again Bloody Williamson fastened upon its lawless self the eyes of a dumbfounded nation.

On February 8, 1924, Constable Cæsar Cagle, a Kluxer, was lured from his home by a decoy telephone call, and shot to death in a wild pistol battle on Main Street. Three of his friends were wounded and taken home. Four of Ora Thomas' gang were shot and removed to the Herrin Hospital, which contained thirty or forty patients.

Half an hour later Glenn Young led a desperate attack on the hospital; and, in the fight between the mob outside and the friends of the wounded men within, every window in the building was shattered. Men and women in the wards were panic-stricken when the bullets ripped the plaster from the walls, and the doctors had to evacuate the patients via a rear door in the alley until the besiegers withdrew.

Open and relentless war was immediately declared, and men began to die violently all over the county. On May 23, 1924, Young and his wife were ambushed as they drove through Okawville on their way to St. Louis. Young was shot three times and his wife was partially blinded by a bullet.

The next day Klansmen slew Jack Sklecher as a suspect in the ambuscade.

There were a hundred fights, knuckle and hand-gun, during the summer, and on August 30 troops had to go into the county again.

During the hearing of charges against the men accused of killing Cagle, a battle broke out in Smith's garage.

P. & A. photo

Ora Thomas, slain anti-Klan leader.

Sheriff Galligan and Ora Thomas led the attackers, and when the smoke floated away in the morning sunlight, seven men were dead, their bodies scattered over the garage floor, the sidewalks, and the streets for half a block. The score was about 75 per cent in favor of the anti-Kluxers, who carried four of their wounded to the hospital. Once again Young led his forces in a savage assault against the building, and again the sick men and women were hastily removed through the alley.

When the militia arrived, Young and Thomas were haled before a military court and questioned. The net result was that the two leaders promised General Milton J. Foreman that they would leave Williamson County forever.

Up to this time, of course, nobody had been punished for the dozens of murders. With Young and Thomas away, the community heaved a profound sigh of relief and hope. But the tiger returns to his kill, and the assassin to the earth his victim's motionless form has pressed. So, within thirty days, Glenn Young came boldly back to Williamson, and a day later Ora Thomas alighted from a train.

More fighting and several killings; and on January 25, 1925, the climax came. The Kluxer was told that one of his henchmen was surrounded by gangsters in the barber shop of the European Hotel on Main Street.

He hitched up his belt with the famous pearl-handled six-shooters and hurried thither. Thomas followed him in—both began shooting at once.

'Twas a thrilling clash as the partisans of each man stepped aside and let the big killers go to it.

THOMAS pumped three .45-caliber automatic slugs into Young's body, one of them piercing his heart.

As Young fell backward to the bespattered linoleum, he made good his oft-reiterated threat to "shoot both of Ora's eyes into one!"—he placed a leaden mushroom squarely between Thomas' eyebrows and killed him instantly.

A little later the police entered the smoke-choked shambles and found six bodies on the floor.

The batting average here was fifty-fifty.

Once more the troops came, and departed when they were reassured that, with Young and Thomas interred, the trouble would definitely end.

The Klansmen arranged a mighty funeral for Young; and today he sleeps beneath a huge square concrete slab a few yards from the main highway between Herrin and the county seat.

A Protestant church gave Ora Thomas an equally impressive burial, and the winter snows that cover the Kluxer's tomb also drift against the monument at the head of his enemy's grave a few paces away.

The closing episode in this third phase of Bloody Williamson's scarlet saga had not yet been staged; but it is fitting to record one vital fact, since it explains the final chapter—the savage conflict between Charlie Birger's and Carl Shelton's gangs, now tearing the heart out of Little Egypt.

The present state of affairs in Bloody Williamson, with two armed forces arrayed against each other, will be told by Mr. Sutherland in next week's LIBERTY.

OYSTERS *in* Season

Pictures by ALICE HARVEY

"SISTER, give this empty tube the air and I'll show you the sights of our city," he told Skipper.

Romance Pries a Professor Out of His Shell

A Short Story by FRANK R. ADAMS

INSTRUCTOR EDWARD VIARD always rocked back and forth when he read aloud to his students. As he did not, in the classroom, occupy a rocking-chair, this oscillation took place with the base of his spine as a pivot.

That mannerism, together with his Harvard accent and the fact that he usually held his hands together in front of him when he read or lectured, much as if they were in a muff, was the source of much amusement to the undergraduates. It made him very easy to imitate.

Strangely enough, the clown who did it best was a girl of the name of Eumenia McGinn, who answered to "Skipper" and sometimes to "Mac" or "Gin."

Skipper even could do his smile—which was an achievement, because it was a psychological expression denoting inward approval of his own slant on life. Mr. Viard's smile was the only really sophisticated thing about his expression, which otherwise was bland and very boyish. Light hair helped to make him seem inadequately young. Really, he was several years past thirty.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[OYSTERS IN SEASON
Continued from Page Eleven]

Just now he was reading from themes handed in by the class in English 4B, a course in short-story construction. It was his custom each day to select several at random, and by reading them aloud arrive at a critical discussion of them.

This was the third theme for that day. In it he had read, rather superciliously, through a short narrative in flapper slang to this final paragraph:

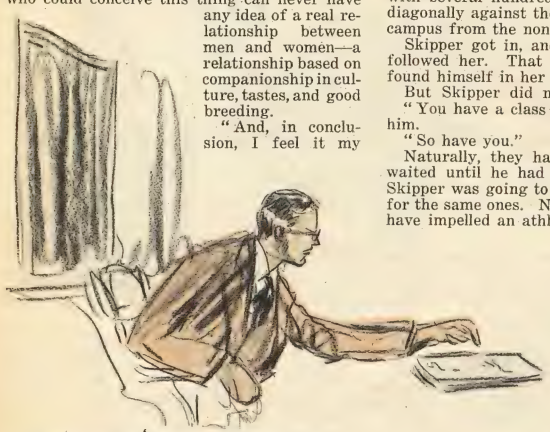
> Rather unexpectedly, after she had gotten out of the car she opened the door again and leaned in, a glorious, dim figure of femininity against the magic of the dusk. There was the freshness of winter-tanged air about her, a faint perfume, and the smell of fur. Her lips in that kiss had the indescribable softness of those of a woman who surrenders.

Mr. Viard had ceased rocking before he got to the end.

"This," he declared, tapping the offending paper with a disdainful forefinger, "is what is vulgarly known as 'a piece of tripe.' A perfect example of the evil days upon which our generation has fallen. It glorifies physical sensation, makes a farce out of love, and puts on a high pedestal the great god Contact. That the person who wrote this—I will spare the writer the shameful publicity of announcing his name—is a sort of moron goes without saying.

"This is not a course in ethics, morals, or behaviorism, or I might go into, at greater length, the vicious tendency herein displayed. As it stands, I think I may say that the person who could conceive this thing can never have any idea of a real relationship between men and women—a relationship based on companionship in culture, tastes, and good breeding.

"And, in conclusion, I feel it my duty toward the student who has turned in this theme to say that I doubt seriously whether there can be any use in his continuing in this course to what might be an unpleasant termination. There is no hope of success for this person as a writer, except, perhaps, in the line of forgery."



"This," he declared, tapping the offending paper, "is what is vulgarly known as 'a piece of tripe.'"

The bell rang just then, and Mr. Viard—who, under the stimulus of a gallop on his pet hobby, had certainly said a couple of hatfuls more than he had intended—sat dazed and quivering. The class glanced uneasily at one another, wondering who was writhing with the poisoned arrow in his or her bosom.

Outside the door, a uniformed messenger boy inquired for Mr. Viard. A passing student pointed out the instructor.

Out in the corridor the mystery of the authorship of "the piece of tripe" was almost immediately solved.

Skipper McGinn could not hold back the tears after she had passed out of sight of the brute who went around frightening women and children.

The other students gazed at her curiously.

Skipper was popularly supposed to have a glazed finish that would not crack under the severest strain. No one would have said that she was heartless, exactly; but everybody who knew her was willing to concede that she was extremely "modern," which carried with it the implication of sophistication in the matter of all essentials, including love, language, lingerie, liquor, and lipsticks.

One of her classmates pursued her down the stairs with intent to console. It really was a bad moment to attempt intercourse of any kind with Skipper. But Bill Eggleston was a fool about Skipper, and, like most fools, he was quite willing to rush in where angels would have been content with what could be seen through a keyhole.

"Was it your theme he was roasting?" Bill asked in a sympathetic voice, as he overtook the object of his adoration. "*I* thought it was a swell story."

Skipper ungraciously struck at the hand that tried to take hers in a reassuring grip. "Darn it, Bill, hush up and let me alone!" she wailed. "Do you want everybody to know I'm crying?"

"Well, gee, I just wanted to do something," Bill explained. "I'm not very happy when you feel bad, honey. I could wham the stuffing out of that pasty-faced piece of macaroni that made you cry."

BY this time they were out of the building and standing by Skipper's roadster, which, with several hundred other cars, was parked diagonally against the curb that separated the campus from the nonacademic world.

Skipper got in, and without invitation Bill followed her. That was the way he usually found himself in her company.

But Skipper did not crave companionship.

"You have a class at eleven," she reminded him.

"So have you."

Naturally, they had classes together. Bill waited until he had found out what courses Skipper was going to take and then registered for the same ones. No other motive could ever have impelled an athlete to select English 4B.

"But I am going to cut mine. I have an errand in town and—"

"I can cut, too."

"No, you can't. If you cut any more you'll get a condition, and that will keep you out of baseball this spring. Besides, I want to be by myself and think."

"But I could help you."

"Not with my thinking."

Skipper ceased suddenly and got out her vanity case. She applied powder swiftly and expertly, and then turned to Bill.

"Would you know I'd been crying?"

There was a very expansive smile tacked on her expression, and her eyes were dangerously wide and wistful.

Bill was entranced. "No, honey. I've never seen you look so wonderful! I'd like to—"

She laid a silencing hand on his arm. Mr. Viard, tall, slim, and uncertain looking, was coming down the walk.

He had already forgotten everything that had occurred in the classroom. It is doubtful whether, at any time, he had connected the written object of his sarcasm with an individual. A good instructor is often as unsympathetic as a surgeon to whom a patient's features are unfamiliar, no matter how intimate he may be with his appendix.

He paused uncertainly at the junction of the campus path with the public sidewalk, holding the telegram he had received at the conclusion of the class period.

"Pardon me," he said, looking at Bill Eggleston as if he were someone he had met somewhere but could not exactly place, "aren't you in one of my classes?"

"Yes," Bill replied with a shade of truculence; "I'm in English 4B and—"

A compelling pressure on the arm caused him to subside.

The instructor had not noticed.

"Perhaps you could tell me where I can get a taxicab," he was asking, relieved to find that he was not addressing a total stranger. "I must get to the Union Central Station with all possible speed."

"I don't think there are any taxis around just now," Bill told him doubtfully.

"Hop out, Bill; I'll take Mr. Viard to the station."

"I couldn't think of bothering you, Miss—"

Now here was someone else whose face was faintly familiar. If she had told him that she was the girl who persistently wore rose-taupe hosiery when all the rest of the world favored nude, he would have remembered her. She sat in the front row in the classroom, and the amount of exposed silken anatomy, no matter if it was perfect, had frequently annoyed him. But it was a subject he had scarcely dared be sarcastic about.

She did not tell him her name, but she nudged Bill, who climbed out reluctantly. This was Skipper's affair, he reflected, but he didn't like it. A swift punch would be a much more

"Pardon me," he said, looking at Bill Eggleston, "aren't you in one of my classes?"

adequate revenge. Besides, he didn't know exactly what she planned.

Neither did she. But, with the English instructor seated by her side, she moved out and around the traffic and started for the city.

One thing that Skipper did not intend to do was to vamp him and then make it hurt. She did not believe she could do it.

She might write in the modern manner, and she certainly, in all the hard-boiled externals, resembled the rest of her horrible-example generation, but she was a complete failure as a petter. She just couldn't enter into the spirit of one of those clinging embraces with enough abandon to be convincing. Right in the middle of a four-minute kiss she would remember where it was that she had mislaid her best trick double compact.

No; her revenge would be of a different order.

Skipper glanced out of the corner of her eye at her passenger. He was not paying any attention to her at all. Instead, he was gazing with unseeing eyes at the telegram he still held in his hand. All at once he seemed to realize that there was no sense in looking at it any longer, and pushed it in the general direction of his topcoat pocket.

"There seems to be a good deal of traffic," he observed. "That's why I usually do not bring my car into the city. It rather shatters my nerves to drive where there are so many others. Besides, it costs so much for fenders whenever I park."

Skipper almost laughed scornfully. In her mind's eye she could just see this shortsighted, high-strung incompetent backing into a vacant stretch of curb, doubtless in front of an unnoticed fire plug, to the accompaniment of rending tin as his mudguards suffered from miscalculation. She never did that herself. Her car always swung in and out of the minimum space without effort and without grazing anything.

The fact that Skipper was a good driver did not, however, cause her to break any speed laws in getting to the Union Central Station. By driving circuitously and being especially careful to observe all stop signs (for the first time in her life), she managed to arrive exactly four minutes and thirty seconds after the train had pulled out.

"And there's no other until five-ten this afternoon." Mr. Viard tried to think while he stood beside Skipper's car. "I don't know what to do."

"Is it very important?" Skipper demanded impatiently. "Is someone you love very much expecting you?"

"Yes; I'm afraid so."

THERE—her revenge was already accomplished! He had to get somewhere, and she had made it impossible. Someone, doubtless his wife—or at least his sweetheart—would make it tough for him to explain why.

But the look of helplessness in his face ruined all the joy of it for her. Wearing skirts, even the infinitesimal ones of today, is a serious drawback to villainy.

"Never mind," she said, with sudden determination. "I'll drive you there if it's important. Where do you live?"

"At Council Grove. It's out near the end of the line—nearly thirty-five miles, I believe—and the roads aren't good for the last four or five miles."

"I'll take a chance. Hop in."

Protesting, but nevertheless tremendously relieved, Mr. Viard resumed his seat.

"I don't know how I can ever repay you for this."

"I haven't really done anything yet."

The statement was essentially true. For one who had started out for revenge, she had accomplished painfully little. The chief net result, so far, was that she had let herself in for a thirty-five-mile drive (and return). It was beginning to rain, too. That drive wasn't going to be any fun.

Her resentment was coming back. But it needed a little more stimulus. So she led the conversation into a channel that might eventually provide a spur to it.

"Undergraduate courses," she surmised, "must be rather a bore to you instructors."

"On the contrary," he returned. "The work isn't in the least boring, not to me. Sometimes I get a little discouraged, but not bored."

"Discouraged?"

"Yes. I'm afraid that I am acquiring the reputation of being a 'cinch.' I notice that even the athletes are registering for English 4B, and I've been an undergraduate myself recently enough to know what that means. I'm trying to remedy it."

"As how?" she prompted, so absorbed in this heart-to-heart revelation of how tin gods work that she nearly made a three-cushion shot with a pedestrian.

"I'm going to develop a reputation for being hard-boiled this term, no matter who gets hurt. I'm normally kind-hearted, but I've begun to weed out the incompetents."

"Such as the writer of that last theme you read today?"

"Yes. How did you know I was thinking of that? I was trying to recall what name was signed to it, because I'm afraid I left it on the desk and the janitor will probably throw it away before I get back in the morning."

They rode in silence for some time, he ap-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[OYSTERS IN SEASON
Continued from Page Thirteen]

parently racking his nonprehensile memory for the infamous author's name.

"That was a silly thing—that theme—wasn't it?" he said. "To think that, with matters of life and death lying all around to be written about, a person should choose to waste ink and paper on a subject like that!"

Skipper trembled slightly. This man deserved all he was going to get.

"Now, who did write that theme?" persisted the instructor. "I feel like such a fool to have forgotten."

"All right, then. To save you from feeling ridiculous any longer, I'll tell you who wrote it. I did, and my name is Eumenia McGinn."

He looked hastily and confusedly at her legs. They were rose-taupe. It *was* Eumenia McGinn.

"If you like," she continued sweetly, "I'll write it down for you, so that you'll not forget again."

He looked at her in dumb misery. "I'll never forget it again," he assured her.

The engine sputtered, ran feebly a few yards, and expired. Skipper knew exactly how to do that convincingly, from having had the trick worked on her so often.

"I'm afraid," she said, "that we're out of gas."

Skipper's long, slender fingers probed gently into his throat for a few seconds.

THERE wasn't even a farmhouse in sight, and Skipper knew that there were only two or three shacks between there and Council Grove. And the rain had decided that there was no point in further preliminaries and that it might just as well make a day of it.

"But," Skipper pointed out the silver lining, "we're only four or five miles from Council Grove, and if you start walking perhaps someone going that way will pick you up."

"I can't leave you here alone."

"That's all right. I'll hail a car going the other way and get a tow to that gas station about ten miles back. You'd better start. It will take more than an hour if no one gives you a lift."

Mr. Viard, in practical things, had few resources. And he felt that the social situation as it now stood was one that he was incapable of handling. In the classroom, in the line of duty, his criticism of Skipper's work and her attitude toward life had seemed a perfectly just, impersonal thing. Now, when he was, as he thought, under obligation to her, it appeared an uncalled-for diatribe. A sensitive man himself, he was particularly conscious of hurt to others.

So he got out almost cheerfully, turned up his topcoat collar against the drive of rain, and started down the road.

Skipper watched him go with mingled emotions. Something about the way he had obeyed instructions without question, and the way he plodded off, aroused a maternal protectiveness in her. She wished that he had rubbers. And that light coat would be soaked through in a very few minutes.

Against that she had to remember swiftly that he had very recently said of her, "There is no hope of success for this person as a writer, except, perhaps, in the line of forgery."

Yes, he had said that! Let him walk. Let it rain harder.

She did not watch him long. In a moment or two she could start up the motor, turn around, and hurry back to town.

She was reaching down to push in the choke lever, by means of which she had stalled the motor, when her eye fell on a piece of yellow paper on the seat beside her. It was the telegram Mr. Viard had carried in his hand when he got into the car. She picked it up and read shamelessly:

JUNIE SEEMS TO BE DYING STOP MAYBE YOU COULD SAVE HIM STOP HURRY

The message was signed "Norine."

All the satisfaction in Skipper's puny revenge oozed away. "Junie"—that probably meant Junior, his son! And Norine would be the mother, of course.

Skipper started the motor, threw in the gears, and took the road once more—but not back toward town.

She overtook Mr. Viard in less than five minutes. He looked very uncomfortable when she stopped and invited briefly, "Get in."

"But—"

"I'll tell you about it as we go along. The main idea now is speed. Slam that door hard. It always sticks a little."

She drove a minute or two in silence, wondering what explanation to make. Finally she began, "I wasn't out of gasoline at all. It was merely a kid trick." And from there she dug up all the unsavory facts in the case and laid them out for his inspection, finishing:

"And now, if I've caused your wife and baby any unnecessary worry and pain, I shall never forgive myself."

MR. VIARD cleared his throat several times.

Finally he offered apologetically, "I'm afraid you have acted very, very generously under a slight misapprehension. I have no wife. Norine is my sister. And Junie is only a puppy."

"But you love him?"

"Yes. I was going to bring him up to be—But never mind."

"Oh, yes, let's mind. There must be more speed in this old tank. Hang on."

They went roaring down the road in defiance of all speed laws and with little attention to Newton's famous amendment concerning gravity. Conversation became mercifully impossible. Besides, Skipper needed all of her attention for driving, especially when they came to the end of the cement and struck out on the detour. The latter was clay and a little gravel crowned high by a grading-machine—which makes a fine road when it is dry, but in wet weather it is a bit slippery. Still, traction is perfectly all right as long as you straddle the high middle with two wheels on each slope. It's when you get three or four wheels on one side that the trouble begins.

Skipper discovered that when she tried to pass a truck. She was going pretty fast when she turned out. She managed to get the left front wheel back across the crown, but both the rear wheels skidded on the slippery clay until she was nearly crosswise of the road.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN]

Blended in Campbell's Ox Tail Soup

Ox Tail Joints
Ox Tail Broth
Beef Broth
Tomato Puree
Carrots (cubed)
Turnips (cubed)
Turnips (puree)
Barley
Celery (diced)
Celery (puree)
Onion (puree)
Parsley (puree)
Leek (puree)
Wheat Flour
Rice Flour
Kitchen Bouquet
Salt
Sugar
Paprika
White Pepper
Allspice
Cloves
Bay Leaves
Marjoram
Shot Pepper
Thyme
Savory
Nutmeg

A soup of world-famous flavor

In the exclusive clubs and the fashionable hotels and cafes, Ox Tail Soup is a dish dearly prized by epicures. It has an appeal all its own.

Yet no hotel or club, no matter how elaborate, can rival the facilities of the famous Campbell's kitchens or match the skill and experience of Campbell's French chefs in the blending of delicious soups.

What a masterpiece they produce in Campbell's Ox Tail Soup. And what an opportunity it presents. You can now enjoy its world-famous flavor in your own home. Ox Tail is a soup seldom attempted in the home kitchen.

21 kinds
12 cents a can

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

When TEETH are Film Free

Smiles are Charming

The new way to combat the film on teeth—the source of many tooth and gum disorders—which numbers of leading authorities suggest

Send Coupon for 10-Day Tube Free

The art of smiling charmingly is the art of caring properly for one's teeth. That is why Pepsodent, urged by dental authorities, is also universally placed by experts, these days, near the top of the list of modern beauty aids.

This way embodies the foremost dental thought.

BY running your tongue across your teeth, a film will be felt—a slippery sort of coating.

Recent dental research proves that film is a chief enemy of healthy teeth and gums—the source of most dull teeth, and a chief cause of many gum disturbances.

Because old ways of brushing often failed to remove film successfully, a new way in tooth and gum care is being widely suggested by dental authorities. These are embodied in the special film-removing dentifrice called Pepsodent.

What Film Is—
Its Effect on Teeth and Gums

For years dental science sought ways to fight film. Clear teeth and healthy gums come only when film is constantly combated—removed every day from the teeth.

Film was found to cling to teeth; to get into crevices and stay; to hold in contact with teeth food substances which fermented and fostered the acids of decay. Film was found to be the basis of tartar. Germs by the millions breed in it. And they, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea and most gum disorders.

Thus there was a universal call for an effective film-removing method. Ordinary brushing alone was often found ineffective. Now two effective combatants have been found, approved by high dental authority and embodied in a tooth paste called Pepsodent.

Curdles and Removes Film—
Firms the Gums

Pepsodent acts first to curdle the film. Then removes it in gentle safety to enamel.

At the same time, it acts to firm the gums—Pepsodent provides, for this purpose, the most recent dental findings in gum protection science knows today. Pepsodent also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. And thus aids in neutralizing mouth acids as they form.

It multiplies the starch digestant of the saliva. Thus combats starch deposits which might otherwise ferment and form acids.

No other method known to present-day science embodies protective agents like those contained in Pepsodent.

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Please Accept Pepsodent Test

Send the coupon for a 10-day tube. Brush teeth this way for 10 days. Note how thoroughly film is removed. The teeth gradually lighten as film coats go. Then for 10 nights massage the gums with Pepsodent, using your finger tips; the gums then should start to firm and harden.

At the end of that time, we believe you will agree, that next to regular dental care, Pepsodent, the quality dentifrice, provides the utmost science has discovered for better teeth and gums.

FREE — 10-DAY TUBE

FREE—Mail coupon for 10-day tube to The Pepsodent Company, Dept. 1097, 1104 South Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A. Only one tube to a family.

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Address.....

Canadian Office and Laboratories: 191 George St., Toronto 2, Ont., Canada. London Office: 42 Southwark Bridge Rd., London, S. E. 1. The Pepsodent Co. (Australia), Ltd., 137 Clarence St., Sydney, N. S. W. 2363

PEPSODENT

The Quality Dentifrice—Removes Film from Teeth

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

She couldn't go ahead, so she did what anyone else would have done—backed down a little to find better traction. Only, there wasn't any.

The car slid backward as fast or faster after she had thrown out the clutch and jammed on both brakes.

There was a nice, wide, muddy ditch beside the road. That stopped them.

Apparently permanently.

At any rate, beyond all hope of getting back on the road again without the aid of a wreck wagon with a crane and deep-sea-diving attachments.

"Well," said Skipper, "I got you almost there. Those are the spires of the Council Grove churches over to the right. We won't have far to walk."

HER plan had been to go on to the suburban railway station and catch a train back to town; but Mr. Viard's cottage was on the outskirts of the village, and when they arrived he insisted that she come in and get dried out. It seemed really the only sensible thing to do.

Norine met them at the door. "I'm so glad you're here!"

"Is he—?"

"No, Junie isn't dead yet, but—"

"This is Miss—"

He paused, at a loss over the name he had said he would never forget again.

"McGinn," the visitor supplied. "Call me Skipper. Let's go to the patient. I won't frighten him. Dogs bromidically like me."

Norine asked no questions. Skipper liked her for that. She liked her also for her rather tall, ungainly figure and her rugged but gentle face.

Skipper placed her instantly as one of those women whose job in life is to make life easier for men like Edward Viard.

The pup was in the living-room, on the best piece of furniture—a davenport. Skipper was glad. She had no patience with people who thought more of their furniture than they did of the four-footed members of the family.

"Junie!" exclaimed Mr. Viard in a voice that no student in one of his classes would ever have recognized. He knelt beside the couch.

The pup wagged his tail feebly and began to cough weakly. He tried to get up, to crawl toward Mr. Viard, but fell over sidewise, a pathetic little ball of white and brown fur.

"He has been like that since this morning," Norine explained compassionately. "The retired horse doctor who lives in town says it's distemper."

"Distemper?" echoed Skipper. "Let me look."

Mr. Viard gave way before the tone of authority. She knelt in his place.

"Turn that shaded light so I can see, please," she requested, and held up the poor, tired head with the sad, discouraged brown eyes with which collies reproach humanity. "Your doctor did the right thing when he retired," she decided briefly. "It isn't distemper."

"Then what?"

The pup coughed once more, feebly.

She ran swift fingers over Junie's chest and throat. When she touched his windpipe he winced a little and whimpered.

Skipper looked at Mr. Viard. "Have I your permission to hurt him a little?"

"Will it do any good?"

"It might. And he'll be dead in a few minutes, anyway."

"All right."

"Then stand by. Norine, hold him, and, Mr. Viard, you open his jaws as wide as possible. There, there, Junie," she comforted, as the puppy struggled a little. "It won't take but a minute."

Skipper's long, slender fingers probed gently into his throat for a few seconds while she pressed lightly on the outside with her hand. Then slowly she drew out a piece of sharp bone with blood on the raw edges.

"That's all," she declared. "Let me hold him so that he'll forgive me, and somebody get a little warm milk."

The forgiving was accomplished before she asked for it. Junie *did* know that Skipper was friend to his kind and that she had only hurt to heal. He licked her face with his soft, warm tongue. It left a tiny trace of blood on her cheek, but who could care about a thing like that?

The milk had arrived, and Junie clambered briskly out of Skipper's lap to give a correct impersonation of a small but ravenous wolf.

"CAN you beat that?" demanded Junie's master in the vernacular. "Did I dream it, or was that animal dying about three minutes ago?"

"He was, but he changed his mind," Skipper explained. "Young animals often do that."

The milk finished, Junie climbed back into Skipper's lap and immediately went to sleep.

Norine laughed. "He seems to think he is your dog."

"He is if Miss—Miss—"

"McGinn."

"If Miss McGinn will accept him. He's quite a good breed, I believe."

"You wouldn't want him to belong to a forger?"

Skipper could see that he was groping through unsorted pigeonholes for the notes on that subject.

"Never mind." Skipper laughed hopelessly, as women always have to when they are dealing with that type of a masculine mind. "I've nearly forgotten about it, too. And I really must find out about the next train going to town."

"Oh, but I'll take you back." Mr. Viard scrambled to his feet. "My car is not very large, but it is inclosed and will do very nicely even in this weather."

He was off before she could protest.

THE two women bridged an awkward silence by laughing at the way the pup was sleeping, his feet twitching in pursuit of phantom rabbits.

"I'm so glad," said Miss Viard, "that Edward brought you out to call at last."

"At last?"

"Yes. He has been promising to bring out his fiancée for months, but I could never pin him down to an actual engagement. He didn't even describe you very well."

"Probably not. You see, I'm not the one. I'm here merely by accident."

"Not the one? Oh, but you ought to be. Surely he would never choose anyone else, knowing you!"

Norine was genuinely embarrassed.

Further discussion was cut short by the honking of an automobile horn outside.

Skipper deposited Junie on the davenport without waking him up, and, accompanied by Norine, made her way to the door.

The car was a piece of vibrating junk, but it ran successfully, even if somewhat noisily.

They negotiated the detour and got on to the paved highway before conversation became possible.

"Your sister tells me that you are engaged," Skipper shot at him. "May I congratulate you?"

The English instructor cleared his throat.

"Well—er—you see, my engagement exists only insofar as Norine is concerned. She has been hectoring me about it for years—wants to go abroad or do something on her own as soon as she can get rid of me. So I finally had to tell her I had done it, just so I could get a little peace. There really isn't anybody yet."

"Oh, what has been the matter? Couldn't you find one that was clever enough?"

He turned to survey her, almost missing the road in consequence.

"Good Lord! Do you think any man wants to marry a girl who is clever? A capable girl, of course, but not a clever one."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE NINETEEN]

She opened the door again and leaned in, a glorious, dim figure of femininity against the magic of the dusk.

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The All-Year Coupe Roadster
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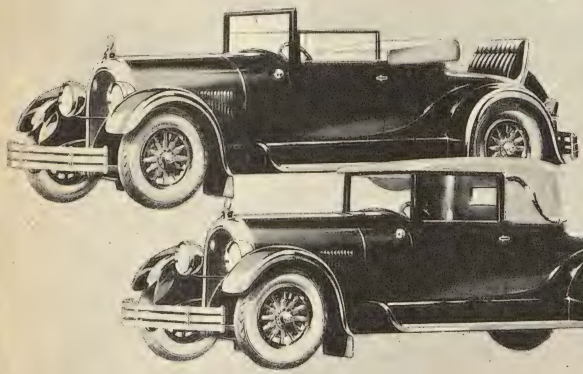

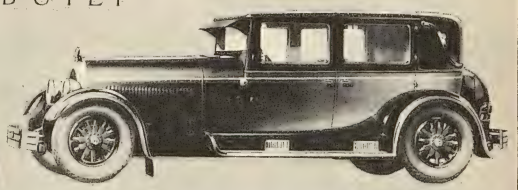

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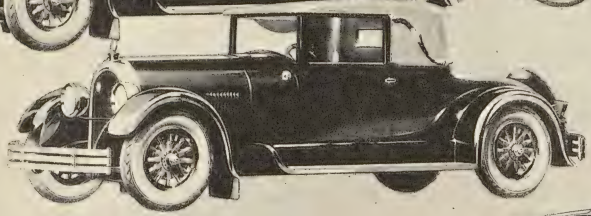

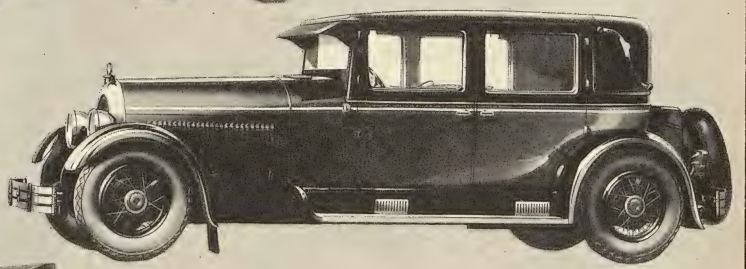

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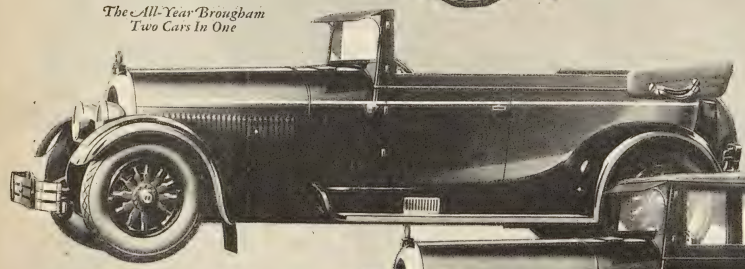
Two Cars In One



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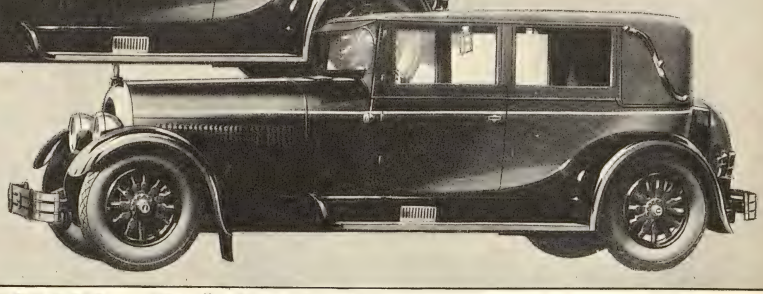

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

"Oh, I see. And the capable girl has gone out of style."

"I thought so. To tell the truth, I did not see how common sense could be concealed beneath short dresses and—er—"

"Long, nude hosiery?"

"But you wear rose-taupe."

"Yes." Skipper blushed unseen in the obscurity of the advancing dusk. "Were we talking about me?"

"I don't know." Mr. Viard retired in some confusion. "I'm afraid I was thinking about you."

He demonstrated this by bringing up sharply against a slowly moving truck just ahead which was traveling without a taillight. There was a sound of considerable glass crashing on the pavement. But the truck driver did not hear and went on unconcernedly.

"It's only my headlight lenses," the English instructor assured himself. "I've done that before. One of 'em still works."

SURE enough, it did. By its illumination they passed around the truck.

"I'm afraid," he sighed, "that I have a great deal to learn about automobiles."

"And about girls," added Skipper.

"Hey, you, draw up to the curb!"

This was shouted from outside. A rough-voiced man in uniform, riding a motorcycle, had edged in alongside.

Mr. Viard nervously did as ordered.

"What's the idea?" continued the officer. "I've been following you for half a mile. You bumped into a truck, and since then you've been driving most of the time on the left side of the road. This one-armed driving has got to stop."

"But I assure you that I have two arms."

"I'll bet you have. But the idea is to use both of 'em on the steering wheel. I've a good mind to run you in."

"Oh, officer, you wouldn't arrest us?"

Skipper's voice aroused the policeman's curiosity. It was a nice voice. He turned a flashlight on the interior of the car.

He snapped it off. "Gee, I don't blame you. On your way, but don't kiss her again until you've come to a stop somewhere."

Stunned silence followed the officer's chugging departure.

Then Skipper giggled.

"How inexpressibly—how embarrassing!" Mr. Viard sputtered. "Why, he had the effrontery to suggest that I—"

"He's only judging by experience. Most men would have."

Mr. Viard drove on, trying to think that one out. Finally, "And would you have permitted—?"

"Probably not. I've developed quite a lot of muscle convincing men who have tried it."

"What a terrible age for a girl to live in!"

"On the contrary, what an interesting one! You can't learn anything about life by staying inside an oyster shell."

"I think you are implying that I am an oyster."

"Perhaps; but, anyway, a very nice one, even if you are on the wrong side of the road again. And I rather like oysters in season."

"This is the last day of April," he observed with appropriate glumness.

She laughed. "I thought that perhaps you did not always wear mental handcuffs. Speaking of oysters and one thing and another has made me hungry. Do you suppose we have time for tea at one of these lunchrooms along the road?"

"Of course. I should have thought of it! We've not had any lunch, have we?"

He brought the car to a stop alongside of the very next establishment, which was curtly labeled, "Eat."

Inside it was rather dingy and dirty, but the food was not bad. They were eating it with surprising relish when the next adventure happened.

A young man, rather well dressed and wearing a cap pulled down a little tight as if he expected a heavy wind to blow it off, stepped in at the door and said:

"Go high, everybody! Let's have all the nice, clean hands up in sight."

He spoke to no one in particular, but he had a revolver pointed at the cashier.

The latter did not seem impressed. "Will I hand over the cash or will you come around and get it yourself? I been held up so often in this dump—"

"Plenty from you—pipe down! I'll get it myself."

When he had annexed the contents of the cash register, the young man grinned and put it in his pocket.

"There's enough here for a nice party this evening if I can find me a good skirt. And look who's among us! Sister, give this empty tube the air and I'll show you the sights of our city."

He was speaking to Skipper.

Mr. Viard interposed: "But I say!"

"Brush by, you great big beautiful boy doll. I've got serious business with my new girl friend."

With one movement the facetious bandit pushed Mr. Viard out of the way and took Skipper by the arm.

"Damn you, let her alone!"

The young man turned back to see who had interrupted him.

"Don't, Mr. Viard. He has a gun."

Biff! Bang! Crash!

The biff was a fist, the bang was a body falling across a table, and the crash was splintering wood mingled with disintegrating crockery.

Skipper saw and heard almost nothing of this because she had fainted, in the good old-fashioned way, in anticipation of the murder which was about to be committed before her very eyes. She scarcely knew when someone picked her up and, stepping over the debris, carried her to the door.

Outside, however, she opened one eye fearfully, and, lo and behold, as they say in the bedtime stories, she was in the arms, not of the bandit, but of the perturbed instructor of English composition, who was holding her so tightly against his bosom that she could feel his heart beating like an electric malted-milk mixer.

He deposited her in the car and pulled down her skirts so that at least her knees were covered, and then went around to the other side and got in himself.

THEY had driven some little distance before Skipper decided to come to.

"What happened?" she asked with pardonable curiosity. "Did that holdup man trip over something?"

"Yes."

"What was it?"

"My foot."

"Did you do it on purpose?"

"Of course."

"But how?"

"It was a sort of a combination of boxing, *savate*, and jujitsu. You see, when I was in school I looked so easy that I had to learn more tricks of self-defense than anybody else knew, or else I would have been in trouble all the time. It is really very simple. No one expects me to know my right hand from my left, so I always win."

He sucked the back of his hand absently.

"Are you hurt?"

"Only a skinned knuckle. I'm a little out of practice, I guess. I must have hit harder than I meant to."

Skipper took his hand in both of hers and put her own lips against it.

B-r-r-r-p, tinkle, tinkle, put-put, bang!

"Good Lord, what have I done now?"

Skipper looked out. "Nothing. Really nothat all. You've run into the fancy lamp-post in front of our house, and I think your windshield is broken and perhaps some of the other plate glass. But it wasn't your fault. I shouldn't have touched your hand. You're not a very good one-armed driver."

"Do you think a thing like that could have affected me so powerfully?"

"I doubt it myself. You're the only one who can say. Anyway, I thank you for bringing me all the way home on an enchanted highway, and I hope your car is not badly damaged."

She got out to look for herself while he tried the starter. It worked, and he backed away carefully out of the glass. There seemed to be one or two new noises in the mechanism somewhere, but at any rate the gallant little car still ran.

After he had backed clear and before he could start ahead again, Skipper opened the door of the car.

"I forgot something."

"What?"

"This."

There was the freshness of winter-tanged air about her, a faint perfume, and the smell of fur. Her lips—

Mr. Viard drove for three blocks before he was arrested on a charge of driving without lights, disregarding traffic signals, sideswiping a lady he had never been introduced to, and addressing an officer as "Darling!"

AFTER dinner Bill Eggleston called.

"Well," he asked, "did you get square with that egg, Viard?"

"Yes," Skipper admitted; "I guess so."

"Then what'll we do this evening? Movies? Or shall we step a bit over at Roseland?"

Skipper didn't know what she wanted to do. She was restless, but nothing that Bill was able to suggest seemed to interest her.

They were discussing his plans when the telephone bell rang. Skipper answered.

"Is this Miss E. MacKim?" an agitated but very formal voice inquired. She could just see him rocking back and forth.

"I think I am the one you mean, even if you haven't got the name exactly right. Where are you telephoning from?"

"From the corner drug store on your street. You see, I got your car out of the ditch and brought it in, and now I'd like to know what to do with it."

"I'll come right down and get it."

She hung up. To Bill she said: "Amuse yourself for a minute. I've got to go down and tell a man what to do with my car."

Bill wanted to go along, but she dissuaded him—just why, she wasn't sure.

By the time she had reached the street the car was in front of the house. Mr. Viard got out.

"Why," she exclaimed in mock surprise, "all the fenders are on it and everything!"

"Yes. I drove very carefully," he confessed—and added, "with both hands."

Skipper got in under the steering wheel. Good Lord, she was even more lovely by night light!

"Come on."

"Come on?" he echoed. "Where to?"

"I'm certainly going to take you home, after all the trouble you've been to."

"But—"

"I'll promise not to do what I did this afternoon."

"Then I won't go."

"Then I promise I will."

* * *

At ten-thirty Bill Eggleston got tired of waiting and went home.

THE END

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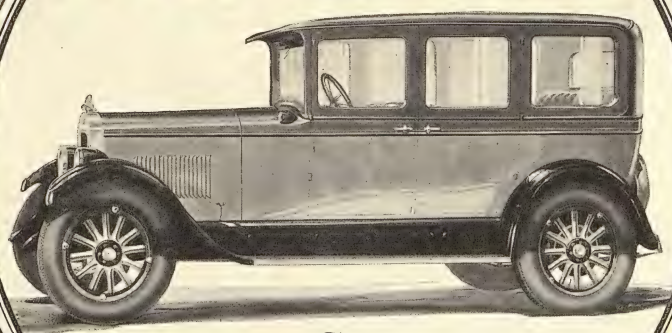

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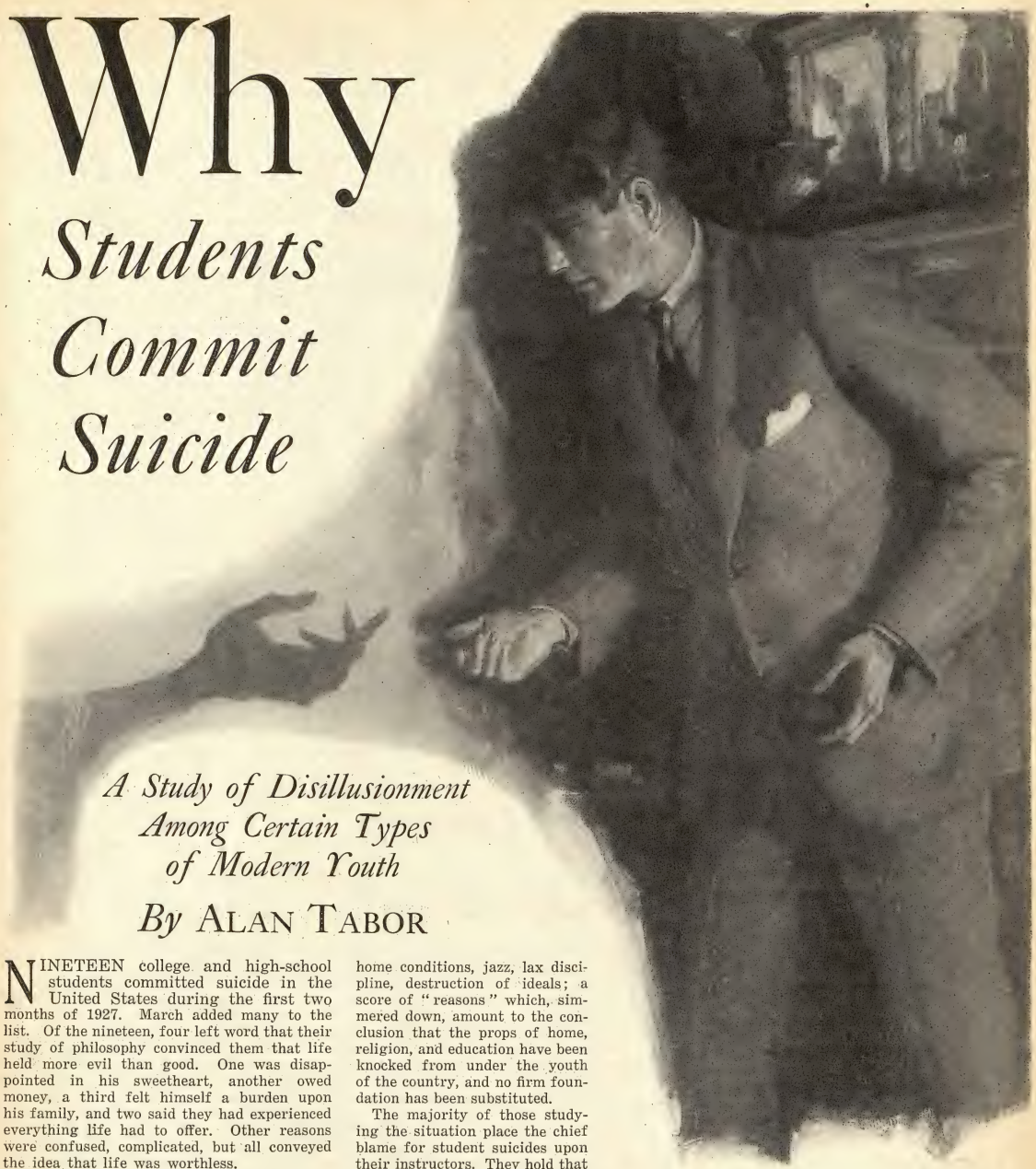
Why Students Commit Suicide



A Study of Disillusionment Among Certain Types of Modern Youth

By ALAN TABOR

NINETEEN college and high-school students committed suicide in the United States during the first two months of 1927. March added many to the list. Of the nineteen, four left word that their study of philosophy convinced them that life held more evil than good. One was disappointed in his sweetheart, another owed money, a third felt himself a burden upon his family, and two said they had experienced everything life had to offer. Other reasons were confused, complicated, but all conveyed the idea that life was worthless.

Numerous explanations have been advanced for this astonishing wave of self-destruction in a class where it was least to be expected; a wave that has spread from the colleges into the ranks of the preparatory and high-school students. The fact that similar epidemics among young intellectuals have occurred in Germany, in the Scandinavian countries, and in Russia has been cited.

Seeking the cause, professors, police officials, psychologists. and psychoanalysts have blamed home conditions, jazz, lax discipline, destruction of ideals; a score of "reasons" which, simmered down, amount to the conclusion that the props of home, religion, and education have been knocked from under the youth of the country, and no firm foundation has been substituted.

The majority of those studying the situation place the chief blame for student suicides upon their instructors. They hold that the tremendous increase in the earnings of the laboring classes, the greater cost of living, and the failure of colleges to pay higher salaries to their professors have increased the inferiority complex of the professors, embittered them, and wrecked their philosophy. Their mood has, consciously or unconsciously, affected students emerging from adolescence.

Some college professors deny strenuously any responsibility for the conditions, deny that the series of suicides is in any way related, and even declare there is no wave of suicide among students. Meantime tens of thousands of anxious parents are studying more closely their own sons and daughters, and, if they are

With his faith in girl and God shattered, and away from home, almost anything may happen.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

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STAR-Rite quantity production—STAR-Rite economical distribution policies, save you money and ensure value.

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ELECTRICAL NECESSITIES

Fitzgerald Manufacturing Company, Torrington, Conn.
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MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS *NEVER-LEAK* CYLINDER HEAD GASKETS

FITZGERALD MFG. CO., Torrington, Conn.
Send me a STAR-Rite iron, $3.95. (In Canada, $5.00) Cash enclosed.

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

wise, are protecting them from means of self-destruction.

The flat denial of the professors that the wave of suicidal impulse is a result of the breakdown of their philosophy fails to convince other students of the situation.

A summary of the best opinions on the subject indicates that several major fundamentals that sustained the youth of former generations have been knocked from under the boys of the present.

The most potent of these was faith in girls.

The second was faith in religion.

The third was faith in home.

Finally, faith in their country, now weakened by the political theories that have been imported since the World War.

The college boy of other days always had a girl "back home" to whom he wrote, in whom he confided, to whom he confessed, upon whom he relied for sympathy and consolation in dark hours of discouragement. In those pre-war days the boy who went to college was something of a hero, and a fraternity pin meant much in the life of the home-town girl who wore it.

THAT prop has fallen down. Let a college boy of today ask a modern girl to wait until he finishes college and is prepared to wed, and test the case. Instead of sitting in his room at college, alone, blue, with the prospect of a flunked examination, and being able to write a letter and get all the comforts of the confessional, the modern boy realizes that the girl back home probably is in the arms of his rival, and that, if he writes, she probably will tell him to get busy and make good or not bother her. Either that or she insists that there is no use considering an engagement or marriage unless or until he is rich.

Another prop that sustained former generations of college students was religion, which has gone out of style with both faculties and undergraduates.

With these supports withdrawn, his faith in girl and God shattered, and away from home restraint, almost anything may happen.

It is not unduly serious that a dozen or a score of college students should destroy themselves. That these suicides are symptoms of the mental and spiritual attitude of tens of thousands of boys and girls is the alarming feature.

College professors who deny that such conditions exist, and that they extend down into preparatory and high schools, merely confirm the charge that the average professor is out of close touch with the student body.

The instructor, counting his meager salary, points to the bricklayer and says:

"What's the use, young gentlemen? Five years hence you may be making almost as much as that man, who never went to school."

DENIAL that a "suicide wave" exists does not change that condition. Psychopathic experts, faculty members in direct contact with students, and undergraduates themselves declare that the conditions revealed by the suicides are duplicated in every college and in virtually every college group.

THE modern college boy realizes that the girl back home probably is in the arms of his rival.

Statistics on suicide covering a long period show that every year a certain percentage of human beings destroy themselves, and that the figures in every nation, class, and group through a period of years will follow straight lines. If there is any sharp variation, it is because of some changed condition. Such variations have been found among schoolboys in Sweden during a period of financial distress; in Germany, twice during the war and once following the war; in Russia during the destruction of all standards of living.

This is the first time since comprehensive figures have been kept in the United States that the suicide rate among college students has altered violently.

Ordinarily, suicides among children of school and college age are traceable to sickness, failure, disease, a love affair, and, in unmarried girls, pregnancy.

In these recent cases the rules changed. The cases may be summarized:

A boy, temperamental, poetic, imagined himself jilted, and took poison and gas.

Two students died to explore the "spirit world."

A girl, learning she was to be reprimanded and suspended for a year for violating college rules, took poison.

A boy, extravagant, reprimanded for wasting his allowance, hanged himself.

A medical student, brooding over the suicide of others and with a smattering of "philosophy," killed himself to discover what is in "the great beyond."

A postgraduate student, health broken, felt himself a failure and killed himself.

A boy decided he was a financial burden to his family and ended his life to "help" them.

Four boys concluded they had "experienced all life has to offer," and that "life was useless," and killed themselves.

Another boy, friend of a suicide, killed himself to discover the secret of the future; promising to return in spirit, if possible.

Another boy, thinking death a "glorious adventure," ended his life, the evidence indicating he changed his mind too late.

INSURANCE and police experts know that suicide statistics are unreliable, for the reason that there is a belief among many persons that the act is disgraceful. In many religious sects, self-destruction is regarded as affecting the future of the soul. In small towns, especially, suicide is believed to reflect upon the family, and frequently the facts are concealed. The insurance actuaries believe that a very large percentage of "accidental" deaths are suicides.

The mental and spiritual attitude of students interested me

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[WHY STUDENTS COMMIT SUICIDE]
Continued from Page Twenty-three

keenly during the seven years my own son was in preparatory school and college. During that period, my work took me to colleges all over the country. Being interested in athletics, I was able to get in close contact with undergraduates and to hear and learn what they were thinking. I talked over the problems with athletic directors, coaches, and physical-education men, whose contact with the boys is closer than that of other adults.

Compared with my own generation in college, I noted these things:

The boys had too much money. When our generation wanted to do a little hell-raising we worked off most of the surplus energy trying to get the money.

The present-day generation is blasé and bored, where we were intensely interested.

The present generation has abandoned most of its reverence for women—a result largely contributed to by the girls of its own class.

The line of conversation has changed. Serious, solemn discussions of free love, psychoanalysis, Nietzsche, and Freud are common. They have taken the place of the smutty story, but are the same with the wit deleted.

Religion, of the kind we accepted without argument, is considered old-fashioned, and the synthetic brands appear to impose no restraint. They think more of religious and moral problems than we did; accept nothing unless proved; refuse to take things they cannot understand on faith alone.

Everywhere—East, South, and West—in the colleges I heard boys talk of the "Russian school," the "Russian influence," Nietzsche, Marx, Freud—every destructive phase of philosophy and nothing constructive.

AMONG civilized, normal peoples, suicide always has been associated with cowardice, save among a few races whose philosophy dictated self-destruction as a matter of courage and duty under certain circumstances.

That idea has been largely abandoned by the modern college youth in this country. If he regarded killing himself as cowardly or as showing "yellow," that belief would act as a deterrent. Instead, he has adopted a large part of what he refers to as the "Slavic philosophy," and many students regard self-effacement as something heroic, even when they do not kill themselves (as some do) with an idea of injuring someone else. The childish idea of hurting oneself to make one's parents sorry still is strong among college boys and girls.

It is not their fault. Spoiled, overindulged, their selfishness fostered by coddling, they hardly may be expected to realize their own cruelty.

Psychologists agree that these conditions would lead to self-destruction under certain circumstances.

When this series of suicides among college students started it brought forth a deluge of discussion by scientists. There is no quarrel with the scientists, except that the majority of them prefer to take a theory and fit conditions to it, rather than to go to the boys for first-hand information.

Each scientist appears to take some part of the problem and stress that as the "cause" of student suicides.

L. Clark Pierce, the famous New York specialist, writing on unconscious motivations in suicides, takes one angle when he says:

"SUICIDE is much more common in small families, and often it is an only son or daughter who commits the act. The one- and two-child system favors the development of neuroses. This is perhaps the explanation of the increase in suicide among the young. With few children, ambition is greatly stimulated. The parents expect from one child as much as others expect from a brood. The child must lead its class, be a great artist, or something great. The child dreams of great things. The parents live in a fools' paradise. Then one day the house of cards falls down. The adolescent realizes the impossibility of greatness and is discontented with the mediocre, and so arises a new motif to renounce life altogether."

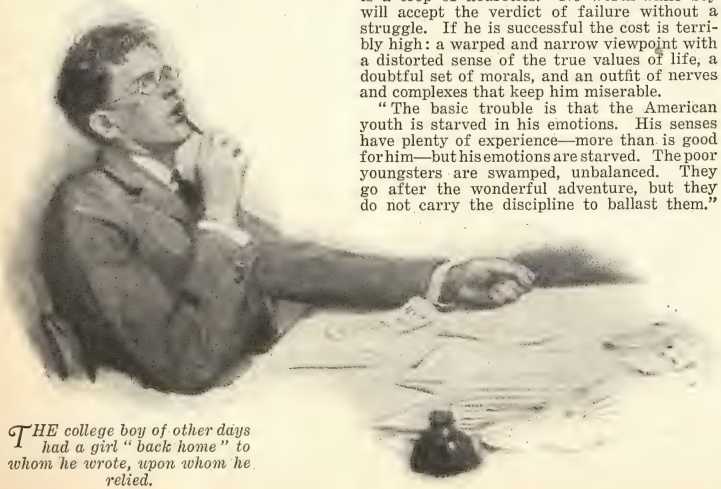
That is part of it. Undoubtedly the only child is spoiled—but so are the others in this age, especially those chosen to go to college.

Dr. F. L. Hoffman, the most famous of the insurance experts of America, covers the field when he says:

"Why do most of us refrain from suicide? Because those who survive the struggle for existence are of better moral fiber, better trained in intelligence, have a higher sense of social and religious obligations. The weaklings, the selfish, the misfits give in.

"The modern college boy 'gabfests' in smut sessions. He hasn't the habit of reflection. He gets ideas from books, but hasn't time to thrash them out with his fellows. The result is a crop of neurotics. No worth-while boy will accept the verdict of failure without a struggle. If he is successful the cost is terribly high: a warped and narrow viewpoint with a distorted sense of the true values of life, a doubtful set of morals, and an outfit of nerves and complexes that keep him miserable.

"The basic trouble is that the American youth is starved in his emotions. His senses have plenty of experience—more than is good for him—but his emotions are starved. The poor youngsters are swamped, unbalanced. They go after the wonderful adventure, but they do not carry the discipline to ballast them."



THE college boy of other days had a girl "back home" to whom he wrote, upon whom he relied.

IN pre-war days a fraternity pin meant much to the home-town girl.

Dr. Herman Goodman, the New York light-therapy expert, said:

"Basically, the fault is with civilization, while the blame for immediate consequences and failure in prevention lies with the teachers.

"Too many of our professors and instructors are underpaid and have a sense of inferiority—of defeat and disappointment. They cannot help transmitting some of this to the students under them. The result is a destruction of hope and ambition, a belief that it is not worth while.

"My advice to parents with sons in college is to watch them; to give them some foundation of philosophy, some basis of encouragement, and a pat on the back—and to hide the revolver if there is one in the house."

A famous Columbia University professor, who refused to permit use of his name, said:

"The real trouble is that the student picks up fragments of hedonism and lives with it in mind. Hedonism teaches that pleasure is the most important thing in life and that moral duty is fulfilled when the desire for pleasure is gratified. This doctrine appeals to the young. Accordingly, a boy indulges himself instead of repressing his desires. Sooner or later he finds himself in difficulty, and, unless he is sustained by some solid philosophy, by religion, by faith in someone or something, he may kill himself. If there is anything in the idea that philosophy is to blame, I would suggest a more thorough teaching of philosophy rather than a suspension of teaching all philosophy."

I PUT the student-suicide question to three clergymen in New York. The first said:

"I think everyone will agree that it is due to two things: the too-rapid pace of modern life, and atheism."

The second elucidated:

"It's really not a moral problem at all. They simply can't stand the speed. It's not hard to understand that when the whole younger generation has chased thrills long enough it'll be satiated and disappointed. Hence this beginning of a real suicide wave."

The third dominie cleared his throat:

"It's atheism more than anything else. The college boy is taught to believe that he is only an animal, and so he acts like an animal. But since he's human, with a soul, sooner or later he comes to grief. And if he hasn't the spiritual strength to fight his way to the right path, he'll commit suicide. I'm not surprised that the modern youth doesn't want to live a Godlike life—why should he? He doesn't believe in God, he doesn't believe in the hereafter, he doesn't even believe in the dignity of life."

"What would you suggest?" I asked them.

"Educate parents to keep control over their children, and educate the children to the belief that science is, of course, all right, but that religion is all right, too. It is spiritual laxity that makes the truths of science and the

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

Tuned to Spring Days and the new Cars

You've seen the new cars—the riot of colors, rivaling the brilliancy of the rainbow after an April shower.

Well—you should see your favorite model and color scheme mounted on a set of India tires!

India has always been a De Luxe tire—proud of its superiority and telling the world of its difference by means of the red stripe on the side-walls.

The jet black rubber, brilliant after rain, and the red stripe, have been identifying the cars of the rich and those who like rich things for years. India tires add so much to the beauty of even the finest cars that plenty have willingly paid a premium to get them.

In certain cities the dealers in the finest cars have every job equipped with Indias—they add so much to the satisfaction of the buyer.

Dealers know that the difference in Indias is not all on the outside. They know about the 6-4 ply balloon construction—the ideal combination for comfort and long wear. They know about the True-Blue [HEAT PROOF] Inner Tube which makes any tire give greater mileage. They know that for years nearly all the tires India could make were taken by bus and truck operators who demand the utmost of uninterrupted mileage.

Go to the India dealer. Look at an India tire. Have him set it up against the wheel of your car where you can see how much it adds in appearance. Let him tell you how India tires and tubes are different—why you can expect more from them.

Then you, too, will get the idea of changing to "Indias all 'round"—whether you're fixing up the old or buying one of the new cars.

Inquiries are invited from men or concerns who may be interested in the India dealer franchise for certain open territories.

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TO EVERYONE WHO EXPECTS TO BUY A CAR THIS SPRING

CONSIDER OLDSMOBILE

"Select... Choose by Comparison"

TALKING over this matter of buying a car, one suggestion is obviously sound: When you buy your car this spring . . . *select.* Select in the fullest literal meaning of the word, which is *"to choose by comparison"* . . . just as you do with other things you buy.

Single out the cars that suit your tastes and meet your needs . . . compare their prices . . . then make selection by relative values.

And it is no longer a difficult decision, for today *known factors* measure the merit of an automobile.

For example, everyone wants four-wheel brakes, everyone wants an oil filter, an air cleaner, crankcase ventilation and so on through the list of features *known* to contribute to performance, attractiveness, thrifty operation and long life.

By all the standards of modern engineering as evidenced in the points upon which manufacturers lay stress . . . there is a definite limited number of these known factors of motor car merit. Compare the list of these features as found in Oldsmobile with those

in any other car—no matter what its price. Check these known factors of motor car merit in Oldsmobile and you will immediately be impressed with how emphatically it is qualified to gratify you finer tastes as well as satisfy your every need.

Compare the features of consequence offered by cars of even far greater price.

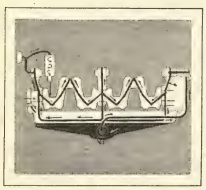
Judge whether you can be fair to either your desires or your sense of sound investment, if you content yourself with less than what Oldsmobile assures you . . . especially when it is so fair to your purse.

Go over Oldsmobile features one by one. Come to your Oldsmobile showroom and see this car. Drive it . . . and thrill to its brilliant performance. Know this car for what it is . . . what it does . . . and how it does it.

Then, and only then, can you *select* with justice to yourself, your purse and your sense of satisfaction.

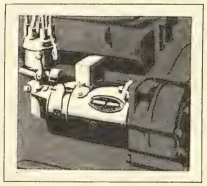
OLDSMOBILE SIX

Product of General Motors



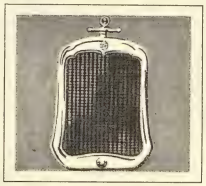
Three-Way Pressure Lubrication

Thorough lubrication is assured by the use of three-way oil delivery. The accessible gear pump, operated by the forward end of the camshaft, delivers oil at equal pressure through oil tubes to the main bearings as well as through the full length of the crankshaft, which also acts as a drilled oil passage. Connecting rods are lubricated from the drilled crankshaft. Passages from the crankshaft bearings deliver oil to the camshaft bearings. An oil stream is directed upon the timing chain. Other parts of the engine are bathed in an oil spray. An oil filter eliminates any injurious abrasive matter,



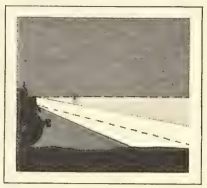
Thermostatic Charging Control

The Oldsmobile generator is driven by the silent timing chain. Oldsmobile has thermostatic control on the generator that automatically increases the charging rate when the engine is cold and demands on the generator are greatest. This thermostatic control also automatically reduces the charging rate of the generator when the engine is operating at high temperatures, a frequent occurrence during warm weather, thereby protecting both the generator and the storage battery against possibility of overcharging. The spark timing control is full automatic and dependably accurate at all speeds.



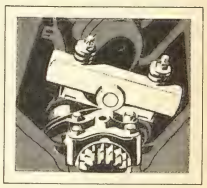
Chromium Plating

The nickel on such parts as radiator shells and bumpers, after application over the usual copper base, is protected and improved in appearance by a final coating of the element, chromium, through a carefully developed electro-plating process. This finish is glass hard, rust proof and is brighter and whiter and retains its lustre longer than nickel. Its resistance to corrosion from salt spray is, for instance, more than five times greater than that of the finest nickel. Chromium plating was perfected and introduced by Oldsmobile, in co-ordination with General Motors Research Laboratories.



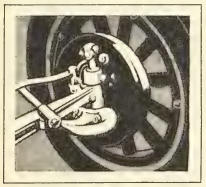
Twin-Beam Headlights

Oldsmobile headlights have double filament bulbs, one filament in place of the conventional "bright" and the other in place of the conventional "dim." On "dim action" an intense light is projected at a downward angle and gives ample vision to the Oldsmobile driver without blinding approaching drivers. On "bright action" the beam is tilted at a higher angle and throws the light farther in advance of the car. These headlights are operated by a neat lever centered on the steering wheel that may be operated without removing the hands from the wheel or taking the eyes from the road.



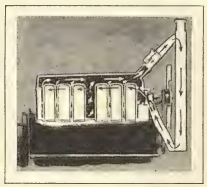
Harmonic Balancer

The harmonic balancer counteracts torsional vibration. It is a development of the engineers of General Motors Corporation. The harmonic balancer is unusual because of its extreme simplicity. It has no moving parts and sets up a counteracting or opposing force that neutralizes crankshaft vibration. The large drop forged crankshaft is dynamic and static balanced. The grain flow of the metal in the forging is held at right angles to the lines of greatest stress to give additional rigidity and strength. The crankshaft is mounted on rigid web supports cast integral with the crankcase.



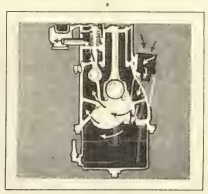
Four-Wheel Brakes

"I have driven, probably, all different types of four-wheel brakes and I can say with emphasis that the four-wheel brakes on Oldsmobile surpass any I have ever touched for ease of operation and positiveness of action," is the manner in which an experienced driver formerly engaged in the automotive industry expresses himself regarding Oldsmobile's four-wheel brakes. The front brakes are self-energizing, internal, three shoe, expanding type. They are entirely enclosed as protection against dirt and oil. When turning the "outside" wheel brake pressure is less than the pressure on the "inside" wheel, allowing the outside wheel to rotate more freely to afford safe control. The rear wheel brakes are efficient split-band, two-piece type in which the action is mechanical and the bands clamp the drums like jaws, assuring maximum contact. The parking brakes are operated by a convenient hand lever.



Two-Way Cooling

At the points where greatest heat is generated—around the valves, valve seats, spark plugs and combustion chambers—a major portion of the pressure circulated water is driven through a passage with special-design ports. Cylinder walls do not heat so rapidly as do these other parts and a full flow of cooling water would cool them too much. Therefore, the circulation of cooling water around the cylinder barrels is controlled. In other words, parts at the points of greatest heat are cooled by the pressure method of circulation while the movement of water about the cylinders is governed by convection in which the rate of circulation is controlled by the reaction of the heat upon the water. This dual control of water circulation maintains sufficient even temperature about the cylinders for efficient operation and performance. This control also aids materially in eliminating crankcase dilution.

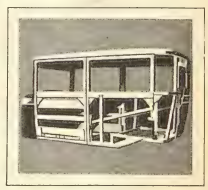


Crankcase Ventilation

In all internal combustion engines water is formed by condensation. Cold engines do not burn all of the fuel on starting. This water and unburned liquid fuel pass into the crankcase and form dilution. This dilution destroys the lubricating qualities of the oil. Oldsmobile eliminates excessive dilution by crankcase ventilation. One-third of the air that passes through the carburetor is drawn through a breather port in the left side of the engine. This air, cleaned of dust and injurious material by an air cleaner on the breather port, sweeps through the crankcase before entering the carburetor. It draws off with it water vapor and unburned fuel that may have passed into the crankcase. This system is simple and has no moving parts. Crankcase ventilation improves performance, gives longer useful life to the oil and also by assuring more efficient lubrication, slows depreciation, prolongs the life of the car.

Dual Air Cleaning, Oil Filter

Dust and dirt from the road form abrasives that cause undue wear upon the working parts of an engine. Oldsmobile guards against such wear in a two-fold manner—dual air cleaning and oil filtration. A primary air cleaner eliminates, by centrifugal force, the injurious particles from the air that enters the carburetor direct, and a second cleaner, in connection with the system of crankcase ventilation, cleans the balance of the air. An oil filter excludes sediment and destructive foreign substances from the oil as it passes through the filter bag, increasing the useful life of the oil. Crankcase ventilation, with dual air cleaners and oil filter introduce, in addition to economy through long life, another factor of thrift and an added source of confidence by reducing the necessity for oil changes to but 3 to 4 times in the average driving year. If the turtle bog clogs, lubrication still proceeds, but in the ordinary manner.



Fisher Bodies

The Oldsmobile bodies are Fisher designed and built of the reliable composite construction of steel sheathing on a strong hardwood frame with joints that are mortise-wedged, glued, screwed, bolted and given additional strength at the points of greatest stress by steel braces. Slat construction is used in the top, with seven lateral cross members and thirteen longitudinal members. The quality strength and freedom from noises of this construction are the accepted standard of fine cars. The contour of the Fisher bodies is graceful, the appointments complete, the Duco finish lustrous and permanent, and the provisions for comfort pleasing. Excellent mounting for the Fisher bodies is provided by the double-offset, low-gravity frame, which is wide at the rear for ample support and best roadability. The frame is "kicked-up" over the rear axle to permit a low center of gravity which results in greater safety, smarter appearance.

Check The Known Factors of Motor Car Merit—In Oldsmobile

L-head six-cylinder engine ' ' crankcase ventilation with dual air cleaner and oil filter, introducing only 3 to 4 oil changes a year ' ' four-wheel brakes ' ' harmonic balancer ' ' two-way cooling ' ' three-way pressure lubrication ' ' honed cylinders ' ' high-velocity, hot-section manifold ' ' double-valve springs ' ' silent timing chain ' ' full automatic spark ' ' thermostatic charging control ' ' 30 x 5.25 balloon tires ' ' balloon-geared steering ' ' double-offset, low-gravity frame ' ' easy-shift transmission ' ' twin-beam headlights controlled from steering wheel ' ' chromium, permanent-lustre plating ' ' Duco finish ' ' beauty of line and complete appointments in Fisher bodies and many other features of known worth.

Standard Touring, $875; Standard Coupe, $925; Standard Coach, $950; Standard Sedan, $1025

DeLuxe Roadster, $975; DeLuxe Touring, $980; DeLuxe Coupe, $990; Sport Coupe, $1035
DeLuxe Coach, $1050; DeLuxe Sedan, $1125; and Landau, $1190

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HERE'S the shoe sole that's always ready for the roughest work. The grind of harsh steel edges —the wear and tear of rasping pavements.

"My USKIDE Soles are in fine condition after four months of continuous wear among steel planer cuttings and turnings that would have cut a leather sole all to pieces," says Hugo E. L. Mey of Chicago.

No wonder Mr. Mey swears by USKIDE!

"I walked 2400 miles on one pair of USKIDE Soles," says H. H. Roerig, postman of Richmond Hill, N. Y. "Ordinarily I would have worn through three leather soles."

That's the sort of sole to tie to! USKIDE Soles. They stand the gaff. Save you money. They are so strong — neat — comfortable — good-looking.

Ask your shoe dealer for USKIDE Soles when you buy your new work shoes. Tell your repairman to use USKIDE on your next resoling job. Other soles may *look* like USKIDE—but they don't *wear* like USKIDE.

Write for booklet
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USKIDE SOLES

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

By the makers of the famous "U.S." Spring-Step Rubber Heels

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-FOUR] truths of religion appear contradictory."

So education is to blame? I found a professor at Columbia, and he said:

"VERY likely there is an epidemic of suicides. It happens recurrently in European universities and we should not be surprised to find it here. I think it is due to our increasing conventionality."

"Conventionality? Surely, we are less conventional than ever before?"

"In physical habits, yes. But in their minds the educated people, the so-called intellectuals, are much more conventional than educated people ever have been. The wild youth of today who thinks himself critical and an individualist because he is thoroughly selfish, merely follows a fashion set by a new crowd. Adolescence is the chief difficulty with youth; but that, being a constant factor, cancels our problem. What remains is the intellectual doubt of moral values and all other values, which is fostered by the colleges and the general skepticism of our age.

"The college boy makes and breaks human contacts with such speed and over such a wide area that he is stimulated to get more and more new experiences. Naturally, the time must come when he'll feel the bitterness of disillusion. If he's fortunate, his pain may be the birth pangs of a new thoughtfulness; otherwise he becomes a prey to the conviction of futility, and he's a ripe candidate for suicide. I imagine a good many of these poor boys begin by saying to themselves, 'I was put into the world without being asked, and now I'm going to get all the fun I can out of it.' You see, it doesn't occur to him to seek happiness, because he knows nothing of it. Instead, he looks for amusement. And today that means an unrestrained orgy of self-indulgence."

Baffled by this confusion of opinion, I began to wonder why, with so many alleged causes, all students do not kill themselves. I went to one of New York's most noted psychoanalysts, who said:

"Every man who commits suicide has some inherent emotional defect, some left-over of early childhood. He hasn't succeeded in making a workable adjustment toward his environment. The child has a great need for love and sympathy. In some degree that need stays with us through life, but the child must have it. He feels terribly hurt if he doesn't get it.

"When the sexual awakening comes at adolescence there is a strong reaction. He is shocked and frightened as he learns more and more of life. He hates to believe that his parents are sexual, even if he is willing to believe it of the rest of the world. Usually he feels betrayed in his confidence, and he cannot pardon his parents. This results in the coolness children show their parents, generally observed soon after adolescence, and this grows. At the same time there is a great need for parental love. Very few parents understand these feelings in their children.

"The other important factor in all suicides is external pressure. Parents have rosy dreams for their young ones. They demand high marks at school, strict discipline, and all the other supposed preparations for greatness. When the child realizes that he is just an ordinary human being, he begins to feel inferior. He begins to hate his father or teacher, and wish him dead—and *no one can kill himself unless at some time he has wished to kill someone, or at least has desired his death.*

"But here comes in the matter of conscience. There is a secret equity court in the child's unconscious mind which upholds the Mosaic idea of 'eye for eye, tooth for tooth, life for life.' This secret inner court rules that if he causes another person's death, he must die himself. Hence, to wish his father or teacher dead is the same thing to a child's subconscious mind as to wish himself dead. In later life this may come to the surface following an emotional disaster.

"WHAT I'm going to say now will sound familiar, perhaps, but it's none the less true. It's this:

"There's no use living unless we enjoy life. We must have fun and pleasure. We must love and be loved. We need sympathy and friendliness. If we lack these things, we feel out of place and unwanted. That's the popularly known inferiority complex. And suicide is the way out of inferiority. Of course, there are a number of other factors involved, but practically they all amount to just that. No one will kill himself who has a person or an ideal to love.

"But we aren't getting any nearer to the prevention of suicide. An excellent means would be to have everyone truly religious. In Spain, which is an unusually religious country, the suicide rate is lower than anywhere else in Europe, because religion frowns upon self-destruction. In Japan, on the other hand, where suicide is part of the code of honor, the rate is about eight times higher than in other countries. If a powerful wave of religious feeling could be made to sweep the United States and make a disgraceful thing of suicide, the number of self-destructions would materially decrease.

"But it's impossible to force religion on people. A more practical way would be to reorganize our system of education.

"At the present time real knowledge is at a low ebb. Students should be allowed to study for themselves under the advice, but not the strict control, of a professor.

"I suggest that before he goes to college the boy be advised, but not strictly controlled, by his parents. Too much control at home breeds repression, and that means a more or less violent reaction. Too much repression at school and college means a rebellious, puzzled boy, going through the parrot-like motions of education because he's curious about the complex life surrounding him and he wants to understand it and feel a part of it.

"He feels that he's a misfit. He is critical of the world as he finds it—studies it from his own point of view and tries to find a significance in it that will include him. If his essentially uncritical education leads him to a distorted attitude toward life, then he's on the waiting list of suicides. A small setback will appear huge, dwarfing all the good things that life has to offer. But if he's in love or if he has strong emotional ties, he'll get along. We are not too critical of those we love. Only after disillusion do molehills appear like mountains."

Dr. Frankwood Earl Williams, medical director of the National Committee of Mental Hygiene, holds that the young suicide, in most cases, knows so little about life that he is unable to judge what it offers. He says:

"By the time a child is weaned it develops two definite elements: fear and anxiety; when it is a little older, two others: guilt and inferiority. By the time it is eight or ten, the fifth develops: the emotion of punishment.

"The impulse to seek punishment is common in all ages. Let us suppose that a young man inclines to athletics, but has no success. Promptly inferiority lies in wait to seize him. Or he may have cribbed his lessons, or entertained mean thoughts about his roommate. There the guilt sense becomes active. It is only a short step to seeking punishment, to satisfaction of the ego. The punishment may hurt, but the ego will be glorified—a kind of sweet pain."

AFTER talking to a score of scientists, educators, psychologists, neurologists, and others, and reading what a hundred or more of them say, I got right back to where we started by talking with the students themselves in their rooms.

We have knocked the props of home, of religion, of faith in womanhood out from under a generation of college students, and given them no substantial foundation to replace these.

We have shaken their faith in almost everything, even their government.

A friend of mine who teaches in a large preparatory school in the East told me he was shocked to find that, of eighty essays written by boys in his class on the United States Constitution, every one contained sneers at our form of government and revealed cynical doubt regarding our alleged liberty.

Another prop is being weakened.

THE END

"Small-bubble lather"

soaks whiskers soft

"SMALL bubbles" explains the difference between Colgate lather and other lathers. Colgate's tiny bubbles teem with water. Their small size lets them filter down to the beard-base, as shown by lather pictures at the right.

ORDINARY LATHER

This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard; and how they hold air, instead of water, against whiskers.

How "small-bubble" lather works

The moment Colgate lather forms on your beard, two things happen:

1. The soap in the lather breaks up and floats away the oil film that covers each hair.

2. With the oil film gone, millions of tiny, water-saturated bubbles bring and hold an abundance of water down to the base of the beard, right where the razor does its work.

COLGATE LATHER

This picture of Colgate lather shows how myriads of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with the base of the beard, thus softening every whisker right where the razor works.

Because your beard is properly softened at its base, your razor works easily and quickly. Every hair is cut close and clean. And your face remains cool and comfortable throughout the day.

A week's better shaves—FREE

Prove these claims for yourself at our expense. Just write to Colgate & Co., Dept. 502 D, 581 Fifth Avenue, New York City, for a generous trial-size tube—free.

Additional Dividend. We will include a sample box of Colgate's Talc-for-Men—the new after-shave powder that keeps your face looking freshly shaved.

Colgate & Co. Est. 1806

SOFTENS THE BEARD AT THE BASE

"ALAS, POOR YORICK"
He was a faithful brush!

LURKING in the bathrooms of American homes are millions like him—poor wraiths of tooth brushes that have long since outlived their usefulness.

Because they do not *look* worn out, we go on using them—blissfully believing that we are caring for our teeth. Actually, we are neglecting them just as surely as though we left them unbrushed.

That is the pernicious thing about using tooth brushes too long.

Why take chances with our teeth? After all, it is only a few cents' worth of extra wear that we are trying to wring from some poor old tooth brush.

Let's pension off the old brush. Let's retire it from active duty. Get a new Dr. West's—the convex brush with firm, lively, vigorous bristles—special bristles that not only clean inside, outside and between the teeth, but *polish as they clean.* Proper brushing with a Dr. West's—away from the gums—two minutes in the morning—two at night—is bringing to the teeth of millions a whiteness they never before believed possible.

And here's a secret! If you would *keep* your teeth brilliantly polished, never try to "wear out" your Dr. West's. So long-lived is this brush that it is often serviceable months after its special polishing ability is gone. Change often enough to have fresh, firm, lively bristles always.

Many dentists change brushes once a month. Make sure yours is effective by getting a new one today!

There's a Dr. West's Tooth Brush for every member of the family. The Adult's size is 50c; Youth's, 35c; Child's, 25c; Special Gum Massage Brush, 75c.

Dr. West's Tooth Brush — *a Biography*

A good tooth brush is more than a handle and some bristles. Dr. West's is scientifically designed to combine *all* the features that make a tooth brush good.

The brushing surface of Dr. West's is double-convex, being curved from end to end and from side to side. Thus it fits the frequently neglected inside contour of the teeth.

Accurate spacing between its nine serrated rows of bristles enables Dr. West's to penetrate the interdental crevices. And its tuftless, sloping end reaches easily into the farthest cheek-corner with bristles firmly erect for proper cleansing. . . . Insist on Dr. West's—the brush with the specially selected and shaped bristles that clean *all* the teeth and *polish as they clean.*

EVERY Dr. West's Tooth Brush is Sterilized and Sealed for your protection. It is safe from Thumb Brushers. *Samples* of each type are displayed for examination in the handy cabinet on your dealer's counter.

© 1927, W. B. M. Co.

Whitewashing a NAUGHTY LADY

Dolores Costello Plays an Innocent Manon Lescaut with John Barrymore as Her Lover

An Article by
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

John Barrymore and Dolores Costello in When a Man Loves.

THE screen has achieved its second and third generations. The stage has its first families—the Barrymores, the Drews, the Hernes, and the Rankins—and the films have an oncoming generation headed by Dolores and Helene Costello, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Francis X. Bushman, 2d. The sole exponent of the third generation to date is Betty, the daughter of Francis X., 2d.

Dolores Costello is the heroine of the newly released John Barrymore film, When a Man Loves. This is a romantic version of the Manon Lescaut yarn, filmed by Warner Brothers.

Not so long ago LIBERTY told the story of the Costellos, who are the daughters of Maurice Costello, first god of the silences. Only four generations back the Costellos migrated from Spain to Ireland. Dolores and Helene, indeed, were the pioneer child stars of the celluloid. Despite her blonde hair, Dolores strongly resembles Maurice, and as a child she frequently played her daddy in the early flashes of his films.

Dolores first won attention in John Barrymore's The Sea Beast. Now, in When a Man Loves, she scores again.

Reinforced by an entertaining Vitaphone program, this new Barrymore effort probably has popular qualities, but it is a wretchedly done film. While both Massenet and Puccini have developed operas around *Manon Lescaut*, the film shies away from any genuine characterization with a real Will Hays skittishness.

Manon was a hotsy-totsy of Louis XV's reign, but her film shadow is a good gal who loves jewelry in a perfectly nice way, you understand, although she is pursued continually by evil men. The shy young *Chevalier de Grieux*, who loses his heart to *Manon* just as he is about to become a priest, is hardly the role for John Barrymore. However, he turns *De Grieux* into a Doug Fairbanks with a slight *Mr. Hyde* complex. The *Chevalier* saves *Manon* from a convict ship headed for Louisiana, and the film ends with the caption: "Yonder, America. For us, freedom—and love everlasting." After all, Puccini was a piker when he sent his hero and his heroine to die wretchedly in far-off America.

Pauline Starke, Owen Moore, and Lionel Barrymore (standing) in Women Love Diamonds.

Miss Costello photographs beautifully, while her playing is as good as the direction permits. Actually, she runs away with the picture. You will marvel at so much footage for a leading woman in a star picture. However, this may be explained by the persistent rumors that Mr. Barrymore and Miss Costello may be married after an impending divorce in the Barrymore menage. Both Mr. Barrymore and Miss Costello deny these reports, but I defy you to accept these denials whole-heartedly after you see the love scenes in When a Man Loves. Even John Drew, observing the film's premiere, rubbed his eyes as he watched his nephew heaving Charlie Ray sighs.

After all, wouldn't it be a dashing thing if the first families of the footlights and the cinema became united, even with as fragile a bond as a Hollywood marriage?

Doug Fairbanks, Jr., another of the second generation, plays a role in Women Love Diamonds, the new Metro-Goldwyn film giving almost stellar prominence to Pauline Starke. This is the picture that caused several upheavals at the Culver City studios, when Mae Murray and Greta Garbo in turn refused the part. I congratulate both stars on their discernment.

Women Love Diamonds is a pretty bad story of a 1927 *Manon Lescaut* who lives with her uncle. The relationship is mere camouflage, of course, and, when the girl comes to love her chauffeur, she endures much emotional renunciation before she feels she can accept the taxi pirate's pure affection.

The role allows the boyish Pauline Starke to wear sleek and sleethy gowns and to rattle a mean earring until she becomes regenerate. Miss Starke would never have been our choice for the part. For that matter, I cannot think of anyone who could humanize it.

As for Doug, Jr., he is a mere incident in the tale, a youth crushed in the path of the heartless heroine. This son of the house of Fairbanks has possibilities. Lionel Barrymore and Owen Moore have prominent roles in the film.

Do you know that—

Adolphe Menjou wears whiskers in his new picture, Evening Clothes? . . . And Louise Brooks has her usually shellacked hair done into a lively wave in A Social Celebrity? . . . Pola Negri returns to smart 1927 frocks in her next film, The Woman on Trial? . . . The fight scene of Richard Dix's Knockout Reilly was broadcast recently over nineteen stations?

Portraying the Ambassador Model

America's New Style in Body Design

Executed by Nash

With unique artistry and rare originality Nash has created for America an entirely new vogue in enclosed body design.

As illustrated by the *Ambassador* model shown above, this new style-trend with its smart new contours, its graceful French-type roof, and distinctive town-car effect at the front, possesses an allure beyond comparison.

The exquisite interior is enriched with deeply tufted genuine Chase Velmo Mohair Velvet upholstery of blue tone. There's a strikingly decorative new-style leather covered vanity case and smoking set, and electric cigar lighter.

All interior window mouldings, and door panels, as well as the steering wheel are of choice Circassian walnut. And the instrument board and the crowned panel above maintain this luxurious effect.

Another interesting new feature is the windshield arrangement. A silver-finished lever adjusts the windshield outward so that the compartment is scientifically aerated by ventilation directed downward behind the instrument board instead of directly upon you. At the rear of the body is a handsome in-built trunk, opening at the end, whose design is harmonized with the body lines.

The *Ambassador* model is on the Advanced Six full 127-inch wheelbase and is powered with the great Nash 7-bearing motor—*the world's smoothest type.* (5138)

Our Fightin'est FIGHTER

THE STORY OF ANDREW JACKSON—
Barroom Scrapper—Duelist—Romantic Lover—
Conquering General—Spoilsman—President

By CLIFFORD RAYMOND

Picture by ARTHUR E. BECHER

OLD HICKORY was a general who would have discipline, if he had to shoot down the first disturber in a line of a thousand dead-shot riflemen.

ANDREW JACKSON, seventh President of the United States, put the first notch in the handle of his dueling pistol in the cause of chivalry. In killing Charles Dickinson he believed he was wiping out an insult to Mrs. Jackson.

Old Hickory was always quick on the draw. For thirty-seven years he kept his dueling pistols in prime condition, and when he went to the White House he carried the seams and scars of many an affair on the field of honor. It is generally believed that some of these old wounds hastened his death.

PART TWO

GENERAL OVERTON did not know that Jackson had been hit in his duel with Charles Dickinson until, in walking away from the field, he and the surgeon saw blood coming from Jackson's shoes.

Dickinson had not failed his reputation. His bullet went exactly where he thought Jackson's heart was, but the sparse frame and a loose coat had deceived him. Jackson was hit in what the Tennesseeans knew as the "pap." That was the description of the wound, years later, in a partisan and favorable political bulletin defending his conduct in the duel.

Jackson stopped at a farm to drink some buttermilk and have his wound dressed. He then sent to Dr. Catlet, Dickinson's second, to inquire of his opponent's condition and to offer the services of his own surgeon.

"Mr. Dickinson is past surgery," was the brief reply.

Jackson then sent Dr. Catlet a bottle of wine for his patient.

A messenger had been sent to Mrs. Dickinson, whose young husband had been tossing, groaning, and imprecating fate and the bullet in him all day. At 9 o'clock he exclaimed:

"Who put out the lights?"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

Half the Shave is the *After-shave*

THE shave takes a few minutes. But even if it were a perfect shave the ***all-day*** look and feel of your face depends a lot on what you do after you put down your razor.

Aqua Velva is for ***after-shaving***. Eighty-seven years of study of beards and how to soften them, skins and how to treat them, went into its making.

Try this tomorrow morning after shaving

Wash off the remaining lather. Leave your face moist, amply moist. Apply Aqua Velva generously. Work it in briskly with your fingers. Then pat off the surplus moisture, if any, with a soft towel.

What has happened?

You have given your newly shaved skin a stimulating tingle that will wake it up and liven it, make it react healthily. You have given it the care it needs:—

To keep its natural moisture, and so preserve the flexibility nature meant it to have—the flexibility of the *youthful* skin.

To keep it buoyant, toned up, well conditioned.

To correct the work of a faulty razor, sterilizing and healing little nicks and abrasions, visible and invisible.

To protect it from dust and germs, wind and weather.

To *keep* it, in short, as Williams shaving lather *leaves* it.

Try it. On the way home say "Aqua Velva" to some friendly druggist. Fifty cents. And great big dividends are yours in comfort and appearance. So hundreds of thousands think today.

Or, if you like, ask for a FREE sample. Use the coupon. Or say "Aqua Velva" on a post card.

Made by the makers of Williams Shaving Soaps

Big, 5 ounce bottle, 50c at all toilet counters

Williams Aqua Velva

If you're doubtful, sir, please sign here

The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 64A
Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A.
Canadian Address: 1114 St. Patrick St., Montreal

Mail me a free bottle of Aqua Velva.

Name _____

Address _____

Liberty, 4-2-27

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

In ten minutes more he was dead. In the morning his beautiful widow, riding hard, met the Conestoga emigrant wagon that carried the body of her husband, with the dejected cavalcade accompanying it.

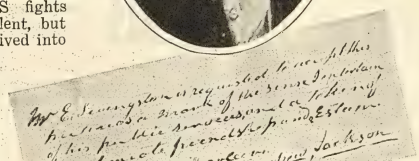
Mr. Eastin's *Impartial Review and Cumberland Repository* now had the realities and implication of its name put up to it. Dickinson's father-in-law, Joseph Ervin, and seventy-two other respected citizens of Nashville asked him and his associate, Mr. Bradford, to turn the rules of the *Impartial Review* and put it in mourning for Charles Dickinson, killed by Andrew Jackson, husband of Rachel, relative of Mr. Eastin.

Jackson heard of the request, or demand, and in turn asked of the *Impartial Review* that it print the names of the citizens making it. Mr. Eastin obliged all parties.

One other thing remained before Jackson was left in such peace as his wound and the political consequences of this duel would allow him. Ervin raised the question of Jackson recocking his pistol after it had snapped without firing. The two seconds united in a card saying that the duel had been conducted fairly.

Jackson's wound healed badly and he never was free from its consequences.

General Jackson at the battle of New Orleans, from a painting by D. M. Carter.



Andrew Jackson at the age of forty-eight, and an inscription in his own handwriting presenting the miniature to a friend.

ANDREW JACKSON'S fights were brisk, even violent, but not deadly. He was deceived into a measure of co-operation with Aaron Burr's New Orleans and Mexican Empire project, and hated Burr's accomplice, General James Wilkinson, thereafter.

He had a bloodless war with Silas Dinsmore, the Federal agent for the Choctaw Indians, who enforced regulations requiring passports for traverse of the Choctaw country. He was in a terrible temper in the War of 1812 when blundering at Washington gave him an order to dismiss his volunteers who were at Natchez, Mississippi, 500 miles from home. To dismiss them from service where they were was to force them to find their own way home, and none of them had a cent.

Jackson wanted to take his troops back as a command, instead of turning them loose as individuals, and he was mighty mad when ordered to do the latter. The order had been an explainable mistake, but Jackson held General Wilkinson mainly responsible.

The march back from Natchez produced a quarrel of many ramifications and strange consequences, as quarrels in a fighting country frequently do.

In the expedition was a young man from Pittsburgh. His name was William Carroll. Afterward he was General Carroll. Jackson liked him and gave him responsible tasks. He had smooth skin and fresh color. Some Tennesseeans rated him as the farther western frontier later rated the tenderfoot.

Jackson's partiality for him made him enemies. Carroll was challenged twice, but declined because his challengers were not gentlemen. Thomas H. Benton, then and, with this almost comic interruption, for life afterward Jackson's friend and co-worker in government, had a brother, Jesse.

Jesse, it appears, physically was broad in the beam. Socially his family was unquestionable for affairs of honor. Jesse was drawn into the partisan jealousy, and he challenged Carroll, who then had to accept. Carroll went to Jackson, asking him to be his second. Jackson said he was getting too old and asked him to invite a younger man. Carroll replied that young fellows were jealous of what General Jackson had done for him and were determined to run him out of the country.

Jackson bristled.

"Take my word for it," he said, "they shan't run you out of the country. I'll go into Nashville and inquire into this."

So he rode in from the Hermitage and tried to persuade Jesse Benton not to press his challenge. Jesse, influenced on the other side, said the affair must proceed. Then Jackson decided that he would second his young friend Carroll.

The immediate consequences were ridiculous. The duelists were placed at eight paces, back to back. At the word "Fire!" they were to wheel and shoot. Benton fired first and then instinctively ducked to the ground. Carroll fired, and because of Benton's posture hit him in the least imaginable part of the body where a dueling shot could find lodgment unless the victim were in flight. It was a raking wound of no physical consequence except that it kept Jesse off chairs for several weeks. Carroll was shot in the thumb.

PROBABLY if Jesse's wound had not been mostly one of excruciating humiliation nothing more would have come of it, but all Tennessee was laughing, and that was too much for his brother Thomas, although he and Jackson were friends. Partisans who sought to estrange them and hurt Jackson gave Benton injurious accounts of the affair.

At the time of the duel Thomas Benton was in Washington, devoting himself to Jackson's affairs. When Jackson marched his troops home, instead of turning them penniless on the world at Natchez, he drew transportation drafts on the government. The War Department dishonored them and threatened suit.

Jackson could not pay. It would have ruined him to try to do so. The drafts represented the military expenses of an American army in the service of the country.

Benton, arguing for Jackson in Washington, had finally got a War

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

A Hotel Service Built on Complaints-not Compliments

A GREAT actor once said: "When a critic applauds me, I smile and get lazy; when he complains, I frown and get to work!"

Compliments mean nothing—we've received thousands of them. They're pleasant to hear, of course, but—

Complaints provide the constructive force in back of McAlpin Service—they are the very foundation on which we have built our reputation for rendering the finest hotel service in the world. It's only by knowing what is wrong that we know what is right.

Because I realize the value of complaints, I have made it easy for McAlpin Guests to express themselves at any time. On every writing desk at the McAlpin is a printed invitation that asks each visitor his opinion of the hotel and everything that comprises its service to guests.

I'm proud to say that last year we entertained 736,000 guests—our restaurants served McAlpin cuisine to 1,326,084 discriminating diners. Yet from this tremendous number of guests, we received only 326 complaints—everyone just—and everyone helped to improve our service.

On our record I ask every reader of Liberty to visit the McAlpin—enjoy its clean, comfortable accommodations, its superlative cuisine—exceptional entertainment and its courtesy and friendliness to all.

Arthur M. Rice.

Managing Director

TO REMIND YOU—

the McAlpin is recognized as the "Centre of Convenience". Baltimore & Ohio coaches stop at the door—the Pennsylvania Station is one block away—Grand Central Terminal a few minutes walk—across the street from the McAlpin are the world's biggest department stores—it's one short block to Fifth Avenue and the smart shops—fifteen minutes to Wall Street—and on the spot "Where the White Way Begins". What greater convenience can one ask?

Hotel McAlpin

B'way *at* 34th Street

New York City

Is he wig-wagging?

Is he a Boy Scout signalling his pal? No!! He is a wiggle-waggling golfer trying to get comfortable before he pats the ball. Alas! The secret of ease in *addressing* the ball is comfort in *dressing* before you start out.

Odd thing ...this game of golf

You walk over to putt with perfect confidence; in the absolute silence you stoop and eye the line...and the merest whisper, or the slightest pull or bunching of your underwear *throws you off your game!*

That's why golfers by the thousand are turning to the new underwear by Lewis. They've never worn anything so light and airy. They lose all consciousness of wearing underwear at all, for it fits every figure perfectly, gives easily with every bend or twist. Nor does it ever stick or plaster, for it absorbs and evaporates perspiration as no other fabric can.

You'll take strokes off *your* game, and discover *new freedom* in this good-looking, perfect-fitting underwear.

Certainly! Underwear must be as free as your swing. Look for the Lewis label and the little picture of a golfer on every *genuine* Lewis Golf Suit.

If you cannot secure the Lewis Golf Suit from your local merchant, send us your measurement from top of shoulder, through crotch, up the back to top of same shoulder, state height and weight, and we will send you postpaid two suits, no sleeves, knee length for $5.00; or two suits, no sleeves, ¾ length for $6.00. Lewis Knitting Co., 110 Main Street, Janesville, Wisconsin.

As cool and comfortable in the office as on the fairway. All the better stores sell

The New

LEWIS GOLF SUIT

The NEW UNDERWEAR *That Gives* NEW FREEDOM

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

Department order that assumed the expense and relieved Jackson. Then Benton learned that while he had been doing this Jackson had been second to his brother's opponent in a duel.

Benton wrote a hot letter to Jackson, who, on reading it, felt himself injured. He replied caustically and pledged himself to horsewhip Benton on sight.

Benton knew, as he came back from Washington, that Jackson's word was out; but he himself was inclined to keep the peace if he could.

By habit, when in Nashville he went to the Nashville Inn. Jackson and all of his friends went there. Benton had been one of these friends. There they talked, drank, smoked, and played billiards, a game later prohibited by the Tennessee Legislature because it was too much played.

Benton, Jesse with him, went to the City Hotel to avoid the fight that would be inevitable if he went to the Nashville Inn and if Jackson came in from the Hermitage.

HE did come in, with Colonel Coffee. The presumption is that word of Benton's arrival had been carried to him. Coffee said they had come in to get their mail —and smiled. Benton was not at the inn, and they decided to stay overnight and get their mail the following day.

Parton, Jackson's Homeric biographer, says that Captain Carroll, the smooth-faced youth from Pittsburgh whose frontier persecution was at the bottom of all the trouble, "called in the course of the evening and told the General that an affair of a most delicate and tender nature compelled him to leave Nashville at dawn of day. 'Go, by all means,' said the General. 'I want no man to fight my battles.'"

In the morning Jackson and Coffee went to get their mail. Jackson carried a riding whip and wore a small sword. He also was hipped with a pistol. The gentlemanly gunmen of the day and region ironed themselves in various parts. Some preferred an inside breast pocket.

The Nashville Inn was at one side of the public square. The City Hotel and the post office were on another side at right angles, the post office beyond the hotel.

Jackson and Coffee crossed the square diagonally, as was the custom. On the way across they saw Benton standing in the doorway of the City Hotel. Coffee asked Jackson if he saw him.

"I've got my eye on him," said Jackson.

They got their mail, but in returning they did not go diagonally across the square. They took the right-angle walk which brought them by the door of the City Hotel. Benton still stood there. Jackson, with his whip in his right hand, cried:

"Now, you damned rascal, I'm going to punish you!"

Parton gathered from the accounts of witnesses that Benton reached for his breast pocket. Jackson drew from his hip. Benton's pistol, even if he had reached for it, was not out when Jackson's was leveled. Benton backed away. Jackson followed him, the two going slowly, step by step, through the hotel passage to the door of the back porch.

Jesse Benton had entered the passage, saw his brother's danger, drew and fired. His pistol was loaded with two balls and a slug. The slug hit Jackson's left shoulder and shattered it. One ball made a flesh wound. The other missed him and splintered a board. Jackson was down under the shock, covering the floor with blood.

Coffee, at the report of a pistol, dashed in from outside, and, thinking it was Thomas Benton who

The cause of a great many of Jackson's troubles—his wife.

had shot Jackson, drew and fired at him, but missed. He then rushed in to beat Benton down with the butt of his weapon. Benton backed off the top of the porch stairs, and tumbled head over heels to the ground.

Coffee turned back to help Jackson, and Stokely Hays, a nephew of Mrs. Jackson, coming on the run, lunged at Jesse Benton with the blade of his sword cane. He struck a button and broke the blade. He drew a dirk, threw himself on Jesse, bore him to the ground, and tried to stab him through the heart.

JESSE had clutched Hays' coat sleeve and hung on, getting only flesh wounds in his arm. Just as Hays had wrenched his dagger arm free, a rush of men from the street interfered and the fight was stopped.

Now Jackson had two wounds from the consequences of which he never was to be free. Parton says Dickinson's bullet was the cause of his death, because of the visceral complications that had followed in the healing.

Jesse Benton's slug had made a hideous wound, and before the rough surgery of the day could do anything with it "two mattresses," as Mrs. Jackson used to say, "were soaked through, and the General was reduced almost to the last gasp." (Parton!)

The surgeon wanted to amputate.

"I'll keep my arm," said Jackson.

Poultices of slippery elm were applied after the Indian fashion. The slug was not extracted. Jackson could not get out of bed the greater part of a month.

The Bentons were left in possession of the field, Jackson's friends having followed him when he was carried away.

In the fight Jackson's small sword had fallen on the floor, where it was found.

Thomas Benton made a triumph of it, breaking it in the public square and yelling for Jackson, the "defeated assassin," to come out and renew the fight.

Colonel Benton's own account of the fight, given in a letter written six days later, puts more participants in it and has himself as shot at and shooting. He was as indignant as a man could be. He had tried to avoid the fighting, but he *had* begun the quarrel.

He could not understand how Jackson could act against his brother without ingratitude and a betrayal of the friendship that Benton was at that time proving in Washington. Jackson could not understand how a friend could turn on him without giving him a chance to explain.

IT was the good fortune of the United States that both Jackson and Benton came alive out of what might be regarded as a fair start at a general butchery.

Jackson was to fight the battle at New Orleans, a battle not important, as it happened, to the security of the country, because peace had been signed before it was fought, but one morally invaluable, it being a reassurance of competence in the midst of circumstances that challenged or disproved the ability of the American people to defend their shores.

Benton had more than thirty years of distinguished service in Congress. He became one of the group of great post-Revolution American statesmen. He and Jackson recovered their friendship. They stood together for the Union with that almost strange tenacity controlling, for this purpose, the great men of this period in territory, such as Tennessee and Missouri, later either lost or doubtful in the Civil War.

When Calhoun and South Carolina would have used nullification or secession to abrogate the tariff, Jackson would have hanged Calhoun, and Benton was with him.

Jackson's toast at a critical and rebellious dinner of the Democracy was: "To the Federal Union. It must and shall be preserved."

Jackson was sent to bed by Jesse Benton's slug and ball, and while there, a pain-racked skeleton, the Southwest needed him suddenly and desperately. Tecumseh, one of the two statesmen produced by the North American Indians—the other was Pontiac—was dead on the battlefield of the Thames, General William Henry Harrison his conqueror. But the Creeks of the South, whom his flame of eloquence had stirred, now arose. The frontier was blood and fire. Jackson got out of bed to fight this war.

He suffered from chronic intestinal trouble in the Creek campaign against savage enemies who

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

would die but not surrender. With a wilderness in which there were no supplies, and with troops in frequent mutiny, he oftentimes had to be carried on a litter of logs, pressing his abdomen against a log upright to subdue his frightful pains.

It may be extravagant to say that courage never elsewhere so completely filled a human tenement, but it is such an extravagance as has nothing but fact to make it fanciful.

In consequence of one of the insubordinations among his troops, Jackson sent John Woods, an eighteen-year-old private of the Twenty-eighth Regiment of West Virginia Light Infantry, to court-martial, and by court-martial verdict shot him before his regimental comrades.

Poor Woods, a victim of his own frontier independence and surliness to authority, of circumstances in which he was guiltless and of others in which he was carelessly mutinous, was the victim of a general who would have discipline, if he had to get it pistol in hand, or shoot down the first disturber in a line of a thousand dead-shot riflemen.

AFTER the battle of New Orleans, Jackson, by court-martial, brought up six other American frontier soldiers—confused as to the terms of their enlistment, or exasperated by continued absence from their families—stood them by their coffins on the ground, and, with their officers asking them to meet this fire as bravely as they had met the fire in battle, had them shot. The reverberations of these shots went into presidential campaigns.

In 1818 Jackson was fighting the Seminoles in Florida, and, for reasons sufficient to him, he executed as spies two British subjects. One was Alexander Arbuthnot, a Scot, who traded powder, lead, knives, blankets, beads, vermilion, wool, and calico for corn, skins, and beeswax. He was a man nearing late maturity, and evidence gives him character, fair dealing, and probity.

The other was an ex-lieutenant of British marines, Robert C. Ambrister, a nephew of the British Governor of New Providence. Ambrister was shot. Arbuthnot was hanged from the yardarm of his own trading schooner.

There was at least doubt in these instances of execution of American soldiers and British disturbers. The man of iron, Jackson, had not hesitated.

In 1821 Jackson, as the American Governor of Florida, put Colonel Callava, the Spanish Governor of Pensacola, in the calaboose.

In many cases in which hero worship involves a man of war there grows up, as a geranium bed alongside the slaughter house of his military operations, a legend of his private gentleness, which legend may contain fact.

Benton, friends again with Jackson, relates in his Thirty Years' View that one evening in February he called at the Hermitage and found Jackson at the fireside with his little adopted son and a lamb between his knees. The little boy had cried for the lamb because it was out in the cold, and Jackson had them both at the hearth.

Jackson's quarrel with Major General Winfield Scott in 1817 was not to his credit. It began with Jackson's objection to a War Department order that ignored one of his own as commander of the Southern Department. He became high-handed and even insubordinate.

An anonymous letter and a newspaper clipping caused him to fly into a rage against Scott, who replied to a question by letter from Jackson in a manner both

Thomas H. Benton, a friend whom "Old Hickory" once tried to horsewhip.

logical and civil. It only infuriated Jackson the more, and in his reply, suggesting a duel as the settlement, he was quite distracted. It is conceded that in this affair Jackson was almost ridiculous. He offended an inoffensive man, was answered with courtesy and good spirit, and came back more violently.

You can't have everything. Jackson had faced a veteran British army in the Mississippi delta below New Orleans, from the first encounter in the night attack by him December 23 to the final and destructive battle of January 8.

SCOTT might not have been able so to inspire, dispose, and protect mostly raw troops against veterans of Napoleonic wars. So you have it with human beings. But Scott would not fight Jackson, and the latter's chance of a "high-toned" duel was gone. Scott had religious principles.

Jackson also had a letter battle with General Adair over the former's contemptuous reference to the Kentucky troops at the battle of New Orleans, who ran at a critical time. Again he was unjust. These quarrels, mostly in print, leave you with an impression of the conscious literacy of the time.

This is an outline of his fights and his controversies, which were in the public knowledge when he was a candidate for President in 1823, full of lead and iron slugs, with disordered intestines and violent temper; the conqueror of the Creeks, the British, the Seminoles, the Spanish, and his own rebellious troops; honest, too hasty to wait for explanations, too proud to give them; torn by pain, a backwoodsman by instinct, a gentleman by assumption, a patriot by nature; an unequaled leader of men, much of a demagogue in politics, a Federal Unionist, a lover of his country; and a fit man to reach out one hand from the Hermitage to George Washington at Mount Vernon and the other to Abraham Lincoln at Springfield. Washington and Lincoln could understand each other only through Jackson, the interpreter of both.

Washington invited many wounds in battle and had none. Lincoln invited none and got a fatal one. Jackson invited innumerable wounds in battle, and got all his in his private quarrels. He was Lincoln with the ideals and deportment of Washington. Neither Washington nor Lincoln would have shot John Woods—one because he would have made too careful an inquiry into the case to see that a steel-cold justice was done an individual; the other because he would have sensed the individual and wished no harm done him.

RACHEL had died between Jackson's election and his inauguration as President. The pleasant honor of the White House was a gift placed in the hands of this pair of childless, matured lovers by the election of 1828. Jackson's rage against his defeat in the electoral college in the previous campaign had been sublimely revenged. He and Rachel were never so happy at the Hermitage as then. But one day she came in from the grounds, sick and terribly in pain. As Jackson and their slaves sat by her bedside, she died.

Jackson later went to Washington alone, bravely but agonizingly alone, to be inaugurated as President, but without Rachel.

Parton, in his 1860 biography of Jackson, heads one chapter:

MR. VAN BUREN CALLS ON MRS. EATON.

He says in the introduction:

> These may seem trivial words with which to head a chapter that treats of dynasties, successions to the Presidency, and of other high matters. Believing, however, that the political history of the United States for the last thirty years [this was in 1860] dates from the moment when the soft hand of Mr. Van Buren touched Mrs. Eaton's knocker, I think the heading appropriate.

That observation is sound. There is in human affairs a tragedy of incident. It is, possibly, a greater tragedy than that of cause and effect. There are also consequences not tragic, but of importance, that do not come from the roots of events, but from the direction of the wind on seed pods.

Andrew Jackson was a golden knight in fighting for the honor of woman. His battles to protect the good name of his wife had a later echo when his chivalry was engaged on behalf of Peggy O'Neill. What happened when Washington society turned thumbs down on this tavern-keeper's daughter will be told in next week's issue of LIBERTY.

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A *new* watch that sets a new *style*.

Today a watch is more than just a time piece. It is a part of your dress. It must reflect style and harmonize with the ensemble. There are distinct modes for watches as there are for clothes.

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A sturdy, dependable, fashionable strap watch of the very finest quality for those admirable people who demand the last word in *style*.

Of course the Play Boy will "keep time" for anybody, but it is especially designed for modern, active people . . . . . for the top notchers in college, and athletics, for the go getters in business and the leaders of the social smart set.

Its size, shape, handiness and visibility make the Play Boy the most attractive and convenient of strap watches. Primarily a "he-watch" because of its masculine like smartness of appearance, yet it is a watch of no gender. It is a watch of *character*.

It meets the requirements of the progressive element of our modern life that is setting the pace in sports, society and commerce.

The Play Boy is a thorough American made watch manufactured by the largest complete watch factory in the world located at Canton, Ohio, U. S. A.

Above, the Play Boy is illustrated in actual size; a square 14K gold filled, engraved case, furnished in either white or green. Ask your jeweler to show you the Play Boy today. He will order it for you if he has not already got it in stock.

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CANTON, OHIO—ESTABLISHED IN 1865

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

THE BLESSINGS OF DEMOCRACY: Wealthy dry agent reads in the paper that the House of Commons objects violently to giving the Duke and Duchess of York £7,000 traveling expenses.

MISS K. GRAMN HEADS NEW CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL DEPARTMENT: What to Say and What to Wear Before the Judge is a part of the new Alimony Course, which Miss Gramn says will soon replace stenography and other irksome careers. How to Get the Husband and How to Get the Divorce are among the first lessons.

THE HIGHER LEARNING IN OUR UNIVERSITIES: Orville Mainwaring as *Agnes Sugar* in the Harton University show, Kiss Me, posing for the camera to demonstrate how awfully manly he really is offstage.

THE TOIL OF OUR PUBLIC SERVANTS State Legislator Abner M. Appell arguing a bill to make rocking chairs compulsory in every home in the State. Mr. Appell says that straight chairs are uncomfortable, "sassiety" fripperies, thoroughly un-American, and therefore pro-German and Bolshevik propaganda.

WHILE DISTRICT ATTORNEY WALLACE admirably handles play censorship in New York, the President of the Knights and Ladies of the Right turns his attention to a new shipment of foreign post cards.

IF a girl likes a boy she moves into his room—and they are married.

The THRILL of Divorce

What Russian Women Are Doing with Their New Love Freedom

An Article by

ELIAS TOBENKIN

Pictures by J. W. GOLINKIN

OF love and marriage under the Soviets I cannot write without lifting for a brief space the curtain on my own dim past in Russia:

Father and mother had gone to the capital of the province for the semiannual fair, and Zorah, the eighteen-year-old daughter of a peasant neighbor, had agreed to take care of the house and the children till they came back. During the two nights and three days the girl spent under our roof she hummed incessantly what seemed like a never-ending song whose every stanza closed with the refrain: "Life is sad without him I love."

Two or three weeks later Zorah ate the heads off a dozen boxes of matches, and, after writhing in agony for thirty-six hours, died. She had ended her life because her father had promised her in marriage to an elderly widower in the next village, though she was in love with a boy from our home town.

As the casket with the body of Zorah was carried out of her father's house, a withered old woman, who lived by begging and incantations, burst forth in funereal singsong:

"When a girl is born, the four walls weep."

IN a registration office in Moscow, where I spent some time in observing the workings of the Soviet marriage and divorce laws, I was witness to the following incident, one of a dozen in the course of a single forenoon:

A young couple entered and stepped over to the side of the office devoted to marriage annulments. Before a table covered with a red cloth sat a girl of twenty-two or three—the divorce clerk.

"Be seated, please," she said to the couple, as she handed some papers to an attendant.

Husband and wife sat down.

"Your documents," the clerk demanded after a brief delay.

They handed over their passports.

"You were married in this district," the divorce clerk continued affirmatively, after a rapid glance at the identification papers. She wheeled around in her chair and took down from a shelf a heavy ledger, opening it and running her finger down a column.

"You were married a little over a year ago—there is no child?" The girl's tone was one of verification.

"No child," husband and wife answered in one voice.

For the space of a minute and a half the divorce clerk wrote something in the ledger. Then she turned to the wife:

"What name do you wish to go by in the future?"

"My maiden name—I wish to resume my maiden name," was the assertive, eager reply.

The clerk crossed out a line in the ledger, scribbled something on the woman's passport, then on the man's, stamped the two documents, and handed them over to their owners.

The couple lingered, uncertain whether the procedure was concluded or not.

"That's all. You're divorced," the girl dismissed them.

There is no thrill to marriage under the Soviets, but there is a thrill to divorce. Canonical marriage, which was the only marriage valid under the czars, has been divested of all legal status by the Bolshevist authorities, and the family institution is declared a social contract pure and simple. The old Russian wedding ceremonials, steeped in religious mysticism and adorned with church pageantry, have largely fallen into disuse, and no new forms have been created.

Many of the young Russians are "children of the morning" who never will see the afternoon of life.

DIVORCE is new—the newest thing in the life of the Slav individual. From remotest hamlets to up-to-date capitals, Russians are astir over the new freedom that has come into their personal relations.

Devoid of ceremonial as is the

[Cont'd on page 47]

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BARNS, SILOS, OUT-BUILDINGS, Etc.	S-W Commonwealth Paint S-W Roof and Bridge Paint		S-W Preservative Shingle Stain	
BRICK	SWP House Paint S-W Concrete Wall Finish			S-W Old Dutch Enamel
CEILINGS, Interior	S-W Flat-Tone S-W Semi-Lustre	S-W Scar-Not Varnish	S-W Handcraft Stain S-W Flo-lac	S-W Enameloid
Exterior	SWP House Paint	S-W Rexpar Varnish	S-W Oil Stain: for new wood	S-W Old Dutch Enamel
CONCRETE	S-W Concrete Wall Finish			
DOORS, Interior	SWP House Paint	S-W Scar-Not Varnish: gloss S-W Velvet Finish Varnish No. 1044	S-W Flo-lac S-W Handcraft Stain	S-W Enameloid
Exterior	SWP House Paint	S-W Rexpar Varnish	S-W Oil Stain	S-W Old Dutch Enamel
FENCES	SWP House Paint S-W Metalastic iron or wire only S-W Roof and Bridge Paint		S-W Preservative Shingle Stain S-W Carbolic-ol	
FLOORS, Interior (wood)	S-W Inside Floor Paint	S-W Mar-Not Varnish	S-W Flo-lac	[illegible] Floor Paint
Concrete	S-W Concrete Floor Finish			[illegible]te Floor
[illegible]h	S-W Porch and Deck Paint			
[illegible] Indoors	S-W Enameloid	S-W Scar-Not Varnish	S-W [illegible]	[illegible] Dutch [illegible]nel
Porch	S-W Enameloid	S-W Rexpar Varnish	S[illegible]	[illegible] Enameloid
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A warm *and* human business

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THE WORLD

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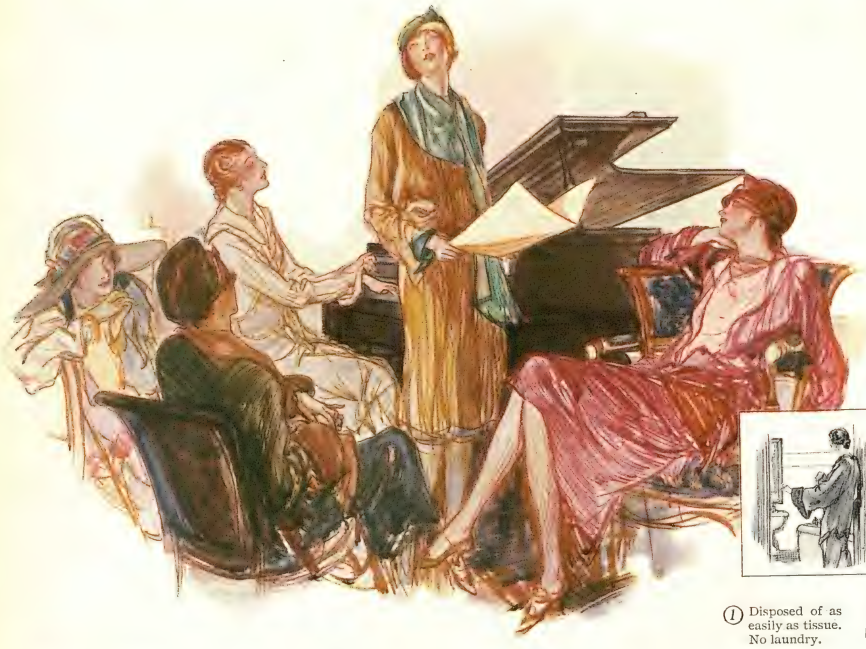

The filmy frocks that women used to fear are now worn in security. This new way brings positive protection, PLUS freedom forever from the embarrassment of disposal

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, *Registered Nurse*

NO matter how audaciously filmy one's frock or gown, no matter how exacting the social demands of the moment—one meets them now in confidence and security.

Wear the sheerest of gowns, dance, motor, go about for hours without a second's doubt or fear. The most amazing hygienic problem of yesterday, as millions of women have learned, is but an incident of today.

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It discards easily as tissue. No laundry—no embarrassment of disposal.

It also thoroughly deodorizes, and thus ends *all* fear of offending.

You obtain it at any drug or department store, without hesitancy, simply by saying "Kotex."

Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex

See that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the *only* sanitary napkin embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton wadding. It is the *only* napkin made by this company. Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex.

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere. Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes, the Regular and Kotex-Super.

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Easy Disposal *and 2 other important factors*

① Disposed of as easily as tissue. No laundry.

② True protection—5 times as absorbent as ordinary cotton.

③ Obtain without embarrassment, at any store,* simply by saying "Kotex."

"Ask for them by name"

KOTEX

PROTECTS—DEODORIZES

Kotex Regular: 65c per dozen

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No laundry—discards as easily as a piece of tissue

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-TWO]

law that governs divorce in the Soviet Union, the law governing marriage is even more matter of fact.

As revised by Lenin in December, 1917, the Soviet marriage institution has for its underlying principle an honor system between the sexes. While the government registration office alone has the power to sunder the wedded state of a couple, official registration of marriage is not essential.

If a man and a woman set up housekeeping together with the understanding that this means marriage, they are married, whether they have registered their union with the government marriage office or not. Their announcement to their friends or neighbors that they are husband and wife is sufficient to make their union legal, binding, and respectable.

The old Russian wedding ceremonials, steeped in religious mysticism and pageantry, have largely fallen into disuse.

A PAGAN freedom and a directness bordering on the primitive have chiefly characterized the relations between the sexes in Soviet Russia since the revolution. After centuries of rigid segregation and hopeless inequalities, all barrier between them have been removed by Soviet laws and customs. The attitude of Russia's younger generation toward marriage often is biological. "They have come together," is the colloquial way of announcing a wedding.

Early marriages are widespread. Sixteen is the legal age for girls and eighteen for boys. A boy of eighteen and a girl of sixteen may marry without consulting anyone, and they do. Economic, financial, or social considerations, which elsewhere might tend to keep boys and girls of such ages from thinking seriously of marriage, do not operate in Russia. The years of civil war, of revolution and terror, have taught people to skeletonize their wants. Life has been reduced to elementals. A roof over one's head, bread to eat, and a garment to protect one from the cold—and one's physical, social, and even æsthetic needs are reasonably satisfied.

There is a grim, natural impulse back of these early marriages that cannot be overlooked. Many of the younger generation of Russians are what a Soviet poet has termed "children of the morning." They will never see the afternoon of life. The succeeding waves of famine, epidemic, and pestilence that have swept over Russia in the past twelve years—the years of their childhood and adolescence—have worn their thread of resistance fine. If they live half the span of life, many of them, so physicians assert, will have done well. As if by some subconscious impulse, hordes of these physically undermined boys and girls seek to grasp as much of the pleasure of living as possible before life slips through their fingers.

They meet on a winter evening in one of the numerous Soviet clubhouses. In the summer they go for hikes on Sundays, or picnic in the fields. The boy plays the harmonica, the girl sings. Friendship ripens quickly. In accord with Soviet regulations, every adult is entitled to sixteen square yards of living space. If the youth in question happens to have a room to himself—and if he is employed in what the Soviet authorities list as a "gainful occupation" he usually 'as a room with more or less privacy—he will, after three or four Sundays of courting, ask the girl to visit him some evening.

If she promises to come, he adorns his little room with flowers, hangs a picture of his favorite Red Army general on the wall, and buys a volume of Yessenin's love lyrics for his table. A day or two after such a visit the girl generally moves her belongings to the boy's room, unless she happens to be in possession of a larger and better room, in which case he carries his things to hers. If either one of the pair happens to be a stickler for "correctness," they will run into the registration office some time within the month and give official status to their relationship.

AT Moscow's southern limit, five or six miles from the Kremlin, there is an elevation known as Vorobyovi Gori—Sparrow Hills—which gives a complete and beautiful view of Russia's Eternal City. From these heights, according to tradition, Napoleon on the morning of September 14, 1812, surveyed the golden-domed palaces and cathedrals of the semi-Oriental capital of the czars before giving the command for his armies to advance on it.

On this elevation, Soviet artillery intrenched itself at the outbreak of the Bolshevist revolution in 1917, and kept up a ceaseless bombardment of the Kremlin until the Kerensky forces surrendered to the Lenin troops.

In normal times Sparrow Hills is one of Moscow's popular playgrounds.

As I approached it one summer Sunday, the vast open space appeared in the distance like a huge poppy field in bloom. It was thronged by youths and maidens in garb of every hue. Men and boys indulged in sports and races. There were open-air theatrical performances. Children, members of Russia's Union of Youth, were going through voluntary drills and training. There were both folk and stage dancing, with the grass for a floor. There were speeches by agitators and declamations by amateurs.

A band of girls, workers in one of Moscow's factories, their red kerchiefs tied smartly around their heads, were strolling arm in arm, singing Moscow's latest music-hall airs. A crowd of young men followed them. The airs the girls were singing concerned the marriage situation in Russia. There ran through these ditties much good-natured irony at the expense of the new order, also many a sharp thrust at the old. One of the most applauded stanzas, which the girls sang over and over, freely translated, ran like this:

> Since divorce came into fashion
> My husband is angelic;
> No more lashings, no more blows—
> His fist's become a relic.

Of the wall of repressions that the centuries have raised around woman in Russia, the Soviet government has not left one stone upon another. Marriage under the old regime signified for woman merely the passing from the authority of her father to the authority of her husband.

SHE had no rights except those that the husband chose to bestow upon her. Without his permission she could not obtain a passport. Wherever her husband chose to domicile himself, there she had to live. If she ran away, the law would return her to him as his chattel. Unless the husband named her as his heir, the law allowed the wife only a trifling part of his, or rather their, mutual property, the bulk of it reverting to the husband's family. The husband alone had authority over the children.

There are no rights under the Soviet constitution shared by man that woman cannot share. In politics, in industry, in the home, the two are equal. Marriage is a voluntary association. To impress this new status of woman, this equality, upon the bulk of the Russian peasantry, the Soviet government has ordered a change in the phrasing of what was formerly the marriage ritual and what is now the marriage contract.

Formerly the man addressed the woman: "I take you for my wife; you must honor me." Under the revised formula it is the woman who speaks: "Of my own free will do I become your wife, but give you no authority over me."

The wife may take her husband's name or she may retain her own. She and her husband may maintain separate establishments. Property that the wife had before her marriage remains her own, and *vice versa*.

No grounds need be given in applying for a divorce. The sole concern of the state is with the children of the pair, if there are any. If the parents have reached a satisfactory understanding with regard to the children—their support, education, and the like—a divorce is granted them in less time than it takes to buy a through ticket from New York to Kansas City.

Just as the open assumption by a man and a woman of the relation of husband and wife constitutes marriage under Soviet law, so all blood relationship in Russia is considered legal

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"—playful little bandits searching their willing victim."

"What Did You Bring Us, Daddy?"

Expectant ears hear Father's step at the door. Then big kisses and the resounding greeting! "What did you bring us, Daddy?"

Like playful little bandits they search their willing victim. What *did* he bring them? *That* will prove the Father's good or bad judgment.

Every growing child craves candy. Active little bodies demand sugar. But children's candy must be pure—and they should not overeat on sweets.

* * * *

Life Savers, the little candy mints with the hole, (life saver shape), answer this problem in just the right way. They are china-hard and deliciously flavored.

This means that Life Savers are eaten slowly. Children suck them to make those wonderful flavors last longer. Little tummies are not upset.

They're safe and wholesome. You may conscientiously be generous with Life Savers for they are the real candy for little folks.

Six popular flavors: Pep-O-Mint, Wint-O-Green, Cinn-O-Mon, Lic-O-Rice, Cl-O-Ve, Vi-O-Let. Five cents a package everywhere.

Good for little tummies

Safe for tiny teeth

P. S. Have you tried LIFE SAVER FRUIT DROPS? Three refreshing flavors—Orange, Lemon and Lime. 5c a package.

[THE THRILL OF DIVORCE Continued from Page Forty-seven]

relationship. "We have no more understanding of the term illegitimate as applied to children," a woman judge told me in Moscow. "The term has been wiped off our statutes."

When a woman comes to register the birth of a child, she is asked the name of the child's father. Whether the man she names is her recorded or common-law husband, or whether her relations with the man have been casual, does not affect the paternity of the offspring. The man, whether he be single or married, is the legal father of the child and is made responsible for its upkeep, unless he can prove it is not his. If there is any disgrace in the situation, it rests entirely upon the shoulders of the man and not on those of the child or its mother.

There is more actuality in its marriage and divorce laws than there is in many of the Soviet's economic prescriptions. It would be difficult to find a village in Russia where the new status of woman has not made a difference. One even hears complaints by men that there is too much feminine authority in the Soviet Union. Like Pandora's box, however, the new marriage and divorce laws have also released upon the Russian woman and child innumerable hardships.

THE blow delivered by the Soviet government for the freedom of woman has at the same time sprung a leak in the Russian family. Man's dominance over woman has largely ceased since the revolution, but so has his sense of responsibility for the home. The honor system, upon which the Soviet family code chiefly rests, is violated by the city man, by the man of education and refinement, as often and as flagrantly as it is by the rustic and backwoodsman. Nor are the Communists themselves, sworn upholders of the Lenin ideals in family life, always free from such infractions.

A Soviet technical expert, whom I had occasion to meet in Moscow, suddenly disappeared from his desk. After several efforts to locate him I was finally given the reason for his absence. It had to do with the young man's tangled family affairs.

Four years earlier, when only nineteen, he had been sent to a remote province in connection with a government construction project. He was stationed in a peasant village two days by team from a railroad point. He met a peasant girl. They liked each other and he proposed that she become his common-law wife. They had two children. Suddenly he was recalled to Moscow.

To take his wife to the capital was out of the question. He could not introduce her to his friends; her habits were nearer those of an Eskimo than of a civilized human being. He wrote her that they must part, but that he would contribute to the support of the children. Shortly thereafter he married another girl.

One spring morning his peas-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Extremely Mild

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THE magic of the beauty lended by Maybelline in making lashes appear enchantingly dark, long and luxuriant is made even more wonderful by the quickness and ease by which it is obtained.

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-EIGHT]

ant wife appeared at the institution where he was employed, one child on her arm and the other at her side. The man quietly got her to a lodging-house. There he informed her that, according to his view, they were no longer man and wife and that he had remarried. The peasant girl refused to see the matter in this light. Unless he went back to live with her, she announced, she would take their two children out into the woods and hack them into fragments.

From time to time, disappointed, outraged young mothers in Russia do just that. For the most part, however, the "lonely little mother" resigns herself and takes what relief Soviet courts and institutions have to offer.

An average of 1,500 alimony cases a month were heard in Moscow's lower courts in 1925. Throughout Russia there were heard during the same period 90,000 cases in which men sued as delinquent husbands or fathers denied that such a relationship had ever existed.

There is a reverse side to the medal. Since the upper classes have been expropriated and their titles discarded, thousands of young women who had been married to elderly generals in the Czar's army, or to civilians of wealth and rank, have unceremoniously left their husbands and married younger and more congenial men. The girl in Russia is not always the party of the second part in divorce proceedings. Many of Moscow's belles change their husbands with the seasons.

Likewise, not all of Russia's unregistered or *de facto* wives tell the truth when the question of alimony arises. There are cases on file in Moscow courts in which women claimed certain men to be the fathers of their children, when government employment records showed the individuals in question to have been at the other end of Russia at the time they were alleged to have courted and married the women suing them. It was shown that the sole reason why they were importuned was that they could afford to pay. By and large, however, the woman pays.

A peasant who has been delegated by his district to attend a convention in Moscow, on returning to his village, often thinks himself entitled to a more up-to-date wife. There is a large class of middle-aged and even elderly husbands who have taken advantage of the Soviet divorce laws and sent their wives out into the world, while they married younger women.

Certain sharp-dealing peasants degraded the marriage relationship to a mere commercial expedient. They would enter into common-law or even registered unions at the height of the work season and then, when the harvest had been gathered, would dissolve these unions, having paid their "wives" much less than they would have had to pay a hired woman.

THE most pathetic sufferers from the new system are the young. A whole generation of girls not yet out of their teens have been caught in the maelstrom of irresponsible relationships between the sexes, and large numbers of them have emerged from the experience physical and mental wrecks.

An integral—and woeful—part of the marriage-and-divorce tangle in Russia is birth control. The Soviet government sponsors birth control with every medical and surgical advice known. With quacks and midwives frequently taking the place of legitimate surgeons, thousands of girls throughout Russia, to quote a high Soviet medical authority, are "being systematically crippled."

The marriage relation in Russia has become a problem in economics as well as in morals. Alimony is far easier to award in the Soviet Union than it is to collect. Wages are not too high and work is not always plentiful. Moreover, if a man happens to have children by several "wives" at the same time—and such things are taken without surprise in Russia—the court cannot award support to every child. According to Soviet law, a man may not have more than half his wages taken from him.

The state is therefore called on to come to the aid of such mothers and children. The more up-to-date factories in Russia include in their welfare work day nurseries. Mothers of nursing children employed by them are permitted to take time off every three hours to feed their babies. Government homes for children are crowded.

For more than a year this interplay of economics and morality in the Soviet marriage-and-divorce code has been under discussion in Russia.

The thrill of divorce is as strong among Russia's 72,000,000 women as it is among her men. There have been complaints against the abuse but not against the character of the laws. The government authorities have decided to leave the solution of the more vexing problems arising from these laws to time and to the Russian population. And the women are solving these problems for themselves.

One could scarcely call it an organized boycott, but something of this nature is actually taking place from one end of Russia to the other. The man who is "unfair" to a woman, the boy who is "unfair" to a girl, is boycotted. You may marry a girl, find that you are not suited—and divorce.

There is neither dishonesty nor stigma attached to this. But to tell a girl that you will marry her, to gain her confidence, and then to desert her—that is coming to be considered a wrong done to the entire sex. The entire sex resents it and revenges itself. A boy guilty of such conduct becomes a social outcast and no girl who knows of his act will marry him.

THE END

"That's all, you are divorced," said the girl clerk after she had noted the separation in her ledger.

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Price $3.50. Wrist Radiolite, tells time in the dark, $4.00. The extra 50c would be the second best investment you ever made.

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INGERSOLL YANKEE $1.50
The new model with "antique" bow instead of the old-fashioned "ring" bow.

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Ask at your store. If Everwear Hose are not found there, then will you write us?

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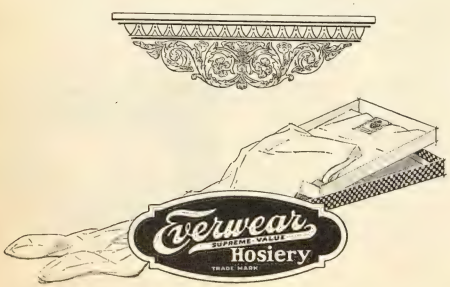


Twenty Questions
How Much Do You Know?

EVERY week LIBERTY asks twenty questions. *You* send them in, together with the answers. For each question and answer *published*, we will pay $5. Address Questions Editor, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

How many of these can you answer?

1—What is the dried meat of coconut called?—*F. Neumer, New York City.*

2—When was the Era of Good Feeling?—*E. J. Westgate, Norton, Mass.*

3—Where are the three Federal prisons located?—*Dick Connelly, Newark, Ohio.*

4—Who first produced artificial sleep by ether?—*Jeanette A. Johnson, Dayton, Ohio.*

5—What tribe of Indians in recent times declined American citizenship and refused to live on a government reservation?—*Cecile Ladue, Okeechobee, Fla.*

6—What is the distance from the pitcher's box to the home base on a regulation baseball field?—*P. A. Hays, Chambersburg, Pa.*

7—Which of the Southern States was the first to secede from the Union?—*Bernard Picard, Birmingham, Ala.*

8—What prize fighter invented boxing gloves?—*Lee Hamilton, Louisville, Ky.*

9—What American division during the recent World War was the first to set foot upon German soil? When and where?—*M. W. Hildebrand, Battle Creek, Mich.*

10—Who was the author of "To err is human, to forgive divine"?—*M. D. Ritson, Elizabeth, N. J.*

11—What President killed a man in a duel?—*Mrs. R. B. Crose, Giltner, Neb.*

12—Under what department does the Coast Guard operate?—*J. R. Jackson, Key West, Fla.*

13—Who was the first man to sail around the Cape of Good Hope?—*Robert George, Anderson, Ind.*

14—Who wrote The Star-Spangled Banner?—*Mrs. G. MacClure, Long Beach, Calif.*

15—Which country in South America has a constitution similar to that of the United States?—*J. G. Freitas, Troy, N. Y.*

16—To what race do the inhabitants of the Hawaiian Islands belong?—*Vera Morel, New Orleans, La.*

17—Who were the Rough Riders, and what memorable feat did they accomplish?—*Wenona Payne, East St. Louis, Ill.*

18—Which is the only State in the United States to elect its Governor for three years?—*Tallant Tubbs, San Francisco, Calif.*

19—Who was the chief engineer in charge of the construction of the Panama Canal?—*Arthur Simmons, Albany, N. Y.*

20—In what poem is found the quotation, "The best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft a-gley"?—*Miss Ethel E. Prince, Baltimore, Md.*

See Answers in Next Week's LIBERTY

Here are last week's questions answered:

1—What foreign capital is named for an American President?—*R. P. Minnick, Saco, Mont.*
A.—Monrovia, the capital of Liberia, named for President Monroe.

2—Who said, "We must all hang together, or assuredly we shall all hang separately"?—*Ida Aleen Cooke, New York City.*
A.—Benjamin Franklin.

3—What was the name of Robert Fulton's first steamboat?—*Mrs. R. B. Gilleland, Pittsburgh, Pa.*
A.—The Clermont.

4—What is the record drive in golf?—*Mabel Wiester, Norwood, Ohio.*
A.—The longest authenticated drive is 445 yards, made by E. C. Bliss in August, 1913, at Herne Bay, England. An unofficial record credits James Gullane with 470 yards at Colorado Springs, Colo.

5—What is the difference between the statute mile and the nautical mile?—*Zula S. Blanks, San Antonio, Tex.*
A.—The statute mile is 5,280 feet and the nautical mile 6,080 feet.

6—Where is the Unknown Soldier of the United States buried? Of England? Of France? Of Italy?—*William Pinkey, San Pedro, Calif.*
A.—In Arlington National Cemetery, Washington; Westminster Abbey, London; Arc de Triomphe, Paris; Victor Emmanuel Monument, Piazza Venezia, Rome.

7—What is the largest gland in the body?—*Emily G. Doherty, Augusta, Me.*
A.—The liver, weighing from fifty to sixty ounces.

8—Who painted the Mona Lisa?—*Margaret O. Fritzsche, Cleveland, Ohio.*
A.—Leonardo da Vinci.

9—Who was the first President to draw the present salary of $75,000 a year?—*Mrs. A. C. McKinley, Peoria, Ill.*
A.—William Howard Taft.

10—What are known as the Twin Cities?—*Mrs. Russell Kines, Pineville, Ky.*
A.—Minneapolis and St. Paul.

11—What important city in Europe is built mostly on piles?—*Mrs. Robert W. Snook, Johnstown, Pa.*
A.—Amsterdam, Holland.

12—Who was the only President of the United States besides Washington to be elected without opposition?—*Mrs. A. B. Stovall, Mobile, Ala.*
A.—James Monroe.

13—What Civil War officer was known as the Praying General?—*Evelyne Scary Brown, Findlay, Ohio.*
A.—Stonewall Jackson.

14—Who was the first woman to swim the Catalina Channel?—*Mrs. W. M. Good, Princeton, W. Va.*
A.—Mrs. Myrtle Huddleston, Long Beach, California.

15—Who is the first United States Minister to Canada?—*M. L. Townsend, New Berlin, Pa.*
A.—William Phillips, formerly Under-Secretary of State, has been named.

16—Who was known as the silver-tongued orator of the Platte?—*Howard Taylor, Spencer, W. Va.*
A.—William J. Bryan.

17—For what is the island of St. Helena noted?—*John Mason, Atoka, Okla.*
A.—As the place of Napoleon's exile and death.

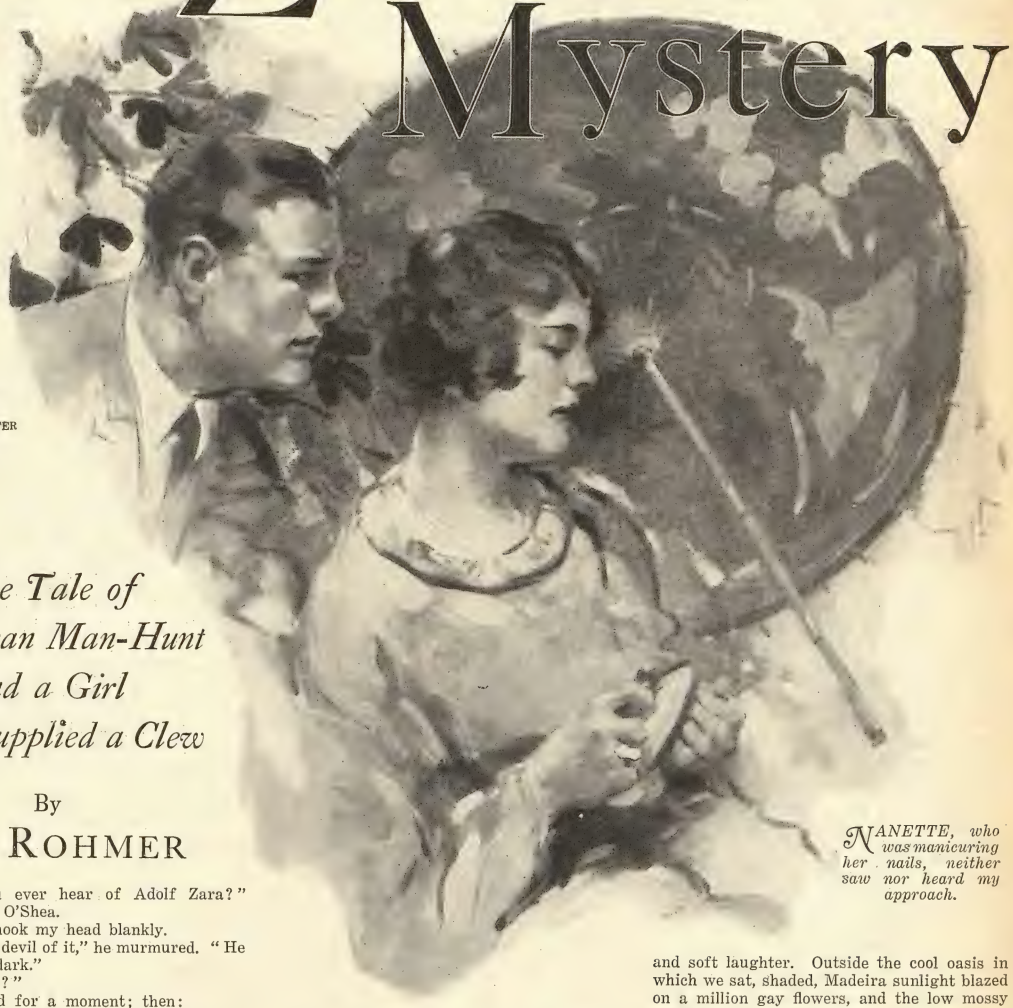
18—What cats are minus tails?—*Vivian J. Lake, Des Moines, Ia.*
A.—Manx or Cornish cats.

19—Who wrote "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast"?—*Irvey C. Ownbey, Dallas, Tex.*
A.—William Congreve, the English dramatist, in his play, The Mourning Bride.

20—What is the weight of a carat?—*Arthur Mackenzie, Minneapolis, Minn.*
A.—3.17 grams.

LIBERTY publishes the answers, believing them to be correct. But no one can know everything.

The ZARA Mystery



Pictures by WILL FOSTER

The Tale of An Ocean Man-Hunt and a Girl Who Supplied a Clew

By SAX ROHMER

NANETTE, who was manicuring her nails, neither saw nor heard my approach.

"DID you ever hear of Adolf Zara?" asked O'Shea.

I shook my head blankly.

"That's the devil of it," he murmured. "He works in the dark."

"Who is he?"

He hesitated for a moment; then:

"He is the immediate chief of those S group gentlemen," he replied, "whose activities have detained me so long in Madeira. One good thing I owe to him: I shall be returning to England with you in the morning."

"What!" I exclaimed gladly. "By the Union Castle?"

"Yes." He turned, staring at me in that coldly penetrating way which was so disconcerting and so misleading. "By a sheer coincidence, Mr. Zara is on board, and I am instructed to look out for him, and to prevent his landing!"

"But"—doubtless my expression became more blank than ever—"surely the authorities at Southampton—"

"The authorities at Southampton don't know under what name he is traveling. Neither does Cape Town, apparently. They merely know that he's on board—with a false passport. He made South Africa too hot to hold him. The S group's idea seems to be that another Boer War would add to the gayety of nations. The Boers don't agree."

He stirred languidly in the cane lounge-chair and, raising his monocle, surveyed a number of ants performing mysterious evolutions on his white drill suit.

It was very still and peaceful in the little palm grove. A faint breeze carried perfume from the gardens, a sound of distant voices and soft laughter. Outside the cool oasis in which we sat, shaded, Madeira sunlight blazed on a million gay flowers, and the low mossy walls were alive with lizards.

"Have you ever seen this man?" I asked.

"No." O'Shea turned his head lazily. "Unless I get some further news by radio, my chance of identifying this sportsman is a bad hundred to one."

"But you say he has a false passport?"

"So I understand."

Presently I went to find Nanette. My guardianship of this dainty, wayward ward was soon to cease; and, while I lacked the courage to think about saying good-by at Southampton, I had learned that, for a man of my age and temperament, the part of official uncle to a beautiful girl was no sort of job.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

You should hear Grandma play ~

All the old tunes which she hadn't heard for years and as many of the latest hits. But by far the greatest happiness she has gained from her purchase of a Wurlitzer Player Piano, is the pleasure it gives to the children. See and hear the Wurlitzer and you'll know why Grandma preferred it to all others.

PLAYERS
$2700 to $445

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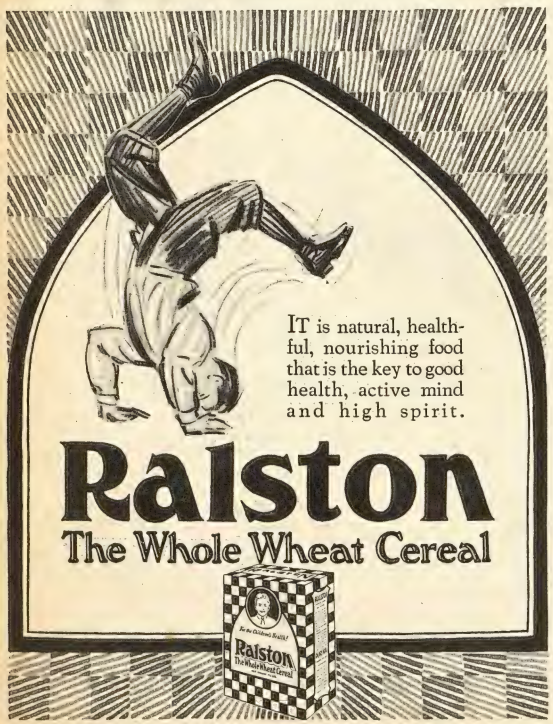

[THE ZARA MYSTERY
Continued from Page Fifty-one]

Tea was in full swing on the terrace, but Nanette was not there. I thought she might be on the tennis courts, and I strolled down the steps and along the sloping, flower-gay path sacred to basking lizards.

Halfway down there is a sort of abutment overhanging the lower gardens and possessing a stone seat. Here, in a lounge-chair, her parasol propped against the low wall, I saw Nanette.

Her little feet tucked up on a chair to protect her bare legs from the ants, she sat manicuring her finger nails.

She neither saw nor heard my approach. And I stood still, watching her. Quite mechanically she was polishing away with a chamois burnisher; but her blue eyes were staring unseeingly out over the bay.

AS I studied the charming, pensive profile, I wondered, as I had wondered too often, what fate had in store for little Nanette.

Suddenly she turned and saw me.

"Coo-ooh!" she called. "Have you come to take me to tea?"

"Yes," I replied, walking down to her. "What has become of everybody?"

"I don't know," said Nanette. "I wanted to be alone."

"To think?"

"I suppose so."

I dropped to the stone seat beside her.

"Whom did you want to think about, Nanette?"

She lowered her lashes and polished busily.

"Oh — Pop and Mum — and folks."

I lighted a cigarette, and presently she looked up. Her clear eyes regarded me wistfully for a moment, and:

"You know," she said. "Don't you?"

"I am afraid I do, Nanette," I confessed.

"Isn't it strange," she went on, staring away over the sea, "that I should be so crazy about someone who avoids me?"

"Very strange," I answered dully.

When a girl thus makes a confidant of a man she has never kissed, if he knows the rules of the game he retires hurt. Then:

"I suppose I shall get over it," she said and smilingly packed up the manicure implements. "We have to be on board at a fiendishly early hour tomorrow. I don't know whether to go to bed at nine o'clock or sit up all night. Let's have tea."

As I helped her out of the cushioned chair: "I have some news for you, Nanette," I said. "Major O'Shea is coming with us."

She stared at me in the frightened way that I always associated with any sudden reference to O'Shea. Then she turned swiftly, taking up her parasol.

"Really," she said. "How often he changes his mind!"

But, as we walked up the long path to the terrace, she talked animatedly. And, glancing at her

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The enlargement in the oval shows the adjustable feature which enables you to make the Girdlon the right size.

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GIRDLON

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In three sizes—small, from 28 to 33-inch hip measure; medium, 34 to 39-inch; large, 40 to 45-inch.

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Makers of the famous Boston Garter for men.

If your favorite shop does not carry the Girdlon, write us, giving size and color desired. Shirred ribbon, $3 and $2.50; rayon frill elastic, $1.50, $1.75 and $2; cotton elastic frill, $1—postpaid.

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Thrills, Thrills
Hunting and Fishing
AT THE
STUART HUNTING AND FISHING CAMP

ON THE famous St. Lucie River seven miles from Stuart, Fla., on paved road, four miles from the Dixie Highway.

The St. Lucie and Indian Rivers are alive with game fish. The lordly tarpon, bass, sail fish, tuna, barracula and mammoth trout are some of thirty varieties of game fish taken in their waters.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-TWO]

flushed face, I realized with almost a shock of surprise how very young she was—and how sweetly incapable of hiding the excitement that my news had created.

THAT run home to Southampton did not begin auspiciously for Nanette. Her happiness at being on the same ship with O'Shea was distinctly blunted by the presence of an official chaperon.

"Pop" had some sort of pull with the line, and by dint of industrious cabling he had contrived to get in touch with a lady he knew who was returning from South Africa: one Mrs. Porter, a really formidable matron, deep-chested, heavy-jowled, and contemplating a sinful world through spectacles of an unnecessarily unpleasant pattern.

"Pop is mad!" said Nanette. "This woman must die."

Excluding O'Shea and me, Nanette had come on board with a male escort of three devoted dancing partners. Lacking the society of Nanette, these were three very lonely young men, divided by a mutual distrust, but united in their dislike of O'Shea.

Now, to crown a troublous situation, Mrs. Porter presented a protégé— Captain Slattery. She made it pointedly clear that no other follower would be tolerated.

She stood outside the door, wide-eyed, wrapped in a furry coat.

I resigned my staff of office with a sigh, and settled down to be sorry for Nanette—and Slattery.

O'Shea and I stood at the door of the smokeroom watching the coast of Madeira melt into a blue distance. Nanette, in a short, sleeveless frock, came along the deck, linked between two men, one of whom was Slattery. She pretended not to see us. But right in front of the door she pulled up insistently, leaning on the rail and pointing out something to her companions. Nanette knew she had very beautiful arms, but she wanted O'Shea to know.

He smiled at me sadly, and turning went into the smokeroom. The girl's dainty naiveté was hopelessly disarming. We sat down facing each other across a table, and:

"There is something I want you to do for me," said O'Shea.

"About—Nanette?"

"No." He shook his head, and that tragically hungry look came into his eyes. I had seen it there before. "Don't let us talk about her, Decies. I have a valuable portfolio in my stateroom."

"Surely you will hand it over to the purser?"

"Impossible. Contrary to the rules of the game. The ship might sink. But a certain Adolf Zara is on board. Therefore—"

He paused, staring at me significantly.

"You want *me* to take charge of it?"

"Yes. Lock it in your trunk. I don't expect any move on this gentleman's part. He is stalking bigger game and therefore anxious to avoid publicity. But he *might* take it into his head to pay me an unofficial visit. I have a room to myself. You are sharing a cabin with a representative of the *Cape Times* whom, luckily, you chance to have met before."

"Very well," said I. "Of course this man Zara will know you are on board?"

"Naturally," O'Shea returned. "His associates in Madeira will have advised him—although absolutely nothing to afford a clew to his assumed identity happened at Funchal. He is a dangerously clever man."

"Have you taken a look around?"

"Yes. Have you?"

"I have; but no likely candidate for the honor of being Adolf Zara has presented himself."

"I agree," said O'Shea quietly. "But I have an appointment with the purser in an hour's time. I am going carefully through the declaration sheets."

When O'Shea left me, I was joined by the journalist, my stable-companion—a substantial Scot whom I had met in London two years before. He proposed a promenade. And, just as we started, the faithful three came into the smokeroom together and ordered drinks. Their aspects were mournful.

Then, in a shady corner outside, we discovered the explanation. Nanette was coiled up in a deck chair, her charming head turned in the direction of her neighbor on the right—Slattery. In a chair on her left, enveloped in an unnecessary rug, Mrs. Porter slumbered soundly—and almost noiselessly.

NANETTE beckoned to me. As I paused, she threw a venom-laden glance at the unconscious chaperon, and:

"I do not like you, Mrs. P.," she murmured. "The reason why is plain to see—and hear."

Slattery, his gaze fixed upon

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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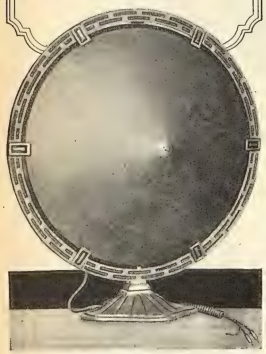

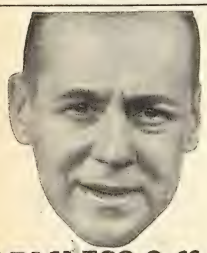

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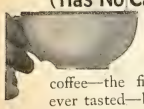

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[THE ZARA MYSTERY Continued from Page Fifty-three]

her, smiled admiringly. He had very even white teeth. Then he looked up at me.

"I hear that your friend is the famous O'Shea," he said. "I thought he was a movie actor."

The words told me plainly that this was another victim of the distracting Nanette. Therefore I forgave him.

"His appearance is certainly deceptive," I admitted.

"We were on their right at the time he was recommended for the V. C.," Slattery went on. "I was only a pup, but *we* saw some dirty work, too. The crack regiments always get the limelight, though."

Nanette glanced at him under suddenly lowered lashes.

"Please, Mr. Decies, lead me to a cool drink with lemon in it," she said.

She was on her feet in one graceful movement. Grasping my right arm and the left of my startled Scottish companion, she moved away.

"Captain Slattery is so good looking that he bores me," she whispered in my ear.

O'Shea found me some little time later.

"I have ventured to have you put at a table among strangers," he said. "Your immediate neighbor is a certain Dr. Zimmermann."

He stared at me.

"I'll do my best, O'Shea," said I. "Where are *you?*"

"At the purser's table," he replied, "facing one John Edward Wainwright of Halifax, Nova Scotia. These two birds may prove to be black swans, but there isn't another query in the passenger list."

I experienced Dr. Zimmermann at lunch and later at dinner. I found he had been studying the neolithic fauna of South Africa on behalf of some learned Munich institution.

My report to O'Shea was unsatisfactory.

"He seems fairly true to type," I said. "If he is not what he professes to be, he carries it well. How about your man?"

O'Shea shrugged in his curious way.

"He obviously knows Halifax," was the reply. "His line appears to be steam trawlers."

There was dancing on deck that night. Slattery secured more than his fair share with Nanette because of the powerful backing of Mrs. P.

Nanette was dancing with me in a curiously abstracted way, when suddenly she grew animated. Her eyes sparkled. She floated in my arms as lightly as a feather.

Following her glance, I saw O'Shea watching us.

WHEN I had deposited Nanette with the guardian Mrs. Porter, I returned to find O'Shea; for he had signaled to me. He was standing just inside the smokeroom door.

"Adolf Zara is active," he said in a cautious voice.

"What do you mean?"

He glanced warningly around the smokeroom. I took the cue and looked around me. Dr. Zimmermann sat in a corner, fast asleep. Wainwright, the other suspect, formed one of a bridge party.

"Two dispatch cases have been forced open," O'Shea went on, "by someone who entered my cabin tonight!"

The Captain approached us.

"You have my authority to take any steps you may think fit, Major O'Shea," he said. "I have received the usual instructions and shall do nothing without consulting you."

We walked along the nearly deserted promenade deck. Three young men were doing a midnight route march there—and Nanette, coiled up squirrel-like in a furry cloak, occupied one of two chairs. The other accommodated Slattery. Mrs. P., leaving her charge in selected company, had presumably retired.

We crossed to the rail and leaned there, watching the clear water and the strange phosphorescent shapes glittering in its depths. And presently a slim bare arm was slipped under mine. I turned, startled—to find Nanette beside me.

"Please may I stay for five minutes?" she said. "Or do you want to go to the smokeroom?"

She stayed, and for longer than five minutes. Slattery disappeared, and the lonesome three terminated around a table decorated with tall glasses.

We began to pace up and down, Nanette clinging to my arm.

Presently, as we made a turning, very timidly she slipped her other arm under O'Shea's, and:

Nanette took a sip from my glass. "If you see Mrs. P.," she said, "please hide me."

"Is it true," she asked, "that the Irish Guards nearly mutinied once during the war? And that a company sergeant major called Deakin deserted to the enemy?"

O'Shea looked down at her in his gravely gentle way.

"It is not true, Nanette," he answered. "Does Kipling say so?"

"No!" she exclaimed indignantly—"of course he doesn't. But someone told me."

O'Shea caught my side glance and smiled—the happy, revealing smile that had grown so rare.

"Poor Irish Guards!" he said.

But, after Nanette had retired, over a final pipe in O'Shea's room:

"Queer thing," he murmured, "that that story should have leaked out."

"What story?" said I.

"The trouble with a group of N. C. O.'s which rumor would seem to have expanded to a mutiny." He stared at me coldly. "It was the long arm of the hidden S group," he added. "We had agents of theirs in our ranks. Did you never hear of it?"

"Vaguely—now that you remind me."

"The ringleaders managed to slip away. But it's odd Nanette should have got hold of the thing. Well!" He lay back on the sofa berth and regarded me with raised brows. "There is nothing more to be done tonight."

"ARE you satisfied about Zimmermann and Wainwright?"

"About Wainwright, yes. He had been playing since dinnertime. Zimmermann nobody seems to have noticed. How long he had been in the smokeroom I can't discover."

"Shall you turn in now?"

"No," said O'Shea, reaching up to the rack above his head for the well worn tobacco pouch that lay there. "I am going to spend an hour with the young gentleman from the Marconi Company. Radio operators are sometimes inspiring."

To reach my cabin I had to pass the smokeroom door, and, just as I came to it:

"Either of them is old enough to be her father!" I heard.

I stepped in. The faithful three alone kept a resentful steward from his bed.

"Whose father?" said I.

"Hullo, Decies!" the speaker hailed me. "Sit down and let us have a doch-an-doris. We were talking about Nanette."

"Oh!" I remarked, dropping into a chair. "What seems to be the difficulty?"

"Well," another explained, "she has fallen flat for that chap Slattery; and we were saying that he's old enough to be her father."

"He is about thirty-five," I hazarded. "A dangerous age for a girl of eighteen."

"Piffle!" was the retort. "Why, when she is only thirty he will be nearly fifty!"

"Have you pointed this out to her?"

"Rather not! Suppose *you* have a shot."

"I should prefer to be excused," said I.

The profound slumbers of my Scottish friend proclaimed themselves to the ear as I walked along the alleyway leading to our stateroom, and I undressed to a ceaseless accompaniment. Slipping on a dressing-gown, I lighted my pipe, determined to go out on the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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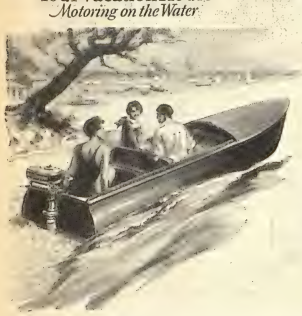

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[THE ZARA MYSTERY Continued from Page Fifty-five]

deserted deck; for the night was as hot as Sahara, the sea a burnished mirror.

Off I went, and met not a soul. For half an hour or so I wandered aimlessly. When at last my pipe burned out, feeling sleepy enough to face the snore barrage, I retraced my steps.

Rounding the corner of the alleyway, I pulled up short.

Dr. Zimmermann had just come out of my room and was quietly closing the door behind him!

I stepped back swiftly. But I was too late. He turned and saw me.

He wore an appalling red gown and a really incredible nightcap. Through the thick pebbles of his spectacles he beamed apologetically, and:

"Mr. Decies—my *dear* sir!" he said, coming forward. "I can never forgive myselves—never!" He held up a huge pipe. "I did not know that you had a companion. I knock. I think I hear you sleeping. And I venture to come in. I am restless. The smoke-room steward is retired. I know you are a pipe lover, and"—he indicated the yawning bowl—"I have not tobacco, so I venture."

I stared him fully in the eyes for a moment; then:

"Don't apologize," I said. "You are welcome to a pipe."

Opening the door, I stood aside for him to enter. My pouch lay conspicuously on the bedcover.

"I see it there," Zimmermann whispered, stuffing about an ounce of expensive mixture into his incinerator. "But you are not here."

Thanking me profusely in a thick undertone, he presently took his departure. I listened to his receding footsteps. Then I stopped, pulled out my trunk, and examined the lock.

It was fast. Nor could I find a scrap of evidence to show that anything in the cabin had been tampered with.

But I determined that O'Shea must be informed without delay of this suspicious occurrence. Sleep was not for me.

TOWARD dusk on the following day—our last evening afloat—things began to move to that strange revelation which solved the Zara mystery.

O'Shea had been missing very often. Several times I saw him coming out of the radio cabin, and he had had two long interviews with the commander, at the second of which the purser had been present. Then, having got into dinner kit, I was making for the smokeroom when I met him.

"Hello!" I called. "Any news?"

He took me aside, and:

"No reply yet," he answered.

"Perhaps the authorities in Munich don't realize the urgency of your message."

"Perhaps not," he said absently. "Let's explore a cocktail."

In the smokeroom we found Slattery and my Scottish piper; so we formed a quartet.

Slattery's attitude toward O'Shea

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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MARMOLA
Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-SIX]

was not friendly. I excused much of it, feeling the real cause to be not professional jealousy, but Nanette. However, O'Shea was senior, and Slattery never allowed himself to be openly rude.

I was seated with my back to the door, when suddenly I saw a change of expression on three faces. I turned.

Nanette was peeping in at us. She looked adorable in a dainty lace frock, and I saw Slattery glance aside at O'Shea in a way that was twin brother to murderous.

For it was to O'Shea that Nanette was appealing.

"Would it be perfectly horrible of me to come in?" she asked.

"It would be perfectly delightful, Nanette," said I.

She came in, to the marked perturbation of the smokeroom. She sat between O'Shea and me. The three musketeers, who had been talking loudly in a neighboring corner, grew suddenly silent.

"If you see Mrs. P.," said Nanette, taking a sip from my glass, "please hide me until I get under the table."

DINNER that night was something of an ordeal for me. Dr. Zimmermann talked continuously about fossils, took two servings of every course, and generally seemed to be in high good humor. I think my own share in the conversation was not marked by any unusual brilliancy.

On the morrow we should dock. The identity of Zara remained a mystery. The result of O'Shea's radio message was unknown to me. O'Shea had become a sphinx.

A group having for its nucleus the faithful trio had got up an extempore dance on deck. A phonograph belonging to Slattery provided the music. Mrs. Porter presided over the instrument, and Slattery and Nanette did most of the dancing.

I discovered myself to be the victim of a rising excitement. Something was afoot. I determined to find O'Shea.

It was a longish quest—but I found him at last. He was pacing up and down the deserted boat deck. As I came up the ladder he stopped and stared at me; then:

"Hullo, Decies," he said. "Forgive my odd behavior. But it's a race against time—and time looks like winning."

"What do you mean?" I asked blankly. "Have you had no reply?"

"That's it," said he. "And I can't afford to make a mistake. They expect fog, though. It may save the situation."

O'Shea resumed his promenade, and I perforce fell into step beside him.

"Zimmermann is in his cabin," I said.

"Good," O'Shea murmured. "Where is Nanette?"

The question surprised me. Very rarely indeed did O'Shea speak of Nanette.

"I left her with Mrs. Porter and Slattery," I replied.

He nodded, but made no comment. Presently:

"If this dangerously clever devil slips through my fingers," he declared, "Whitehall will disown me!"

O'Shea had treated the matter lightly enough hitherto. But now, with England all but in sight and the enigma of Zara unsolved, he showed himself a desperately worried man.

"If I get him," he began abruptly, after long and taciturn promenading, "do you know to whom the credit will belong?"

"No," I returned, puzzled.

"To Nanette," said O'Shea.

This silenced me effectually. For what Nanette had to do with the matter was about as clear as pea soup. I left him toward 1 o'clock, promising to return. I had abandoned the idea of sleeping, and I wanted to change. No message for O'Shea had come up to the time of my departure from the boat deck. The wireless operator on duty was unable to conceal his intense excitement. Just before I went down, leaning over the half-door of his room:

"Fog in the Channel, sir!" he announced gleefully.

"Good!" said O'Shea. "Go and change, Decies."

I managed to do it without arousing my snoring Scotch friend. When I returned to the deck, no trace of mist was visible.

Just ahead I discerned a faintly moving white speck. Then I became aware of someone beside me.

I turned. The Captain stood at my elbow.

"No rest for me tonight, Mr. Decies," he said. "The Channel is a mass of soup."

"So I have heard," I replied. "What's that ahead?"

"I have been wondering," he murmured. "It looks like a motor boat—and right on our course. Excuse me. I might as well go up."

A few minutes later, as I rejoined O'Shea, the ship's siren bellowed her warning to the small craft ahead.

O'SHEA was in the operator's room.

"What's that?" he asked. "Not fog already?"

"No," said I. "There's some kind of boat in our way."

"Oh," said he. "Fisherman?"

"No; it looks like a pleasure cruiser."

He stared for a moment. I had never seen him look so ill-groomed. His wavy hair, since he had gone hatless all night, was wildly disordered. Then the instrument began its mysterious coughing.

O'Shea placed his monocle carefully in position and lighted a cigarette.

Headpiece adjusted—"Here it is, sir!" said the operator. "At last!"

"Excellent," replied O'Shea calmly.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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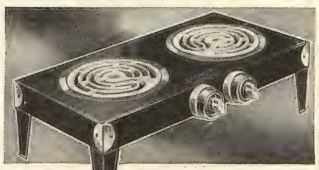

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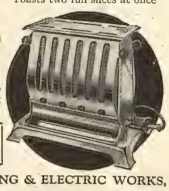

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"I recommend it to those who are seeking a smooth, natural complexion."

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Why not follow the example of these nurses and begin today to use Resinol Soap? Your druggist sells it. Of course we will be glad to send a trial size cake, free, if you will mail us the coupon below, but a full size cake gives a more satisfactory test.

If you are now annoyed by blotches or similar disorders, apply a touch of Resinol—that soothing ointment which is so widely used for various skin troubles—and see how quickly the blemishes disappear. It has been prescribed by doctors for more than thirty years.

Dept. 7-D, Resinol, Baltimore

I have never used Resinol Soap and Ointment, so please send me free sample of each.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

[THE ZARA MYSTERY Continued from Page Fifty-seven]

And, while the message came through, the horn began its solo, and the Channel fog crept into the cabin.

Then I saw Nanette outside the door, wide-eyed, wrapped in a furry coat. I went out to her.

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "Where is—Major O'Shea?"

"Nanette!" I said. "What is it? He is there—in the operator's room."

"Thank God!" she whispered.

"I have been so frightened!" she went on, clinging to me. "Mrs. Porter sleeps like a log—and Captain Slattery came to our room a few minutes ago and knocked. I opened the door, not realizing who it was. He was—insane. He said—he was going to kill—Major O'Shea!"

"What's that?" came in a cool voice.

O'Shea stepped out on the deck. He held a slip of paper in his hand. The mist had closed down now like a blanket.

"I've got him, Decies!" said O'Shea.

"What!"

"He sent off two code messages before my eyes were opened; and he received one reply. I don't know the code."

DIMLY, through the fog, a queer high siren note reached us.

"Major O'Shea!" Nanette released me and grasped O'Shea's arm. "Are you talking about Captain Slattery?"

"Yes," O'Shea replied; "thanks to you, Nanette! Only the S group knew as much about our troubles in the Guards as Slattery confided to you. I acted on that clew—the name of a company sergeant major—and I was right! The real Captain Slattery is in hospital at Ladysmith!"

"Good God!" said I. "Then this man—"

"Is Adolf Zara! I told you he was dangerously clever!"

Then, muffled, ghostly, it reached our ears on the boat deck—that most thrilling of all sea cries:

"Man overboard!"

The ship's engines were rung off.

Helter-skelter we went after O'Shea to Slattery's stateroom. It was empty. One of the life belts was missing. Out in the fog, that queer high siren note persisted. I thought of the white motor boat—and of Slattery's radio messages.

O'Shea fixed his monocle in place. The sleeping ship was awakening to a growing pandemonium.

"Have you a cigarette, Decies?" he said. "I have smoked all mine. It takes a brave man to do what Adolf Zara has done tonight. If ever I have the pleasure of meeting Captain Slattery again, I shall tell him so."

The O'Shea has left Madeira behind, but his arrival in London means only a continuation of his adventures with Nanette. These are told in another story by Sax Rohmer in an early issue of LIBERTY.

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Any BOY *Can Be an* ATHLETE

Pictures by ARTHUR EDROP

Coach Roper

I AM strongly opposed to fathers giving their sons at school expensive automobiles.

But It's Up to His Parents to Start Him Right

An Article by

WILLIAM W. ROPER

Football Coach, Princeton University

IS it possible for the ordinary, everyday boy to develop into a good athlete, or is athletic ability born in some boys and not in others?

I am strongly of the opinion that any healthy, normal boy may be taught to be a good athlete. There are any number of cases where puny, undeveloped youngsters have become splendid performers, and, what is more important, healthy, vigorous men.

Every father and mother can help their boy to become such a man. Here are a dozen rules which the parents may follow in assisting the youngster:

First: Have competent physicians and dentists watch his physical condition.

Second: Give him good, clean athletes for hero worship.

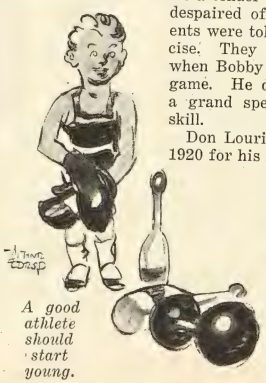
Third: Encourage him in home work, a simple routine for which is given in this article.

Fourth: Watch his food; make him eat slowly and with regularity; and do not permit him to play immediately after meals.

Fifth: Stress the playing of football, baseball, and tennis. See that he has good equipment and that his playing field is proper.

Sixth: Be sure he gets plenty of sleep.

Seventh: See that he takes a bath after each game or practice.



A good athlete should start young.

Eighth: Require him to play with boys of his own weight.

Ninth: Do not permit him to play when injured.

Tenth: Prevent him from "babying" himself.

Eleventh: Teach him to be a good sportsman.

Twelfth: Correct any awkwardness or clumsiness by play suggested herein.

Athletic history is full of examples of the subnormal boy developing into vigorous manhood. Likewise, many puny youngsters have made themselves into champions, or near champions. Bobby Jones, the most wonderful golfer of all time, is an outstanding exhibit.

At a tender age, his very life was all but despaired of by his physician. His parents were told he must have outdoor exercise. They moved near a golf club, and when Bobby was six he began to play the game. He developed quickly and is now a grand specimen of health, vigor, and skill.

Don Lourie, picked by Walter Camp in 1920 for his All-America Football quarterback, was a slight, fragile-looking boy whom most people would have believed unfitted for football. He had speed, intelligence, and a perfect knowledge of the game. Through inquiries I learned that he had played with a football from the time he could kick it, and that helped overcome all physical delinquencies.

Frank Murray, one of the surest drop-kickers I have ever seen, began in childhood and taught himself to kick by practicing in his back yard at Nashville, Tennessee. He was not strong, but liked the game. His father erected a goal post in his yard and bought Frank a ball. The boy practiced kicking by the hour. As a result, he developed physically, and when he went to college he could drop-kick a goal at almost any angle.

ANY boy, I repeat, may be developed into an athlete of ability. I have known of boys who aspired to be centers to go into the back yard, mark positions on a fence, and practice passing by the hour, days upon days. Many young baseball pitchers—including Clark Griffith, now owner of the Washington team—have thrown at knot holes hour after hour in building control. Vincent Richards is an example of the puny tennis player who spent many a weary hour knocking balls at a board to secure speed and control.

Any boy, with a love for a game, can build up that game, but the parents must start the youngster right. Their first duty is to see that the boy is physically in shape for the games he is most anxious to play. It is most important that every boy should be carefully examined by a competent physician before he is allowed to play any strenuous game. A dentist should also look his teeth over.

Between the ages of ten and fifteen there

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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2. The winner, and a companion of his or her choosing, will be given a trip to Hollywood, including visits to the studios during a week's stay there, with all expenses paid. In addition, the fifty most worthy plots will have careful consideration by the scenario department of one of the large distributing companies, and if any are purchased, the full purchase price will be remitted to the author.
3. The Judges will be:
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   MR. ROBERT E. SHERWOOD, Editor of *Life.*
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4. There is nothing to buy in order to enter the Contest. The illustrated booklet, *"How to Write for the Movies,"* is simply to help contestants.
5. Entries should be sent to *Contest Manager,* COX CONFECTIONERY COMPANY, Boston 28, Massachusetts, and must be received there before the close of business on June 1, 1927.

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ROMANCE CHOCOLATES

[ANY BOY CAN BE AN ATHLETE Continued from Page Fifty-nine]

are many weaknesses in some youngsters, not necessarily organic, which would certainly prove dangerous to a boy playing a vigorous game like football. The boy must be in good condition and must be kept so if he is to become an athlete.

I have a son twelve years old. For several years I have had him examined every autumn by one of the best doctors in Philadelphia. I have his eyes examined at the same time by an oculist; and twice a year I send him to a dentist. I even have his teeth X-rayed once a year. I have the results of the various examinations submitted to me in detail and I keep a chart index of the boy's exact physical condition. I am also careful to keep a chart of his weight and height. To date, I am glad to say, I have caught nothing but a bad pair of tonsils; and since they have come out my son has shown much more endurance.

This may sound like a petty detail, but, as a matter of fact, I regard it as the most important thing a father can do for his child. Certainly no one wants to encourage his son to play football and then find out that the youngster has a weak heart.

IF a boy hopes to be a good athlete he should start young, and the father is the best person in the world to help him. It makes little difference whether the father was an athlete. He can assist his youngster. It is the exceptional boy who can take up football or baseball at sixteen and get much out of it, because he will compete with too many boys who began at ten or twelve.

I am decidedly of the opinion that football, baseball, and tennis are the best games for the average boy to learn. Football is a great contact game, and both football and baseball develop team play, courage, and initiative. They are democratic games in every sense of the word. No boy is going to make his school or college team because of his wealth or social position. He is going to make it only on his own merits.

EVERY father can help develop his boy.

Baseball and football are usually self-supporting, especially when competitively played at the larger schools or colleges. So to encourage your boy to indulge in either does not invite a drain on the family treasury. Boys at Princeton who play on our teams tell me they spend less money during the seasons than at any other time, because the routines make them keep regular hours and prevent week-end trips.

While tennis is not a contact game, it is very good fun and splendid exercise. It is voted the most popular sport at Princeton, where each year the senior class publishes statistics regarding games. I am not recommending golf for young boys, because I feel that it should come after the youngster has had his baseball and football, if the boy is rugged enough for these games.

I am strongly opposed to the present-day indulgences of some parents who give their sons expensive automobiles while they are at college. I have even heard of boys yet in their teens receiving costly machines. In my opinion, there is no better way to ruin a boy and give him a distorted view of life. My son will never have an automobile until he has earned the money to buy it.

HERO worship may be a bad thing, but anyone who has had any experience with youth knows that it is universal and ineradicable. You must deal with it, and my preference is to make it as useful and helpful as possible. Parents should give their boy fine, straight, upstanding athletic heroes for models.

If a boy has nobody else to admire he will pay his tributes of liking and envy to a game gambler as blindly as he will follow a splendid specimen of sound mind and sound, clean body. I have seen too many young fellows acquire miserable, distorted views of life from fixing their admiration on unworthy objects to have any doubt on this issue.

I do not believe in any elaborate set of exercises for the young boy. However, he should do a certain amount of limbering-up work every morning just after arising and at night before retiring. I believe that from five to ten minutes each morning and each night are sufficient. The exercises should be of the lightest calisthenic nature, serving merely to make the muscles supple and adding grace to the carriage. The best football, baseball, basket-ball, and tennis players are not those who shine in gymnastic work. Control, symmetry, and grace should be the boy's aim.

Walter Camp aimed for just what I have in mind when he provided his famous Daily Dozen exercises. But for the boy I do not believe the dozen is essential. He wants to develop co-ordination and poise. He should strengthen the abdominal muscles, the hips and legs and chest. Five simple exercises will do this.

First is the grind. The boy should stand erect with arms outstretched from the shoulder, palms upward. Circles are made with the hands, forward and backward, keeping the arms rigid.

Second: Standing erect, the fingers of both hands should be

locked back of the neck. Then the neck should be bent backward and the body forward, slowly from the waist, fixing the eyes directly on an object the boy's height. Slowly resume first position and repeat.

Third: Taking same position as for the first exercise, raise one arm and lower the other, bending in each direction at the waist. Reverse this, letting the upward hand touch the back of the neck and the lower hand touch the knee.

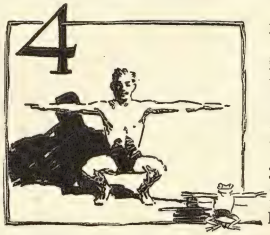
No. 1. In the first of these exercises the boy stands erect, with arms outstretched, palms upward. The hands are circled forward and backward, with arms rigid.

No. 2. Standing erect, lock fingers back of neck, then bend forward from waist while bending neck backward.

Fourth: The duck walk or crouch. The boy should stand erect, with arms extended, and slowly squat as far as possible, putting weight on his toes, inhaling. He should slowly rise, exhaling.

Fifth: A fine abdominal exercise, sometimes known as the weave. The boy takes his erect position with arms extended, and raises right arm, bending left knee and lowering left arm until the fingers touch the floor, then back to erect position and reverse.

No. 3. Taking first position, bend to each side, touching back of neck with upper hand and knee with lower hand.



No. 4. Stand erect, arms extended, and slowly squat, putting weight on toes, while inhaling. Rise slowly, exhaling.

FINE players of all games are not essentially men of the heroic type, but those possessed of the "feel" and love of the game. That is what parents should endeavor to develop in the young, and not an inordinate skill. Once the boy is imbued with the spirit, love, and "feel" of a game, it becomes easy for the coach to bring him to stardom. So the father should leave the final development to that individual.

The main thing in football and baseball is to cultivate the love of the game and accustom the youngster to the implements which are a part thereof. In football, the boy should be given a ball and uniform. He should be encouraged to run, kick, catch, and pick up the ball until it becomes second nature for him to handle it. He cannot get too much of this mere handling of the ball. In baseball, the same thing holds.

Take the boy to see good games and encourage him to read of them. Stimulate his interest in every possible way and imbue him with the spirit of sport. Symmetry, co-ordination, spirit, and love of a game mean more than hard muscles.

Swimming, skating, and dancing go a long way toward development of these essentials, and every boy should be taught them with the idea of developing form and co-ordination of mind and muscle. These sports also cure tendencies toward clumsiness and help make the awkward boy graceful. They help make the lad a quick thinker and a natural player of games.

As a matter of fact, I believe all the ease and grace, as well as ability, of what may be termed the natural player of any game is nothing but the development of that player from childhood through love of the game, familiarity with it, and the "feel" of its implements.

Diet is not really important. I am sure many athletic coaches and trainers stress this subject too much. I think any wholesome home food will do. The really important thing is how he eats. The hardest boy to correct is the one who is ravenously hungry after a hard football or baseball practice. Get the lad early into the habit of eating slowly. Meat once a day is sufficient. I would rather have a boy eat too little than too much. No young boy should drink coffee. Milk will do him a lot more good. I am a great believer in regularity of meals, also.

Parents should see that their son does not engage in athletics immediately after meals. The lad should wait one hour or more after eating. I am strongly against the use of tobacco in any form until a boy's full strength is gained.

Plenty of sleep is absolutely necessary. The young boy from ten to fifteen should be in bed by 9 o'clock every night. At Princeton we encourage the boys who are much older to be in bed by 10 o'clock during the training season. The younger lad needs more sleep than the more mature fellows.

Every boy should take a shower immediately after practice or the playing of any game. Some youngsters do not realize the importance of this and like to rush home, hot and dirty, after an afternoon's play. Insist that your boy bathe and change his clothing promptly after his exercise, as this will prevent his taking cold.

No boy should be allowed to play football without headgear and shoulder pads. No boy should be allowed to play on a field that is full of holes or on which there are scattered bricks and stones. Many serious accidents may be traced to improper playing fields.

IT is extremely important that the young boy be allowed to play football only with those of his own weight and strength. The father should investigate the teams with which the boy plays and see that the weight rule is strictly enforced. Once the youngster reaches the high-school and college age the difference in weight is not so important.

For boys under fifteen years it is the most serious factor. I have seen boys of twelve vary from thirty to forty pounds. At that age such discrepancy is dangerous.

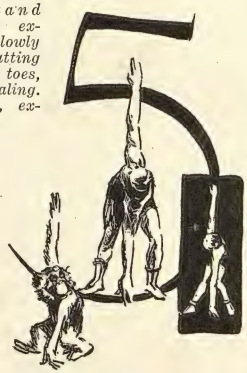
No young, undeveloped boy should be allowed to play football if he is hurt until the injury has healed.

Do not let your boy "baby" himself. If he hates hard knocks, get him away from such feeling as quickly as possible.

Teach the youngster to be a good sportsman. Do not let him give excuses when he is beaten or crow when he wins. Set the example and never appeal to his coach for a bigger chance or complain of lack of opportunity.

If your youngster has a tendency toward clumsiness, work it out of him with tennis, swimming, skating, boxing, dancing, and light calisthenics. The most awkward boy may be made into something like symmetry by early attention and the inculcation of the love of a game. Perfect co-ordination is the aim, and that comes only when the teaching is begun at an early age.

THE END



No. 5. From same position, raise right arm, bend left knee, and lower left arm until fingers touch floor. Reverse.

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Short Story

By

P. G. Wodehouse

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If You Don't Weigh Enough—
Be Careful

How Beauty and Health Are Served by Following Nature's Plan

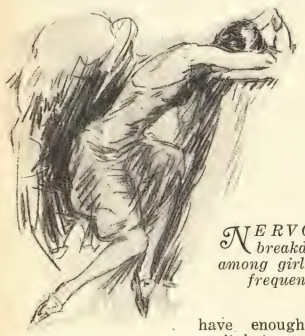
An Article by

EILEEN BOURNE

A healthy appetite can be developed.

IN spite of reports showing that certain older women are imperiling their health and, in some instances, their lives in the struggle to get thin, it is the younger women who are getting the worst of the overzealous reduction trend.

In the wholesale deprivation of food and ease, the matron fares better than the maid. She needs reduction more and generally can do without her superfluous pounds and still have enough fat capital to provide her with energy to run along on. But when a young woman who should weigh 120 pounds reduces to around 100 or 105 pounds, she is robbing herself of reserve tissue that she needs for health and beauty.



NERVOUS breakdowns among girls are frequent.

An amazing number of nervous breakdowns is reported among college students, among debutantes and girls in the business world, who cannot stand the gaff because of their refusal to eat the energy-providing foods.

Fat leads as the energy-building food. A body cannot store a reserve supply of energy without the consumption of a quantity of fat. Physicians generally agree that it is not half so much the so-called dissipations of the younger generation—the occasional cigarette or the sip of stimulant—that are responsible for the common depression and nervous attacks, as it is the fact that they have not enough reserve muscle and fat.

If weight is kept at the right level, there is no reason why life should not be one pæan of joy for the young. But in their misdirected zeal to become or remain excessively thin, women accomplish most regrettable physical disturbances. And if they insist upon pursuing this practice, weak spots on the lungs and general anæmia may be developed.

Without energy-building foods, the circulation becomes impaired and fatigue poisons weaken the system.

One of the most baleful results of the pursuit of the extremely lean figure is derangement of the alimentary tract. The muscles and walls of the abdomen weaken and permit a general collapse of the internal organs, especially the stomach. Hence, loss of stamina, sallow complexion, eruptions of the skin, and a generally unhealthy aspect that paints and powders will not cover.

No modern young woman wants to be stout, and we are not urging that on her, but there is a world of difference in health and appearance between overweight and an emaciated figure or a body reduced to an anæmic state.

A girl cannot look her best with drawn cheeks, haggard eyes, scalp drained of oils that furnish health and gloss to hair, sallow and blemished skin—frequent characteristics of the underweight.

In order to store up the necessary reserve tissue, young women may have to modify their present standard of leanness. Those who suffer anæmia and fatigue through no fault of a foolish reducing course should visit a physician. If there is nothing physically wrong, the cause may be ascribed to unwise habits of living—in eating, working, sleeping, or pastimes.

In weight-gaining programs there is one general principle to be observed: rest more and eat more of the right kind of food.

Slowing down and learning to relax are the most difficult feats for the thin, nervous type to achieve. Even though one may be taking the right kind of food to gain weight, there will be little improvement until one learns to take life easier. It takes twice as much energy to walk as to sit, so thin persons should walk less and ride more, stand less and sit more.

EXCESSIVE thinness is more harmful than mild dissipation.

Quiet forms of exercise should be substituted for violent ones; abandon the Charleston, Black Bottom, and jazz dancing until weight is recovered. Perhaps this is a large order to expect of a spirited young person, but more rest and sleep must be accepted sensibly as part of the cure for hollow cheeks, sunken chests, and for rounding out spindly legs, to say nothing of improving shattered nerves.

Some thin individuals appear to eat enough to make them fat, but they eat the wrong kind of food. Others are thin because they have small appetites; but appetites, it has been proved over and over again, can be trained.

THE habit of omitting breakfast is to be deplored. Many of the young reducing faddists have acquired the no-breakfast habit or the taking of a small bite of toast with coffee. Three full meals a day are needed to build a physique, and breakfast should be fairly full.

A breakfast composed of fruit, cereal drowned in cream, buttered toast, and a glass of milk is a good one to start a weight-gaining day. Butter is the most appetizing of all fats, bacon a great energy producer, and the yolks of eggs are rich in fat.

For luncheon, a creamed soup—try a bisque or chowder—a salad with oil dressing, bread and butter, and a glass of half milk and half cream.

For dinner, fat meats are recommended with rich gravy, bread and butter, starchy vegetables, such as potatoes and rice, leafy vegetables; and for desserts custards served with whipped cream, ice cream, nuts, and cheese.

Fluid foods such as milk, cocoa, chocolate, and malted milk should replace tea and coffee as beverages.

Fresh fruits and vegetables, though not fattening, are necessary in a weight-gaining diet to promote proper bowel action.

Many people have the impression that drinking milk will round them out. They set about attempting to consume a quart a day and often see no increase in weight result. Milk does not always make fat, but when taken along with the other fattening foods recommended, it supplies necessary vitamins and phosphorus which contribute healthfully to the program.

THE END

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

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Anyhow, I know Eskimo Pie makes me feel better—an' that's why I dig into my studies so hard, an' why they made me president of the Lincoln Club.

Right now I'm 'maginin' myself peelin' back that silver wrapper an' feelin' my tongue tingle before the first bite into that crunchy choc'late coatin', right down into that big thick helpin' of cold delishus ice cream. Do I like it? Why, say, if I was my little brother I'd forget my manners an' lick th' wrapper!

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Tony's TRAINED LION

More Adventures of Emmy, Nicky, and Greg

A STORY *for* CHILDREN

By ALINE KILMER

Pictures by ROBERT A. GRAEF

LIFE was very hard for Tony. Any boy with a flock of much younger brothers and sisters will know just how hard it was. Emmy was the eldest of the three little ones, and she was six years younger than Tony.

Nothing that he had was safe. His books, which he took such good care of, were thrown about, or, even worse, scribbled over with pencil or crayon, or torn. He liked to play solitaire, but *they* liked to build card houses. He couldn't keep a whole pack of cards more than two days.

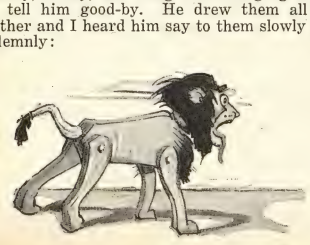
While he was away at school, from Mondays to Fridays, his room would be entered by them, "just 's if they were burglars!" he complained. His clothes would be strewn around, his neckties used for horse reins. And his collection of boats! Always there would be at least one boat ruined. A sailboat would have a broken mast. A clockwork steamer would be without its key, or have its spring broken. Tony was hopeless. He had got so he scarcely complained. What was the use?

But now that he had a "Young Chemist's" set, bought with his own money, saved from his allowance of twenty-five cents a week, he felt that something serious had to be done to save it.

He knew there was no use appealing to me. He had done that before; and, though I was very sorry for him, nothing had changed. Tony knew that I meant well, but I couldn't protect him. I couldn't protect myself.

Tony must have made his plans in secret. Certainly he didn't consult me. Still, I did nothing to spoil his plan, even though Tony, usually the most truthful boy in the world, was telling a lie. A downright, deliberate lie!

As he was standing in the hall, his suitcase beside him, waiting for the taxi that would take him to his train that Monday morning, Emmy, Nicky, and Greg were hanging about to tell him good-by. He drew them all together and I heard him say to them slowly and solemnly:



"Whatever you children do, you mustn't go into my room while I'm away, because"—his dark brown eyes grew extra large and his voice was deep and mysterious—"I've got something up there to watch it for me. I've got a *lion* there that will eat you all up if you open the door!"

Nicky's eyes were so big and round as he listened that you'd have thought they would jump out of his head. He was horrified. This sounded like all the bad dreams he had ever had rolled into one.

"But—but, Tony, won't he eat *you?*" he asked faintly.

Tony faltered a little at this and slipped an arm about Nicky's shoulder, patting him. Then he hardened his heart.

"No," said Tony, and I didn't see how he could be so mean, "no, he won't eat *me*. I've got him trained; trained so he'll eat any of you three that goes in the door—or even opens it."

HER ear against the panel of the door, listening—listening.

NICKY looked a little reassured, but still scared. Greg was harder to scare. He seemed perfectly indifferent. Emmy flicked her blue skirt and tossed her yellow head with an air of defiance.

"You can keep your ol' lion," she said proudly. "We don't wan' to go in your room, anyway!"

The three stood in the door watching Tony as he went away. Emmy, her cheeks bright pink, her eyes bright blue, her hair bright yellow, looked puzzled. Nicky, his eyes blue also, but such a different blue—wide and wondering and china blue instead of dark and sparkling like Emmy's—and his hair soft and pale yellow instead of bright and fluffy.

Greg watched, too. Greg with his light tan hair lying close to his head, his great hazel eyes, and his small and solemn mouth. Nobody could tell what Greg was thinking. He stood in the doorway in front of Emmy and Nicky, his head coming just below Nicky's shoulder, twisting a button on his purple jumper suit, until Tony had disappeared. Then all three of them turned and ran into the house.

For two days they behaved beautifully. They played with their blocks, with their trains, with Emmy's dolls. They bathed the cat and fell out of the swing and tumbled downstairs just as usual. But they stayed away from Tony's room. Maybe Tony had won out. They had never before let his things alone so long!

On the morning of the third day I saw Emmy, on her way downstairs to breakfast, casting wistful glances toward Tony's closed door. She walked downstairs with her head turned back over her shoulder, but she said never a word.

"JUST 's if they were burglars!"

At noon I found her with her ear against the panel of the door, listening—listening.

In the evening, as they got ready for bed, she ran down the hall to the door and sniffed around like a little dog.

"Isn't it funny," she said to me as she came slowly back to finish undressing, "isn't it funny that everybody has a different smell?"

ON the morning of the fourth day they left the dining-room together after breakfast. Once outside the door Emmy caught Nicky's hand.

"Come on, Nicky!" she cried in an excited whisper. "Let's go up an' see that lion Tony has in his room!"

Nicky's eyes were rounder than ever in his round face.

"If you *insist* upon it," he agreed and suffered her to lead him upstairs. And behind them, determined not to be left out of anything, stumped Greg.

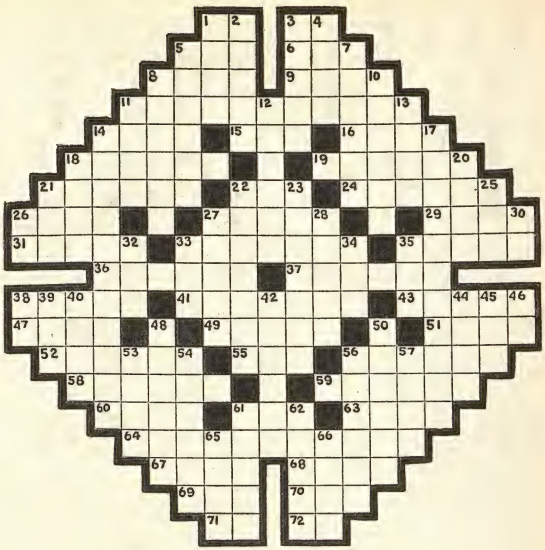
And, after all, Tony hadn't been lying—altogether. There, in front of his closet door, its face to the front and its tawny mane bristling, stood the wooden lion from Tony's old Humpty-Dumpty Circus.

In next week's story you will read how Carlotta proved herself the bravest girl in the world—by giving Mumsy a scolding!

THERE, its face to the front and its tawny mane bristling, stood the wooden lion from Tony's old Humpty-Dumpty Circus.

$25 *for* CROSS WORDS

THERE are two phrases in cross-word terminology that some of our readers find hard to understand: "all-over interlock" and "unkeyed letter." An all-over interlock is a puzzle design in which no part is entirely separated from any other part by black squares. An unkeyed letter is a letter that contributes to the formation of only one word, and gives no aid to words adjoining. Send your original puzzles or any questions, accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope, to Cross Words, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.



Prize Puzzle No. 30

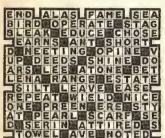
By THELMA SPINNENWEBER, Little Rock, Arkansas

HORIZONTAL

1 A pronoun
3 Myself
5 To rest on the haunches
6 A priestly vestment
8 A footway
9 A short lance
11 The doctrines of Martin Luther
14 Part of a wheel
15 To thrust with violence
16 Profound
18 More rigid
19 Places of sacrifice
21 To make speed
22 Corroded
24 To hold in regard
26 Soil
27 Schemes
29 Entreaty
31 Ocular
33 To dispute
35 Attics
36 To have under control
37 Kinswomen
38 To ponder anxiously
41 Foot coverings
43 Courses of nourishment
47 To gain by labor
49 Approaches
51 Musical composition for three
52 Trained to a particular manner of walking
55 Suffix denoting place of origin
56 Depression larger than a gully
58 Greater
59 Proportions
60 Knowledge
61 A mound
63 Demeanor
64 Abasement (plural)
67 A number of persons associated in any work
68 To throw lightly
69 Tear
70 To be indebted
71 A denial
72 A parent

VERTICAL

1 In the company of
2 An anæsthetic
3 Form of address to a woman
4 Ardor; dash
5 A cotton fabric with satiny surface
7 Part of a harness
8 Puckered
10 Poisonous African fly
11 Fluff from yarn or fabrics
12 Portion of stem of a climbing palm
13 Flesh
14 Token of regard
17 A part of speech
18 Sour
20 Individual considered as an identical person
21 Thigh joint
22 One to whom title to property is transferred
23 To trap
25 Came upon
26 Execute
27 Heathen
28 Journeys by water
30 While
32 Ill-bred fellow
33 A fuel
34 An affirmative
35 Conducted
38 To partake of reality
39 A tatter
40 Verbal
42 Rushes
44 Birds of prey
45 A bond
46 Thus
48 Repentance
50 Morning prayers
53 Stepped
54 More profound
56 Having branches
57 Contends for superiority
61 Rate of movement
62 To impede or bar by law
65 Precipitated moisture
66 An Indian of a Siouan tribe



Answer to Puzzle No. 29

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Rubber and RAILS

Showing There's No Need for the Iron Horse to Shy at the Motor Car

An Article by
HARPER LEECH

Pictures by CAREY ORR

THE railroads now realize that the goose they tried to kill has laid a golden egg.

LARGELY because Americans are now driving 23,000,000 autos, busses, and trucks, American railroads had their greatest year in 1926—made more money, paid more taxes, hauled more freight, and actually carried more long-distance passengers than ever before. Their 1927 pace shows no slackening.

Next to prohibition, jazz, the younger generation, and the relative merits of various makes of autos, the most popular topic of conversation for two or three years back has probably been the havoc which motors have seemed to be dealing to rails. Even railroad presidents have talked that way, some through their hats, some because their particular lines were hard hit on short-haul freight traffic, branch-line business, or short passenger runs.

The cold figures showing the railway operating and financial results for 1926 should end that sort of conversation forever.

After the confusion that always attends the social adjustment of a new industry to its competitors, we are now in a position safely to estimate the future of both rails and motors. That future, like the present, will involve competition for some types of business, promoting general transportation efficiency.

But the motor industry in the future, as in the past, will contribute many times as much in profits and in permanent wealth to the railroads as it will take from them, and the railroads will continue to contribute to the prosperity of the motor industry, which would never have been born, or at least raised, without the railroads.

The oldest American railroad got its charter in February, 1827. It is still running under the terms of that charter, and was never in better condition than today.

THE centenarian railroad industry of America is breaking records every year, with all the sporting zeal of our youngest industries, not excepting its newest competitors—motors and airplanes. Its technical development is probably just beginning all over again.

After 100 years the American people find themselves in possession of a railroad plant worth $25,000,000,000. In another quarter

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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· KEEPS THE TEETH WHITE ·

[RUBBER AND RAILS
Continued from Page Sixty-seven]

century this investment may be more than doubled—even tripled.

On at least 25,000 miles of line—the 10 per cent of the American rail system that carries half the freight traffic—the steam locomotive is slated for the discard, to be succeeded by the electric motor. The crosstie will be succeeded by a permanent concrete base gripping the rails, and 200 miles an hour probably will be commonplace.

No steam locomotive of the first class has ever yet been let out and given a chance to do its stuff, simply because no existing railroad track could hold it.

On many thousands of miles of railroad line there will be expended, in electrification, permanent roadbeds, and the elimination of grades and curves, three or four times the present value of the roadbed and fixed equipment.

And one of the big reasons why all this will happen is the automobile.

When this was a horse-and-buggy country it could support a railroad system only in proportion. Now that it is becoming a motor-horsepower country on street and highway, it will demand another kind of railroad system.

RECENT progress of the railroads, the investment of more than $5,000,000,000 since 1920 as compared to less than $9,000,000,000 from the beginning of railroads to 1890, when the era of free land and empire-building by rail-laying was about over, illustrates this point.

The growth of the wealth and purchasing power of the American people, which has enabled the railroads to obtain and invest $5,000,000,000 in the last seven years, is of course due to the new industries that have grown up and given jobs to millions.

The motor industry, directly and indirectly, has been the greatest single producer of new wealth in America for a quarter of a century.

No existing statistics, and no possible statistics we could afford to collect and compile, would be adequate to show the traffic the automobile industry and other industries it has called into being or expanded have thrown to the railroads.

But we can definitely trace more than 3,000,000 carloads of railroad freight a year to the automobile and highway-building industry. This is equal to three weeks' full work for the railroads every year. As something like 3,500,000 people are employed directly or indirectly in the motor industry, and as that many workers represent 10 per cent of the population, it is equally apparent that 10 per cent of general railroad traffic is now bound up with the motor industry.

It takes American railroads running at average capacity three weeks to earn their taxes every year, and nineteen days to earn their dividends. Since these dividends are less than their taxes, the motor industry directly may be said either to pay all their taxes

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE SIXTY-EIGHT]

or to pay their dividends. It takes the railroads twenty-seven days' work to pay for their locomotive fuel and forty-one days to make the interest on the money they have had to borrow—a large part of which backs your insurance policy or pays for the upkeep of your boy's college.

The direct and indirect traffic the railroads derive from the activities of the motor industry possibly amounts to less than their interest charges, but if we should attempt to take into account the general increase of railroad business because of the growth of the motor industry, we should be getting far out of range of ascertainable facts and figures.

A SPEED of 200 miles an hour probably will be commonplace.

For instance, no small part of the residential building in America in recent years has been due to the expansion of suburbs, which the motors caused; and railroads have had the lion's share of the traffic in building materials.

Turning the thing around, we should probably find that, directly and indirectly, the railroads give employment to more than 3,000,000 men supporting 10 per cent of the population of this country. Therefore about 10 per cent of all automobile business is from the railroads.

SUCH estimates must be highly general, but they represent facts, which form a link of co-operation among all industries, even the most competitive.

We have, then, two giant transportation enterprises, each supporting 10 per cent of the American people, and serving them all and each other. It is interesting to note that the value of the two transportation plants is approximately equal, and that together they constitute about 20 per cent of our national wealth.

Here's the approximate inventory:

Miles of railroad, 250,000; locomotives, 68,000; freight cars, 2,500,000; passenger cars, 57,000—value, $25,000,000,000.

Miles of improved highway, 500,000; motor cars and trucks, 23,000,000—value, $25,000,000,000.

THE annual transportation bill of the United States appears to be about $13,000,000,000, split about fifty-fifty between the two systems. It is of interest to recall that one system is 100 years old, the other twenty-five. In a quarter century the motor transport system has grown from nothing to $25,000,000,000, and the rail industry has grown by something like $14,000,000,000.

The future division of business between the two is already pretty clearly indicated.

The automobile is already the premier passenger carrier. The railroad remains the principal freight carrier, and its position is not even threatened.

A locomotive engineer, a fireman, and four or five trainmen can turn out more freight transportation than 1,000 chauffeurs driving five-ton trucks. Labor is the big item in all transportation costs.

That is an extreme comparison, an ideal train on an ideal road with an ideal kind of freight and loading; but as the average truck capacity is one and a quarter tons today and the average freight-car capacity is more than forty-four tons (while the average actual loading of a freight car is twenty-seven tons), the railroad's advantage is seen to be insuperable.

Not only is the railway plant more economical of human labor: the horsepower of all locomotives is about 140,000,000. Automobiles represent a power plant of about 700,000,000 horsepower, five times as great as the motive power used on rails.

In one year's time, measuring by weight and distance, the 140,000,000 horsepower of locomotives does twelve times the work performed by the 700,000,000 horsepower of automobile engines.

Neither the steam locomotive nor the automobile is a very efficient machine for the conversion of fuel into mechanical energy, but the locomotive uses a cheap fuel; the auto requires an expensive fuel.

When electric locomotives of 7,000 horsepower and upward have displaced a large share of the present 2,500- and 3,000-horsepower steam locomotives, the relative efficiency of rail power over automobile power will be vastly greater than now.

Before going further, let's indulge in two definitions of the yardsticks by which traffic men measure performance. A passenger mile is the conveyance of one person one mile; a ton mile is the movement of a ton of freight one mile.

An American railroad moves a ton of freight one mile for one cent plus one of those money units you learned in arithmetic, but have never seen—a mill.

Basing our estimate on the number of passenger automobiles and busses in the country, and the average annual mileage of an automobile, we are making a reasonable guess when we put the passenger miles done last year by automobiles at 240,000,000,000. Railroads probably didn't exceed a mere 35,000,000,000 passenger miles last year, and the electric railroads do about 40,000,000,000 a year on city streets and the interurbans.

The automobile as a passenger carrier is ahead of the steam and electric roads by a majority of more than three to one.

Most of this automobile traveling is new movement by the people, and half of it is on city streets only.

Some of it represents business taken away from old Dobbin. A part of it represents business that would have gone to electric railways if the auto had not been invented. The electrics are, however, holding their own in total passenger traffic, although they are not gaining except in some big cities.

FIGURES show steam railroads have lost, too. Travel in day coaches has declined 22 per cent since 1921, but travel in Pullmans has increased 22 per cent in the same period.

The loss of passengers by the railroads has been more significant numerically than financially, because the class of passenger traffic that pays them best is gaining.

Short-haul passenger traffic, like short-haul freight traffic, is rarely as profitable as long-haul business.

Much railroad short-haul business, both passenger and freight, has been done at a loss, so the inroads of the motor are very frequently really a service in disguise.

In freight movement, the railroads' gains more than keep step

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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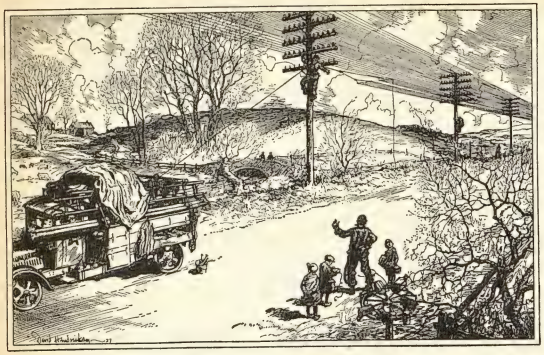

Communication for a Growing Nation

An Advertisement of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

THE first telephone call was made from one room to another in the same building. The first advance in telephony made possible conversations from one point to another in the same town or community. The dream of the founders of the Bell Telephone System, however, was that through it, all the separate communities might some day be interconnected to form a nation-wide community.

Such a community for speech by telephone has now become a reality, and the year-by-year growth in the number of long distance telephone calls shows how rapidly it is developing. This super-neighborhood, extending from town to town and state to state, has grown as the means of communication have been provided to serve its business and social needs.

This growth is strikingly shown by the extension of long distance telephone facilities. In 1925, for additions to the long distance telephone lines, there was expended $37,000,000. In 1926, $61,000,000. During 1927 and the three following years, extensions are planned on a still greater scale, including each year about two thousand miles of long distance cable. These millions will be expended on long distance telephone lines to meet the nation's growth and their use will help to further growth.

New $20.00 Daily Easy

NOTHING LIKE IT

Marvelous invention. Amazing profits. Make $20 daily or $2.00 hour spare time. Self-wringing Mop that works on entirely new principle. Mop works from flat, solid steel plate. Every housewife wants this new, patented mop. Strong, light, durable, rust-proof. Does away with old-fashioned wringing mop.

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Postcard brings you working sample on approval. Biggest seller ever offered. Territory going fast. Act quick.

KLEANEZY MOP CO.
Dept. 804, Delphos, Ohio

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247 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me, for the enclosed 80 cents, a copy of the binder to hold 3 months' issues of LIBERTY.

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4-2-27

How to Pass the Screen Test

By BRENDA UELAND

***In Next Week's* Liberty**

[RUBBER AND RAILS Continued from Page Sixty-nine]

with the growth of the country in population and prosperity. They are carrying for every person in the country 25 per cent more freight than they were five years ago.

Last year they hauled nearly 8,000,000 more carloads than in the last "boom" year of war-bred prosperity.

For the last year for which figures are now complete, railroad freight performance amounted to 414,000,000,000 ton miles. For the same year the closest and most reliable estimate of freight movement by truck was 16,000,000,000 ton miles.

Not more than half of this was on rural highways, and movement by truck on city streets represents no loss to railroads. On highways it may or may not. A large part of rural highway freight movement by truck is feeder traffic to railroads.

Not much more than 15 per cent of rural highway truck traffic moves more than forty miles. The average ton of freight goes 178 miles.

However, the American people may have all their freight moved by truck if they wish. All that is necessary is an additional freight bill of $50,000,000 a day.

That was the price during the war, at its period of maximum expense.

The entire income of the American people is about $200,000,000 a day when prosperity is at the highest peak.

THERE is no doubt that the truck will continue to grab short-haul freight from the railroads, and many railroads have adopted trucks for such service.

The railroad beat the steamboat because, with its 190,000 switch tracks and its terminals, it could go to places that no water carrier could reach.

There are two reasons why the truck will win much business in the short-haul field.

The cost of transportation is very largely in loading and unloading, and wherever a direct truck haul eliminates a rehandling within practical truck radius, the truck will get the business. That's the first reason.

The railroad in such cases has no more chance against the truck than the steamboat had against the railroad. But on the big stuff the truck has no more chance against a railroad than a railroad has today against a lake ore boat from Duluth to Gary.

When the truck takes a short haul from a railroad it very frequently takes a loss from the road. Stopping trains costs money. And that's the second reason why the truck will cop the short-haul freight traffic. Merely bringing a 600-ton freight train to a halt costs from $1.30 to $1.50, to say nothing of the cost of delay and switching after the train is stopped.

To sum it all up: America needs more transportation of all kinds, and is going to get it—on water, rails, rubber, and in the air.

THE END

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Do you want an important, high-salaried position? You can have one if you can do the work. LaSalle experts will show you how, guide you step by step to success and help solve your personal business problems thru the time-saving LaSalle Problem Method. Our *salary-doubling plan* enables you to prepare during your spare hours, without interference with your present duties. Simply mark on the coupon the field in which you desire success, and we will mail you a valuable book describing the opportunities in that field, together with an outline of our *salary-doubling plan.* Also copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One." There is no cost or obligation. Find out how the *salary-doubling plan* starts average men and women on the high road to success and financial independence. Check and mail the coupon NOW.

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The J. R. Watkins Company,
Dept. 137 Winona, Minn.

Walter Treats Lil to the Roseland Revue

And Stages a Show of His Own in the Balcony

The Story of a Hectic Evening in LIBERTY's Famous Cover Serial

FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

By Leslie Thrasher

PUTTING on her hat, Lil felt in low spirits. She was apprehensive of the evening ahead. This was the last night of her stepbrother's visit, and Walter was celebrating by inviting her to a show.

"Come, Lil!" he yelled from the porch. "We wanna get a wiggle on if you're still game to hoof downtown."

Lil handed her engagement ring to Ma, afraid people would think Walter was her acme of a fiancé.

"Nice an' balmy, ain't it?" he said, walking on the inside of the pavement. "Guess you'll like the show. One scene has a dame drinkin' wine up on a tight rope."

Lil took a quick glance at Walter. He was swaggering down the street, whistling through his teeth.

"Ever hear a sea chantey?" he asked, as they turned into South Main Street. Lil jumped. Was he going to give one now? In a deep bass voice he began to sing:

"'What d'you see from your lookout, Jim?'
'Waterspouts a-flashin' far a-beam, OH!'
'Cram on sail, pull 'er in close trim—
They're mad whales lettin' off thar steam, OH!'"

Fortunately for Lil, this marine outburst was drowned in the street noises. Walter suddenly dove into a candy shop, coming out with a large bag. "Cherry suckers," he explained. "Good for the breath." Lil blushed. She hated people eating candy in public from rattling paper bags.

"Put them in your pocket, Walter," she said quietly. "We'll be there in a minute."

"Next block, ain't it? See that chop-suey sign? Reminds me o' Hongkong; went there last year in the Colombo. Some packet—eight thousand tons!" Thinking this remark applied to her, a woman passing by gave Walter a huffy look and a crisp remark.

In the theater, Lil's embarrassment neared its zenith. Walter made unethical remarks about the wood nymphs painted on the lobby walls.

"Just like the Colombo's swell saloon," he told Lil. This bold word made every prohibitionist in the foyer turn to stare at Lil.

She was more at ease when they were seated. Walter used the balcony rail as a keyboard to clink out a series of military marches. Lil began to fidget.

The first act of The Roseland Revue overbrimmed with comedy—and Walter's loud laughter drew the attention of their neighbors.

"Don't you get that one about the honeymoon?" he asked Lil, who hadn't laughed. "*He* made *her* carry the grips—"

"Sh-h-h!" said the people at the back, trying to enjoy the show.

"Who's that prize cuckoo?" Walter demanded in an attempt at a whisper. Lil turned, not meaning to at all. It was Mrs. Alling, a friend of Ma's, whose sudden "Sh-h-h" now started a series of such warnings.

Walter groaned, "Noah sprang that one on his wife when they set the dove loose." And he began shaking coins in his trousers pockets. "Say, Lil!" he said suddenly. "Don't the guy leadin' the orchestra look like Pop? Maybe he's leadin' a double life!" He chuckled, stuck one foot away up to the balcony rail, and Lil rescued the bag of cherry drops just in time.

"Sh-h-h!" she said, hurriedly beginning to feed the hard candies to Walter.

(To be continued next week)

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Eye versus Stomach

Dicky was out playing. When he came in his mother said:

"Did you see the two nice pies I made?"

"Sure," he answered. "I ate the small one."—Mrs. J. G. K., Woodmen, Colo.

* * *

The Farther Away, the Better

Jane, five, was greatly afraid of dogs. Her aunt, one day, seeing her watch one as it ran down the street, asked, "Do you like dogs, Jane?"

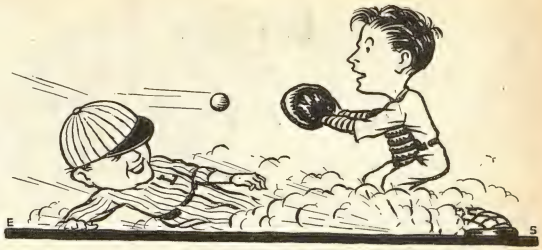
"Yes," the child replied, "I like 'em running."—R. D., Cleveland, Ohio.

* * *

A Safe Hiding-Place

Dorothy, age three, was watching her grandmother icing a cake. After it was finished grandmother was looking for a place to hide it from her sons, who were very fond of cake. After following her around the kitchen for a while, Dorothy said:

"Grandma, why don't you eat it?"—N. M., South Plainfield, N. J.



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Now is the time to get ready for the baseball season. You can win all your baseball equipment free. Win gloves, balls, bats, uniforms, and many other fine prizes, besides having a regular income every week. Clean, easy work right in your own neighborhood. No interference with school or play. No money or experience necessary. The coupon below will bring you all information and our big catalog of free prizes. Mail it today.

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VOX POP

How to Win Football Games

BOSTON, MASS.—I read with pleasure Hugh Fullerton's straightforward article on Major Cavanaugh as a football coach. He is the first big-time writer who has brought the real Cav to the attention of the public. He errs in one thing: I would put Cav in the inspirational as well as the rough-toss school.

I remember one game in my sophomore year. We came into the locker-room between halves with the score 6 to 0 against us. Cav simply stood in the doorway, looked disgusted, and said: "My God, what a decadence in the Irish!" Final score 24 to 6 in our favor.—*William J. Doyle.*

Two Bones to Pick

OMAHA, NEB.—In reference to the story, Iodine Year, by Helen Topping Miller, I should like to know what kind of a man *Wyatt Kilgore* is that he has 208 bones in his body while the rest of us have only 206. It looks as if the rest of us got cheated, doesn't it?—*William J. Esser.*

Rays of Sunshine

HOUSTON, TEX.—'Ray for LIBERTY, 'Ray for Springs, 'Ray for Vox Pop,

and the whole magazine!—*O. S. Brown.*

Rebuking Rebecca

WINTER HAVEN, FLA.—Rebecca, Rebecca—has your mind gone West? Your article, Are There Too Many Attractive Men? is the worst yet. —*R. J. Welsh.*

The Call of the Wild

SPRINGFIELD, MO.—I've just finished reading Rebecca West's amusing answer to the question, Are There Too Many Attractive Men?

Apparently, Becky's observation of the masculine element has been confined to the drawing-room. Doth a hunter shoulder his gun and stalk the lion among the lilac bushes?

Please invite Becky down to our Missouri Ozarks, where men are *men* and even the iceman is a hero. —*Jack S.*

An Imprudent Man

ALBANY, N. Y.—Rebecca West's article, Are There Too Many Attractive Men? is the last straw.

Science has proved to us that a man's brain averages one-fourth larger than a woman's, and also that women retain many more of their infantile characteristics than do men, mentally as well as physically. It is also a well known and incontrovertible fact that when men wish to relax mentally they seek feminine companionship, but for really deep thinking and worth-while discussion they must look to their own sex. —*B. K.*

Two Husbands Needed

COUTTS, ALBERTA—If it were possible to furnish every woman with two men—one to make the money to pay for her whims, and one to spend his time taking care of his good looks and thinking up pretty compliments to pay her—it might be possible to satisfy such women as Rebecca West, although I doubt it. That's the way I feel after reading her article, Are There Too Many Attractive Men?—*E. L. R.*

The Boiling Point of Scientists

JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY, BALTIMORE, MD.—The story by Frank R. Adams which appeared recently in LIBERTY, entitled Love's Pair o' Dice, was absolutely the worst trash I ever read. The treatment of scientists would be an insult, if it were not so absurd.

I was born in a house where test tubes were as common as spoons. For fifteen years I have studied biology. I never met any such idiots as Mr. Adams described, and I doubt if anyone else has done so.—*Cyril E. Abbott.*

An Unscientific Report

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—I liked that Love's Pair o' Dice, by Frank R. Adams, in a recent LIBERTY. It sure was *some cute.* We want more of those "different" stories.

You heard me!—*Millicent.*

Too Much Sex Appeal

BLUEFIELD, W. VA.—We think that the perennial *Lil* and her *Sandy* constitute the most damnably atrocious crime ever perpetrated upon an innocent, long-suffering, and defenseless people.

Ralph Barton's News of the World is one of your best features. It is real humor.

We were not in the least interested in what Rosita Forbes would do with her love life, even if, like a cat, she had nine of it to live over. We protest against what we consider the worst tendency of LIBERTY—the publication of so much sexy stuff of a biographical and autobiographical nature.—*Richard Tuggle.*

Get Your License Here

STAPLES, MINN.—For the sake of consistency, why don't you change the name of your magazine from LIBERTY to *License?*—*E. I. Sparks.*

Shellfish R in Season

METHUEN, MASS.—LIBERTY is the receiving station for crabs.—*Frank L.*

Room for Two

PITTSBURGH, PA.—Why compare Lincoln and Washington? Each was best in his own time and place. Great as each was, America's heart has room for both.—*Murray Fahnestock.*

Those Who Want to Forget

CHICAGO, ILL.—Why do you persist in featuring war stories when the world in general is fed up on war and all the horrors that follow in its wake? I served with the 111th Infantry, 28th Division, was wounded and gassed, and at present am living from hand to mouth by picking up odd jobs. I look backward with regret and forward with foreboding.

Why add to ex-bucks' misery by rehashing all that damnable war stuff?—*N. E. R.*

Those Who Want to Remember

PORT ARTHUR, TEX.—Just a gentle reminder to those human volcanoes from whom eruptions are flowing through Vox Pop to the effect that the war is over. Three war buddies who were gassed in the war that is "over" died on the same day and were laid to rest in the same cemetery *not more than ten days ago* in Denver, Colorado.

Not casting any insinuations, but there is a certain class of people that unhappily (for various reasons) does not realize that there has been a war, and of course war stories seem fabulous and mythical to them.—*Thomas F. Johnson.*

One Man's Meat—

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—I would rather go without my dinner than

miss that lovely story, The Fear of God.—*Sarah F. Collins.*

—Is Another's Poison

CHICAGO, ILL.—How were you ever embezzled into putting The Fear of God into your otherwise spiffy magazine?—*Ray Abel.*

Competition Wanted

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—We want contests! Big, little, and every kind. —*Constant Fan.*

A Lady Prefers Blonds

KANSAS CITY, MO.—One might have known a man wrote the letter that appeared in Vox Pop entitled, A Hard World for a He-Man. In it he claimed that women love and admire the "pseudo-passionate, slinky, hothouse boys."

Little does he know the heart of a woman!

I prefer mine square-shouldered, small-waisted, with blond curly hair —and *he-men!*—*Antoinette L'André.*

Curses for Our Covers

PITTSBURGH, PA.—Your covers are not worth a * @ !! ? (censored). Please ditch them.—*A* LIBERTY *Fan.*

But Milly Is Kind

SUPERIOR, WIS.—Say, what's the idea in wanting to throw For the Love o' Lil in the scrap heap? Please leave *Lil* alone and let her have her lover.—*Milly Larson.*

E Pluribus Unum

HYATTSVILLE, MD.—After having read Vox Pop for some time I would like to make the following recommendations for the betterment and advancement of your magazine:

1. Cut out war stories.
2. Give us more stories of the war.
3. Fire your staff—it is awful.
4. Keep your staff intact—it is the berries.
5. Stop publishing Sidney Sutherland's trash.
6. Print more articles by Sidney Sutherland.
7. Stop all prize-fight articles.
8. Feature more articles on boxing.
9. Install a Tiddly-Winks Department.
10. Increase circulation.
11. Stop publication.—*Ralph T. Cary.*

Utopia

HOUSTON, TEX.—What would happen to this country if we all should suddenly decide to read only LIBERTY, to the exclusion of all other reading matter?—*H. J. D.*

How Big Is Enough?

CHATTANOOGA, TENN.—The big objection I have to your LIBERTY is, it *ain't big enough.*—*P. F. E.*

Summing It All Up

MUNCIE, IND.—When I read Vox Pop I am reminded of the old woman who said she guessed it took all kinds of people to make up the world, and she was mighty glad she wasn't one of 'em.—*F. M. S.*

The colorful roof you want

and the durability you must have

NATURALLY, you want your roof to be one of the modern, *blended* color roofs. You realize, of course, that so conspicuous a feature of your home must be beautiful as well as serviceable.

Fortunately, it is no longer necessary to sacrifice strength and ruggedness to have this color beauty. Both are combined in Beaver Vulcanite Blended Roofs.

With beautiful new shingles they offer a color blend to harmonize with any type of trim and any surroundings, at very moderate cost.

Garnet Blend is a harmony of sunset reds. *Tawny Blend* shows the tans and browns predominating. *Verdant Blend* has the blue-green cast of summer meadows. *Autumn Blend* is like the radiant woods in fall time.

Each of these roofs is made more artistic by the distinctive Beaver *hexagon* pattern with deep, tile-like shadow lines.

But, in addition to colorful beauty, a Beaver Vulcanite Blended Roof is a wonderfully sturdy, long-wearing roof. Everywhere it is famous because of the *six daring tests of durability*—created by Beaver experts so that you might judge Beaver Vulcanite in your own home in comparison with any other roofing.

We invite you to make these scientific tests. See why Beaver Vulcanite Shingles resist fire, defy sun, wind, rain, snow and ice; why the beautiful mineral colors will not melt, wash, blow or fade away during many years of exposure. Approved by Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc.

Send for free samples. Note the special Beaver Hexagon Slab design—that gives a double thick, weather-tight roof with triple thickness at the butts; that can be laid in less time and at less expense. Make the Six Daring Tests. We will send samples, literature describing the tests and also a nearby Beaver dealer's name. THE BEAVER PRODUCTS CO., Inc., Dept. 1204, Buffalo, N.Y.; Thorold, Ontario, Canada; London, England.

"Consult the Beaver Products Dealer in Your Town."

BEAVER VULCANITE BLENDED ROOFS

No Harm Done When It's

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Dries in less than 30 minutes

It's dry before the children can get to it—for this new lacquer finish dries to the touch in five minutes and is *thoroughly dry* in less than a half-hour.

No matter what worn surfaces about your home you may wish to finish—furniture, floors, woodwork—you can *now* get more beautiful and more enduring results without the usual "wet paint" waiting.

Home folks everywhere are using Laca, because of the better and quicker results they are getting. There's a dealer near you who has Laca in attractive solid colors, in beautiful transparent shades and in the rich clear effect. See him today or use the coupon.

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National Headquarters, Cleveland, O.

Enclosed find 10 cents in stamps for which please send me a 40-cent sample can of Laca in the color checked below. Also a copy of "A Garden of Color in Your Home" and a Laca Color Chart.

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Check color here. *Solid colors:* Old Ivory, Golden Yellow, Orange, India Buff, Mist Blue, French Gray, Lettuce Green, Shantung Blue, Mandarin Red, Apple Green, Rich Blue, Bright Red, Jade Green, Golden Brown, Dark Green, Buff, French Yellow, Light Gray, Drab, Oak, Slate, Black, White. *Transparent colors:* Light Oak, Dark Oak, Walnut, Dark Mahogany, Clear.

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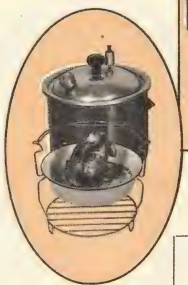
The ART of Roasting Small Cuts

By ETHEL SOMERS

"SMALL roasts or none at all," is the latest demand in modern marketing for meats. "How can I, with crowded storage and cooking facilities, serve my small family of light eaters the roasted meats they continually crave?" is a pathetic, constant query from the endeavoring housewife. Running a close second is the following like query: "Our meat bill is too high, yet we must have roasts. Will you advise me?"

The meat industries all over the country, and more particularly in the metropolitan districts, have taken cognizance of this need. They are coming to the rescue by butchering younger and younger animals. The so-called baby beeves are being fattened and brought to slaughter. But such revolutionized marketing of meat, it seems, has answered the housewife's urgent clamor only in part.



A PRESSURE cooker is excellent for cooking the dry small roast.

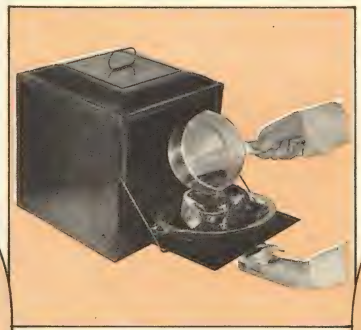
She is still in difficulty with her small roasts. Beef that was of a fine, firm texture, composed of bright-red muscle fibers, marbled with sweet yellowish-white fat, when roasted in the small cut turns out surprisingly tough and dry. That done-to-a-turn, deliciously juicy roast of former days, with its rich, brown crust, is now scarcely found except at the barbecue stands. Roasting these large barbecue cuts is easy. Roasting the small cuts is found to be hard.

The smaller the roast, the more easily it is spoiled in roasting. Select meat in cuts as small as one pound may be roasted successfully uncovered. The secret of success with tiny roasts lies in perfect and minute oven control, enhanced by meticulous basting with the hot, searing fat as the roast goes into the fiercely heated oven, and in fact throughout the roasting process.

This basting, aided by the properly controlled oven heat, quickly sears the *outside* of the meat before the heat has a chance to penetrate and toughen the center. The danger with small roasts is that a too slow oven causes the consecutive layers from the outside to the very core to shrink and toughen as the roasting progresses. An unpalatable dry, tough product results.

Small roasts, such as stuffed chops and rolled short steaks, may be roasted uncovered. This roasting may be done in the small oven, broiler oven, or upper oven. Less select meat or tougher cuts should be roasted covered or, if you will, steamed tender in a pressure cooker. Small roasts are here to stay! Why not practice with these to develop your "cooking sense" until you attain satisfaction and ultimate mastery? Only by so doing will your family have those delicious roasted meat snacks for which, as you know, they crave.

FOR oven roasting, select a choice cut of meat (rib or loin preferred), even as small as one pound. Small roasts must be very well skewered and tied into shape, especially when a rolled roast is being used, since this prevents excessive drying during the roasting process.



TO sear the small roast, pour smoking hot fat over it just before placing in the oven.

Time-Table for Roasting Meats Covered

Kind of Meat	Sear at	Roast at	Minutes a Pound
Beef			
Flank steak	500°F.	325°F.	30
Short ribs	500°F. 20 min. or until browned	325°F.	30
Mutton			
Shoulder	500°F. 20 min.	325°F.	30
Veal			
Breast	500°F. 20 min.	325°F.	25

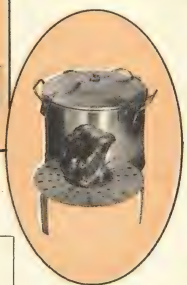
Time-Table for Roasting Meats Uncovered

Kind of Meat	Sear at	Roast at	Minutes a Pound	Inside Temperature*
Beef				
Short steak, rolled, 1½, 2, or 3 pounds	500°F. 20 min.	400°F. 20 min. at least	8 (rare) 10 (medium) 12 (well done)	55°C. 65°C. 75°C.
Filet beef	500°F. 10 min.	400°F. 20 min. more		
Lamb				
3 or more chops or breast of lamb	500°F. 30 min.	400°F.	25	85°C.
Pork				
3 or more chops	500°F. 30 min.	325°F.	30; or for a 1-lb. roast not less than 40	88°C.
Tenderloin	500°F. 20 min.	325°F.		
Veal				
2 or more rib or loin chops	500°F. 30 min.	325°F.	30	84°C.

* Found by inserting a tube thermometer to center of roast

If the cut of meat used is lacking in fat, which is, of course, not to be desired, use additional fat either rubbed into the outer surface or skewered into the top of the roast itself. Veal is rubbed with a generous layer of fat and then floured.

Preheat the oven for at least 10 minutes with a full-burning flame. Searing at a high temperature at the start is most important, for even the tenderest cut of meat may be toughened to the core by slow roasting. The smaller the roast, the hotter should be the fire. Proper roasting methods sear or toughen the outside layer only by a quick heating, and this layer then protects the inside of the roast from drying out until it is steamed tender. In the case of a large roast, too hot a fire would brown the outside before the center was steamed tender.



PRESSURE cookers have racks to keep the meat from looking braised.

This searing of the outside of a small roast in the very hot oven is greatly speeded by pouring smoking hot fat over the outside of the meat just as the meat is put into the very hot oven.

Once the meat is well seared and browned on all sides, it should be put to roast on a rack to raise it from the bottom of the pan. Preferably it should be stood on the side so that the fat layer is on top to do a good continuous job of basting. Some of the smaller roasts, being topheavy in this position, have to be placed flat. A piece of fat laid on top helps, in such a case.

Being roasted uncovered throughout the process to produce a real roasted effect, the small roast especially necessitates frequent bastings with the collecting meat fat and juice every 5 or 10 minutes, care being taken not to cool off the oven.

If this is impossible or tedious, water may be poured in below the rack upon which the meat roasts just after the searing or browning process is completed, and the whole covered tightly (see Time-Table for Roasting Meats Covered).

At the desired stage of roasting remove to a hot platter, garnish, and serve with prepared gravy made as follows:

Add 2 tablespoons flour to every 2 tablespoons of pan fat to every cup of gravy liquid, which may be milk, water, broth, or soup stock. Season with ¼ teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. The fat and flour should be thoroughly blended and browned and then the whole cooked and stirred for at least 15 minutes.

Tough cuts of *select* meat may be dry roasted, but it is usually safer to roast these covered.

Follow the same procedure as for tender cuts, except that, after searing, water is poured in the bottom of the roaster, usually 1 to 2 cups. Cover the roasting pan tightly and cook as directed in the Time-Table for Roasting Meats Covered. Be sure the water is so shallow that it will not reach the meat.

In preparing meat for pressure-cooker roasting, sear the meat on all sides until well browned in 2 or more tablespoons of hot fat.

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4-2-27

LOVE'S *Greatest* MISTAKE

Pictures by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

The Story of a Girl Who Went Hunting in the Danger Zones of Romance

A Serial by

FREDERIC ARNOLD KUMMER

HONEY McNEILL decided to be extravagant and buy a seat in a parlor car. The decision was, perhaps, the most important of her entire life. Her numbered ticket placed her opposite William Ogden, a successful New York banker. He drew from her that she was going to the great city to visit her married sister, Jane Sommers—and to search for a job. The girl's beauty delighted him. He asked her to look him up.

The suggestion, so casually made, came to the ears of the villainous Ray Becker. Mr. Becker was Mona Terry's young man, and Mona, now a model in a smart shop, had come from the same town as Honey. Becker had visions of the married millionaire of fifty falling for Honey, and of himself in the lucrative role of blackmailer.

Accordingly, money was provided for appropriate clothes for Honey, and she was urged to go to Mr. Ogden and apply for a position. This she did—and got it.

There was no younger man in Honey's life to block Becker's schemes. She had met two young New Yorkers in her home town, and one she had found fascinating: Don Kendall, rich and handsome. But, having made love to Honey, Don was diverted by the charms of her married sister. Then there was Herbert Gibbs, a hard-working architect whom Honey thought estimable—and dull.

And so the attentions that Mr. Ogden showered upon her were accepted. Even his delicate proposal to give her a definite income for a dubious return only half shocked her.

Then came his trip abroad, Honey's illness, and his sincerely ardent letters in consequence. Becker set Mona the task of securing these letters. She pointed out to Honey the enormous sum they might extort—a blackmail scheme.

Honey, shaken by anger, hid the letters.

A MAN came between the curtains of the living-room door—a man wearing a black mask. In his hand was an automatic pistol.

PART SEVEN

THE more Honey reflected upon the muck through which her association with Mona Terry had dragged her, the angrier she became. Partnership in a blackmailing scheme! The thought of it left her raging. How could Mona—how could anyone—suppose she would be willing to take advantage of the trust Mr. Ogden had placed in her?

She began to understand, now, why Mona and Ray Becker had been so eager to have her "play up" to him—could follow all their devious moves, from her first visit to Mr. Ogden's office down to Mona's insistence that she should write to him about her illness while he was abroad. A slimy, degrading business! She longed for someone to restore her self-respect, and turned to Herbert Gibbs. Slow he might be, but at least he stood for the decent, honorable things of life.

As for Mr. Ogden, she could scarcely wait for him to return—he was expected daily—in order that she might have opportunity to hand him back his letters. As for the left-handed love he had offered her, she wanted none of it, nor the money that went with it. In her present austere frame of mind, the whole affair sickened her.

Of Don Kendall she thought much, and always with the same longing to see him—to be near him. Whether he had returned to town or not, she did not know, and she made no attempt to find out. If Mr. Ogden's offer to buy her love had been degrading, so might Don's passionate and pagan love-making be. She felt afraid of him—of herself. Herbert Gibbs she could trust, even though he failed to thrill her.

The visit to Stamford that she had promised to make had been put off because of her illness. Herbert had sent her flowers and telephoned frequently to ask about her. His little attentions pleased Honey greatly. She began to wonder whether life might not be largely made up of such simple, homely things, rather than of tremendous thrills.

The day for the drive to Stamford was finally set, and Herbert called for her in his roadster. For some reason, Honey had pictured the Gibbs homestead as a very modest place. The reality surprised her. A graveled drive, shaded by old and very beautiful elms and oaks, wound through thick shrubbery to the house, a long, low affair of clapboards and shingles. The porch, with its screen of honeysuckle and wistaria, was delightful.

The spacious rooms within were filled with old-fashioned furniture, their floors of wide, dark planks covered with deep-pile rugs. With the book-lined study overlooking a terraced garden at the rear, Honey felt particularly delighted. The stone fireplace in the living-room, Josephine explained to her, had been built more than a hundred years before. Lovey, Herbert's younger sister, made fun of it all, much to Josephine's annoyance.

"What's the use of having ancestors, if you don't live up to them?" Lovey said, sticking out her tongue at one family portrait. "Great-grandpa Philip was a good old egg. Arrested once for smuggling, I'm told. And Great-aunt Eliza Martin ran off with a sea captain and had a perfectly gorgeous time in China."

Josephine's attempts to silence her were futile.

"Some day," she announced, "I shall beat it for Cairo and find myself a nice, good-looking sheik. Want to go along, Miss McNeill?"

"Call me Honey, won't you?" the latter said. "Everybody does."

"Yes—I've noticed it."

The youngster grinned at Herbert as he appeared in a ragged sweater and a disgraceful pair of plus fours.

"Come along," he announced. "It's a six-mile drive to the beach. Back for dinner at two. Your suit's in the car, Honey."

The three of them clattered out. Mrs. Gibbs and Josephine gazed solemnly at each other.

"Very pretty," the former observed. "Good, I think. But there is something I don't understand about her."

"No use arguing with Herbert," Josephine replied. "He's as stubborn as ten mules. I think he means to marry her."

This latter remark, as it happened, was true. Herbert had decided upon that. The swim over, he led Honey to the shelter of a lifeboat drawn up on the beach. There they lingered in the sunshine for a time.

AFTER dinner he undertook to show Honey the rose garden. He guided her, finally, to a stone bench, drew her to a seat beside him.

"Look here, you adorable creature," he said, with his dry smile, "don't you know you ought to get married?"

"Why?" Honey asked, a bit startled.

"Because no one as devastatingly beautiful as you are has any right to be running around loose, tempting impressionable bachelors to lose their heads."

"Do you really think I'm dangerous?"

"Dangerous! You're a positive menace to the peace of mind of the community—especially to mine. Something's got to be done about it."

"What would you suggest?"

"That you marry me, of course. It's the only thing you can do, as I see it."

He spoke so whimsically that Honey scarcely knew whether to take him seriously or not.

"This is so sudden!" she mocked. "Give me time, Herbert dear, to think it over."

"All right. I want you to think it over. I make a hundred a week. That's all. Marrying a man with an income as small as that deserves to be thought over—seriously. It means sacrifices—lots of them. I oughtn't to ask them of you. Wouldn't—if I did not love you so much. Do you know that? I didn't, until recently. Not quite. I suspected it, though. Of course, any girl with your looks should marry millions. Fool if she doesn't. You'd be throwing yourself away on me. But I love you, Honey darling. When you think things over, remember that."

Honey waited for Herbert to sweep her into his arms. Men usually did, when they proposed. Her companion, however, made no such attempt—merely continued to regard her with his singularly grave smile.

"I'm not going to urge you into this thing—to try to take you by storm," he said slowly; "by kissing you—all that. I want you to decide matters for yourself. If you find that you care for me enough to marry me—to share my—poverty—it's almost that, you know, in New York, these days—why, tell me so. I don't believe you'd regret it. But I think a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[LOVE'S GREATEST MISTAKE
Continued from Page Seventy-seven]

woman should decide such things sensibly, and not under the influence of passion—with somebody's lips against hers. Too many marriages are made that way. Moonlight—romance—kisses. Marriage isn't all romance. You've got to think of the morning after. I'm going to give you one week to make up your mind."

Honey heard him in silence. There seemed, in fact, nothing she could say. No doubt his ideas about marriage were correct enough, but they left her chilled. She could not help comparing the businesslike methods of Herbert Gibbs with the whirlwind love-making of Don Kendall—Don, who was all passion, all romance, leaving consequences to take care of themselves.

A little puzzled, a little bewildered, she looked up to see Lovey coming down the path toward them.

"Sorry to interrupt, but tea's ready!" She was grinning impishly.

"We'd better go along," Herbert said. "Mother is a bit particular about being on time at meals."

There was something in the way he spoke that made Honey feel very sure the Gibbs family lived, ordered all the events of their lives, from births to deaths, in a precise and punctual way. Practical—sensible; but hardly exciting.

On the drive back to town, Herbert made no further reference to his proposal, but chatted on about his work, his love for the country, for the old place they had just left. It was close on 10 o'clock when they drew up at Jane's door. Herbert shook her hand as he might have shaken that of a dear friend.

"Good night, Honey," he whispered. "I hope your answer is going to be yes."

Honey climbed the stairs to her sister's apartment, feeling that the day had somehow been a failure. It was very fine, very noble on Herbert's part, no doubt, to be unwilling to sway her through her emotions; but—there was such a thing as being *too* cold-blooded.

Engrossed in her thoughts, she pushed open the apartment door. Then, as the lock clicked behind her, something occurred that left her limp, gasping.

A man came between the curtains of the living-room door—a man wearing a black mask. In his hand was an automatic pistol, its blue muzzle close to Honey's breast.

She tried to scream, but her attempt was smothered by lean, talon-like fingers closing swiftly about her throat.

II

THE puppets that made up Honey's small world had danced fantastically, that Sunday night, to create the situation by which she was faced on her return from the Gibbs place at Stamford.

There was Jane, for example. Jane had said she was not going out. But the hot, lonely afternoon left her restless, bored; and when Mona Terry called up a little after four and suggested a drive to Long Beach, Jane was delighted. They could have a swim, Mona said, and dance afterward. Some friends were taking her down. She did not mention Ray Becker as one of the party, although he was standing beside the telephone when she spoke.

"You simply *must* come," Mona insisted. "We'll stop by for you in half an hour. That will give you time to get dressed."

Jane, however, was already dressed—dressed and waiting in the vain hope that Don Kendall might happen to call. He had frequently done so on Sunday afternoons in the past. She knew he had been out of town, of course—but he should be back by now.

When she left, she stuck a card in the little box in the vestibule, with a few words penciled on it to the effect that she would be back about 10 o'clock.

JANE having been thus disposed of, the powers that be turned their attention to the case of Don Kendall.

That restless young man, grown suddenly sick of the night life of New York, had gone to Canada on a fishing trip—roughing it, with some men friends, in the open. He wanted to think where the air was serene, away from the eternal throb of jazz. Just what he wanted to think about was not clear, even to himself; but he found, when he got there, that it was Honey.

Her vivid young beauty confronted him constantly, mirrored in still lakes, wreathed in fantastic clouds. It annoyed him, in a way, that he could not get the girl out of his mind. But, finding escape impossible, he suddenly packed up his fishing gear, bade his friends a curt good-by, and left for New York as quickly as he could.

In quick shame she moved her arms to cover herself, forgetting her injured shoulder.

It was Sunday night when he arrived—early in the evening.

Being a man of action, he jumped into a cab and drove at once to Jane's apartment. The card, with its penciled message that Mrs. Sommers would be back about 10 o'clock confronted him as he was about to ring the bell. Assuming that Honey was with her sister, he hurried home, bathed and changed, and went to his club for a late dinner.

He wanted to see Honey very much indeed. Otherwise he would have waited until the morning. He wanted to see her, to find out whether the vision of the mirrored lakes was, after all, only a vision or a flesh-and-blood reality. He knew, from past experience, that absence frequently tends toward exaggeration—that the Honey of his dreams might prove to be, when he met her face to face, merely an attractive but unimportant young girl.

He almost hoped it would turn out that way. Don Kendall loved freedom. It irked him to realize that any woman could completely dominate his thoughts. With a vast deal of impatience, he waited for 10 o'clock to arrive.

Meanwhile, Honey, in her sister's apartment, faced a crisis of which she had little dreamed. The appearance of the masked man, and her utter helplessness in his grasp, left her all but paralyzed with fright.

Her first thought was of burglars—her call for help a natural reaction to that thought. But when her cries were stopped by the man's fingers, closing like claws around her throat, she could only struggle blindly, hopelessly, against his superior strength.

One bewildered glance, as she was being dragged into the living-room, confirmed her first impression—that the place had been entered by thieves. She was aware of books and papers scattered over the floor—of confusion, disorder. Then she was flung on a couch. Collecting her whirling senses, she looked up, to find the man in the mask standing over her, speaking in a voice that seemed to her strangely familiar.

"Where are those letters from Ogden?" he snarled.

"RAY!" Honey's exclamation was almost a scream—yet she could not be sure because of the mask.

The man paid no attention to her cries.

"Where are they? I want them—quick!"

Honey struggled to a sitting position, frightened, weak.

"I haven't—I can't let you—"

"Don't try to kid me. Just hand over those letters, or"—once more her assailant's slim fingers reached talon-like for her throat.

"No," she shook her head wearily. "I can't."

Her purse lay beside the couch. The man, catching sight of it, snatched it up and tore it open, so that its small and unimportant contents were scattered upon the floor. Then, with a cry of rage, he seized Honey by the wrist and, whirling her to her feet, began to strip off the sport suit she wore.

In a moment the girl stood in her undergarments, a pitiful, trembling figure. The attack upon her had revealed no hidden letters. But Honey was now filled with other and more poignant fears. She darted toward the bedroom. If she could reach it she might lock herself in!

Her assailant, however, was too quick. Seizing her arm, he bent it behind her, twisting it in a cruel hammer lock. Rage gleamed in his narrowed eyes. Anger and disappointment rasped in his voice.

"Tell me where they are," he snapped, "or I'll twist your damned arm off!"

"No!" Honey said dully.

A wave of pain like a crimson flood rose in her brain. The letters Mr. Ogden had written her were so close to where she stood that she

might have reached out and touched them. But —he had trusted her.

"No!" she gasped, struggling against the pain.

"The hell you won't!" the man growled, giving her arm another twist. "Come on, damn you! Out with it!"

Honey was biting and scratching, now, in her agony.

"No!" she whispered. "I won't do it. I won't."

The waves of pain rose higher, threatening to engulf her senses; but still she managed to resist—to shake her head.

Then the man gave her wrist another deadly turn, and Honey fainted. It was as if the crimson flood in her brain had burst its bounds and drowned her. As she pitched to the floor, she was mercifully unaware that her assailant, in a flare of anger, savagely kicked her.

FATE, having finished for the moment with Honey, now turned its attention to Don Kendall. That young man was driving swiftly across Eighty-second Street, on his way to Jane's apartment. A glance at the lighted windows told him that someone was in.

As he stepped into the vestibule, looking for Mrs. Sommers' bell, a woman passed him, opening the front door with a latchkey. Don followed her up the stairs. At the landing of Honey's floor he glanced down the corridor. A man was just leaving the apartment—a slender, black-haired man, handsome in a vulgar, sleek way. He seemed hurried, angry, as he slammed the door after him and went down the stairs. Some friend of Honey's sister, no doubt, Don thought, as he pressed the bell at the apartment door. The man's face was vaguely familiar.

At first there was no answer to the bell, no sound from within. Don waited for a moment, a grim expression on his clean-cut face.

"Honey!" he cried, leaning his six-foot-two of muscle against the panels of the door. "Is anything wrong?"

He was prepared to burst his way in.

From the silence presently emerged sounds—footsteps—the smooth click of a lock. Then the door moved inward swiftly under the pressure of Don's shoulder. He gazed around him, gasping. Honey stood in the tiny hallway, a disheveled and pathetic figure, her clothing torn to shreds.

Dazed by fright and pain, she had struggled to her feet on hearing the pounding at the door. The thought that help had come gave her quick strength.

Don's amazement gave way to rage. It was confounding enough to find Honey standing thus unclothed before him, but what of the sleek young man he had passed in the corridor —the man who had but a moment before left the apartment? Staring surprised and angry into Honey's flushed face, Don could not know that her left arm had been almost wrenched from its socket—that she was suffering intense and bewildering pain.

"Who was the man that just left here?" he demanded. "And where is your sister?"

"She's—out," Honey whispered.

Then she saw the rage in Don's eyes—the amazement as they fell for a moment to her bare breasts. In quick shame she moved her arms to cover herself, forgetting her injured shoulder.

The sudden spasm of pain that shot through her seared like a hot iron. With a choking sob, she fell into Don's arms.

The contact with her soft, warm body, the tender weight of her, the perfume of her flesh, left Don Kendall almost as dazed as she was herself. He knew nothing of her injuries, but her expression told him a story of devastating pain and fear. Lifting her clear of the floor, he carried her into the living-room and laid her upon the couch. For a brief moment he stood, gazing down at her tender and exquisite beauty. Then, in sudden shame, he went into the bedroom, and, returning with a counterpane, flung it over her.

There was a pitcher of water on the table. He dashed its contents into Honey's face and began to rub her hands, her arms frantically. When she opened her eyes, he questioned her.

"What is wrong, dear?" he asked. "Has someone hurt you?"

"It was—I think it was—" Honey whispered. Then terror sealed her lips.

She could not explain her assailant's presence without admitting the truth about Mr. Ogden's letters. And, even in her agony, she did not want Don to know about them. He would never understand.

"There was a man here," she murmured, "when I came in." She could scarcely speak, being sick with pain. "He had a pistol. When I screamed, fought, he tore my clothes off—wrenched my arm. A burglar, I think."

For the first time Don Kendall saw the scattered books and papers on the floor.

"You poor kid!" he muttered, kneeling beside the couch. But when he sought to take her in his arms, to press quick kisses against her lips, Honey cried out in sudden agony.

Don sprang to his feet.

"For God's sake, tell me what has happened!" he exclaimed.

"It—it's my arm," Honey moaned. "He twisted it. I—I fainted. And something hurts me terribly—here." She pressed her side, her lips gray with pain.

"Good God!" Don exclaimed. "Why didn't you let me know? I'll get a doctor at once!"

Then Jane arrived, bursting in suddenly to find Honey stretched upon the couch, with Don standing beside her. A glance at her sister's gray and agonized face put new fears into Jane's heart.

"Honey! What's wrong?" she asked quickly.

"Someone broke in," Don replied, "and attacked her. I found her like this."

"Oh!" Jane rushed to her sister's side. "Who was it? Tell me."

"I don't think I'd bother about who it was just now, Mrs. Sommers," Don said curtly. "What your sister needs is a doctor."

"There's one in the apartment at the corner. I've been to him. Named Miller."

Jane sprang to the telephone. The doctor was luckily in and would come over at once.

Herbert led Honey to the shelter of a lifeboat drawn up on the beach.

When he did, and had made a quick examination, he gave Honey a tablet to ease her pain, then took Don and Jane into the next room.

"Her shoulder is badly wrenched—ligaments torn—will have to be put in a cast," he said. "Nothing dangerous about that. As for the pain in her side, I can't tell. Ribs fractured, with possible internal injuries. Needs an X-ray examination to be sure. My advice is to send her to a hospital at once."

Don and Jane stared gravely at each other.

"Can you arrange it?" the latter asked.

"Don't know about a room. She may have to go into the emergency ward," replied the doctor. "May I use your telephone?"

An hour later an ambulance deposited Honey at Roosevelt Hospital.

III

MR. WILLIAM OGDEN, returning from Europe that morning, went at once to his office. He arrived, as usual, by way of his private entrance, and seated himself at his desk. He summoned his secretary and asked to see Mr. Roder.

The latter came in, a newspaper in his hand.

"Ah—how do you do, Roder?" Mr. Ogden asked, as casually as he could with pictures of Honey's face drifting before his eyes. The three weeks abroad had not chilled his passion. He could scarcely wait to see her.

"I trust you had a pleasant trip, sir," Mr. Roder remarked, placing some documents upon his employer's desk. "Here is the report on the Shenandoah power project—just came in.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[LOVE'S GREATEST MISTAKE
Continued from Page Seventy-nine]

And Talbot and Davis would like your approval of the Harrisburg traction merger."

"Ah, yes. Very good. And how is everything otherwise, Roder?"

"Going very nicely, sir. Although I regret to say that Miss McNeill is not here today. Her sister telephoned that she had met with an accident. In fact, according to the newspaper, she has been the victim of a cowardly assault."

"What? Why—"

Mr. Ogden's voice quivered with anxiety. He rose from his chair and seized the newspaper.

"MYSTERIOUS Invader Attacks Girl in Apartment," he read. Then followed an account of the outrage, written in lurid style:

Miss Margaret McNeill, who lived with her sister, Mrs. Sommers, on Eighty-second Street, had been spending the day with friends at Stamford. On her return, about 11 o'clock at night, she entered the apartment, to be confronted by a masked bandit, who, taking advantage of the tenants' absence, had ransacked the place.

The masked man, after tearing Miss McNeill's clothes off her in a mysterious and frantic search, had proceeded to beat her cruelly, injuring her arm and side to such an extent that she had to be taken to the hospital.

The injured girl could not be seen last night, but it was learned from her sister, Mrs. Sommers, that a hasty examination of the apartment indicated that nothing had been stolen.

Mrs. Sommers could imagine no reason for the masked man's presence or for his attack upon her sister. The whole affair seemed shrouded in mystery. Miss McNeill, who was in the employ of Mr. William Ogden, the well known financier, with offices in the Union Trust Building, was a young woman of unusual beauty and charm. And so on.

Mr. Ogden, having finished reading the article, stood staring at the paper before him. Mr. Roder shifted from one foot to the other. A heavy silence lay upon the room. The blood rose in Mr. Ogden's neck, his cheeks.

"What do you make of it, Roder?" he asked.

"A mistake, I should think. The man probably got into the wrong apartment."

"Perhaps," Mr. Ogden said, but made no further comment. "That's all, at present, Roder," he added.

WHEN Mr. Roder had gone, Mr. Ogden departed. Finding a taxicab, he directed the chauffeur to take him to the Roosevelt Hospital. A dreadful suspicion had been growing in his mind—a suspicion that, by now, had become almost a certainty. The masked man had been after his letters—the letters he had written to Honey from Paris.

How anyone could have known of their existence, except through Honey, he could not imagine. Of course the girl might have been indiscreet enough to talk, but surely to no one but her sister.

He tried to remember precisely what he had said, realizing that, whatever it was, it could be used against him by anyone sufficiently unscrupulous to resort to blackmail. Had the thief, after his attack on Honey, obtained possession of the letters? Only Honey could tell him that.

TWO men were standing near the entrance as he reached it. Mr. Ogden was far too agitated to notice them. Had he done so, he might have recognized in one the sleek person of Mr. Ray Becker. The other was a reporter from a sensational newspaper.

When word came to Honey of Mr. Ogden's arrival, she was talking to Jane about the latter's trip to Long Beach the night before. Her body was rigid with bandages and plaster.

"Was Ray Becker with you?" she asked.

"No. He had an engagement."

Honey sighed. Her sister's answer told her what she wanted to know. It had been Ray who had attacked her. And Mona had arranged a clear field for him.

She felt a dreadful bitterness. These crooks had pretended to be her friends. Had she any real friends? What was the use? All these people had a certain cynical philosophy: to get what they could out of life, no matter what the cost. She was glad to be rid of them.

When she saw Mr. Ogden coming toward her, she had a feeling of comfort, of warmth. He had never doubted her. In her suffering, her weariness of spirit, she turned to him with a smile. Here was one man, at least, upon whose friendship, whose love, she could depend. She put out her free hand. He would kiss her, no doubt, in spite of Jane's presence.

Mr. Ogden, however, had experienced a great shock. Love—secret love—was one thing; the pitiless opinion of the world quite another. The article in the newspaper had filled him with dreadful fears. He did not even see Honey's outstretched hand.

"My letters," he said curtly. "Did they get them?"

Honey shivered. She had risked her life on this man's account!

In that moment her faith in love—in life itself—was swept away. She lay staring up at him, very still and small and cold.

Honey, on her hospital bed, is now the center around which violent emotions are swirling: fear, greed, hate, love, and self-love. Becker the crooked and Ogden the rich struggle for place in a breath-taking crisis, in next week's issue of LIBERTY.

Modish SPORTS WEAR Uses LEATHER

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

PURPLE leather! Time was when we recognized neither leather nor purple as adjuncts to the mode. But now, permit me to introduce you to a purple leather coat with raglan sleeves. This coat, and many like it, are being worn right in the city of Paris itself.

Leather has come, from gentle working, to be as soft as duvetyn. Raglan sleeves are as snug as any other and have the advantage of being without that homely circle of a seam surrounding the armhole.

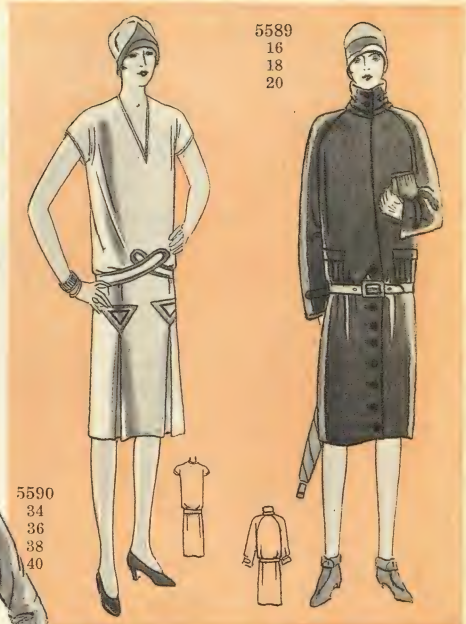
Leather, of course, is essentially appropriate for rainy weather. It is chiefly for the cooler days. If you do not care to go so far as to sponsor leather, design 5589 would be good in kasha or duvetyn. It has the fashionable high pockets, set above the rather low beltline, and it buttons to the hem.

Another fashionable model of the season is a leather jacket, square in line, with a zipper fastener running up the front.

In 5590 we are showing one of those sleeveless dresses. It is all bound with soft pipings of vermilion and wine red. This is a sports dress, as one can see, and though a particularly nice spectator's sports costume, it still may be worn when actually playing tennis. But it would inevitably mark you as inexpert.

5591
34
36
38
40

THIS dress of green crepella trimmed with velvet embodies all the smart tendencies of the season.



5589
16
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5590
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A SLEEVELESS dress of white crepe, trimmed with two shades of red kid.

MADE of purple leather with raglan sleeves, this coat buttons to the hem.

5592
34
36
38
40

BLUE tricot of a neutral shade makes this dress, trimmed with darker blue satin.

You might say that a great deal of dressmaking today consists in cutting out pieces from the main body of the costume and sewing them in again, like a game of blocks.

Thus we get our geometric effects and our dots and dashes. Thus, too, we get our seams, sometimes bound or piped, so fashionable for decoration. Thus we get our stern simplicity of effect, with bewildering complexity underlying it.

Dress 5591, embodying some of these principles, is of green crepella, one of the variations of crepe which so swept the country that manufacturers are obliged to keep it alive in one form or another. There is crepella chiffon, for instance, which has more of a body to it than chiffon affords. This dress has a bloused bodice, a wide hipline, and all of the smart movements of the season, from the circular round of godets, the long V on the bodice, the little pockets bound in velvet, to the turnover collar with a binding that matches them.

Fancy pockets are really one of the fashionable decorations of the day. We have them piped, we have them velvet-trimmed, and we have them plaited. I believe the plaited ones are the most fashionable of all—chiefly because plaits are so very much in the mode. They give to a dress the refinement of lingerie.

The distinguishing feature of 5592 is the use of satin, in a fussy, illogical manner, on tricot. The idea originally was Chanel's. Putting the two materials together inappropriately, as some might say, is one of her little conceits. The large embroidered monogram takes the place of a buckle on the belt.

The attitude of the day toward appropriate dressing was embodied in a French conversation regarding it. "Do you think it pretty?" asked one. "No, but it carries a smart note," answered another, "and that's what counts."

Everybody has been having little jersey dresses. If you have one with a touch of satin on it, that marks your get-up as a product strictly of this season, and more appropriate than beauty is this note of up-to-dateness.

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HANDMADE CHIC

Paris Creates Spring Styles With Embroidered Details

By
BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris, March 6.

ONE-WOMAN-POWER needlecraft is making most of the new spring styles that come out of Paris this season. The feminine half of America interested in Paris styles is being treated to not one but many tucks this spring. Tucks rampant on a field of cloth is the crest of chic. In fact, a variety of the most expert handwork practically makes the mode, which remains static as to outlines generally. The one place in spring clothes where Paris is not taking tucks is what an American man of my acquaintance refers to as the "A-hem" line.

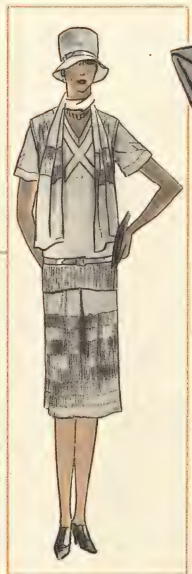
Hems are not any higher, and in some cases they are a bit lower, for skirts are usually trimmed with vertical tucks. Paris feels that the tide of the hemline is sufficiently high, and that it is, perhaps, the hour for an ebb.

There are four ways of creating handmade chic this season. They are embroideries, hand-knit tricots, hand-run tucks, and patches, about which I have already told you.

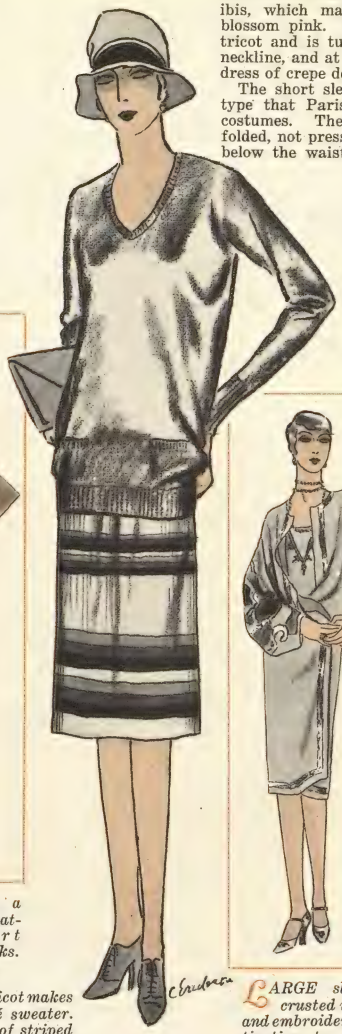
Embroideries and tricots are featured —embroideries for evening, and maybe for afternoon; tricots for sports, or just until noon in town. Tucks have no dead line. They are smart any old time of the day or night. Tucks are used with both embroideries and tricots, and they frequently form the solitary trimming for the smartest of spring dresses, coats, and ensembles.

I want to tell you first about tricots. Paris has a new kind of tricot. It is a kind of plush-angora tricot, that has a luscious silken surface, and is used for sweaters and sweater coats of all types. It is particularly beautiful in the lovely pastel colors that are the life of the spring mode. One of these shades is a light pastel blue, with just a hint of green in it, and this tone, in the new plush tricot, is the most important style item of our Irfé model.

THE white or black satin jewel dress is one of the new Paris modes.



SHORT sleeves, a sleeveless sweater, and a skirt trimmed with tucks. From Patou.



PLUSH tricot makes this Irfé sweater. The skirt is of striped blue crepe de Chine.

LARGE sleeves incrusted with beads and embroidery give distinction to this coral satin evening coat.

The slip-over sweater has been given the tuck treatment, tucks making the small ridges that hold the hipline lower edge in place. Tucks also decorate the tops of the two side-front pockets and edge the oval neckline. They make the fitted wristbands of the sleeves.

The skirt of the Irfé model is made of striped crepe de Chine, the stripes in three darker tones of blue. It is plaited with the finest of plaits, which look like tiny waves. Putting the stripes on the skirt instead of on the sweater reverses the idea that was advanced in the fall, and becomes a pointer to mode changes.

Jean Patou uses the sleeveless tricot sweater for many of his serial sports ensembles.

One of the sweaters is shown in our sketch, and it is in Patou's new color, which he calls ibis, which may be identified as a peach-blossom pink. The sweater is of handmade tricot and is tucked on the shoulders, at the neckline, and at the bottom. It is worn over a dress of crepe de Chine of the same color.

The short sleeves of this dress are of the type that Paris uses extensively for sports costumes. The skirt is narrow, having a folded, not pressed, box plait at the front just below the waistline, to give a little fullness, and it is trimmed with many narrow tucked bands, the bottom one being unstitched on the lower edge so that it looks like a ruffle. The scarf of ibis-colored crepe has a tucked band as trimming, and a narrow leather belt with a steel buckle marks the waistline.

Chic this spring depends a good deal on surfaces, although real cachet is never all surface. Surfaces of style depend on the luster or lack of luster of the material used. The rule is dull-surfaced fabrics for street and sports, and shiny surfaces for afternoon and evening. This, of course, means that satin is back in force for afternoon and for robes du soir.

SATIN for day wear is cut with the greatest simplicity, and from Jean Patou comes the new idea of the satin jewel dress for afternoon. The idea is to have an afternoon frock of impeccable simplicity, in either black or white satin, and to have it built around one single beautiful jewel, preferably some family heirloom with a quaint setting.

Erickson has sketched one of these Patou jewel frocks from his new spring collection. It is of white satin, with hand-tucked yoke and waist-deep V in front showing a gilet of satin bands. Satin ties trim the cuffs and the left shoulder. The jewel, a beautiful huge aquamarine set in antique gold and onyx, is suspended over the draped girdle at the base of the V decolletage. The skirt is shirred and paneled from the jewel at the center front, to emphasize its decorative value.

But, to get back to the subject of handmade fashions, there are embroideries instead of jewels to enhance the evening coat. Yteb designed our model showing the embroidered summer evening coat, with wide sleeves that narrow at the wrist, and that are overlaid with gorgeous colored silk and bead embroideries. The coat, a straight-line model of coral-pink crepe satin, is collarless, and has a wrap-around closing outlined with bands of embroidery.

Are Baseball Games Framed?

The Story of SPOKE and SMOKY JOE

An Article by
HUGH FULLERTON

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Hugh Fullerton, in two previous articles, told of the events leading up to the latest baseball scandal; also why Ty Cobb could never have been involved in any shady deal. In this article he tells of the careers of Tris Speaker and Joe Wood, who, with Cobb, were absolved by Commissioner Kenesaw Landis.]

IF Damon double-crossed Pythias it is conceivable that "Smoky" Joe Wood might do something that would harm Tris Speaker. For, of all the great friendships that have developed in professional baseball, I believe the one between the silver-haired, rugged-faced outfielder, Speaker, who is lovingly called "Spoke," and the slender, handsome young pitcher who, while almost a schoolboy, spreadeagled the league and became one of the great stars, is the closest and one of the finest.

The Ring photo

Tris Speaker returning a long drive to the outfield.

Charles M. Conlon photo

"Smoky" Joe Wood, the fiery pitcher who was Speaker's protegé for many years.

The shock of the latest scandal in baseball lies not in the fact that ball players were accused of questionable practices in betting on a baseball game, but that Cobb, Speaker, and Wood should be the players accused.

The incongruous element is that Speaker and Wood have been closer than brothers, Wood idolizing the big, pleasant veteran, and neither of them caring much for Cobb, toward whom they maintained a sort of armed neutrality, except on the ball field, where they were active enemies.

Three more greatly contrasting types would be hard to find: Cobb, the fiery, fighting, nervous superstar; Speaker, the easy-going, smiling good fellow; and Wood, the fresh-kid type, reckless, pretending to be tough when he really was a nice boy.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[ARE BASEBALL GAMES FRAMED?
Continued from Page Eighty-three]

The first time I ever saw Speaker was one spring at Little Rock. Frank Chance and his famous Cubs were playing Little Rock and in the outfield was a stocky, sandy-haired fellow. The first time he swung on a ball I sat up and took notice. Here was a ball player. There was no mistaking it. In the fifth inning I approached Chance.

"Watch that fellow—he's a ball player. Better grab him," I advised.

"Slough Foot" Chance grinned.

"You're late," he said. "We started watching him in practice. I tried to buy him after the second inning, but he belongs to Boston."

We met Spoke that night, and his contagious grin, his lovable manner, and his frankness won everyone. I think he could make friends and hold them easier than any fellow I ever knew. There never was an outfielder, with the possible exceptions of Walter Brodie and "Big Bill" Lange, who could field as he has done through all his career. Certainly no ball player could catch a long hit as he did; and he could hit and run the bases. In seventeen years of

"And those rules will hurt one old gray-haired outfielder worse than they will anyone else."

One cannot remember all the great plays Speaker has made, but there were two that he made in crises that I never will forget. One was at Boston during a great pitchers' duel between Ed Walsh, the famous spit-baller of the White Sox, and Smoky Joe Wood, the boy who is now in this mess.

INNING after inning the teams fought brilliantly. Then Speaker caught a spit ball squarely, drove out a two-base hit, and gave Boston a run. Late in the game the Sox rallied. They had two runners on the bases, and there was a long conference as to whether to let Walsh bat or to send in a pinch hitter. Two were out. Walsh was not a great hitter in the averages, but he took a powerful cut at a ball—and when he hit a fast ball it went away from there. He had hit two balls solidly and it was figured that he had a chance to break up the game.

He hit the first ball pitched and drove it far out to left center. From the crack of the bat that hit seemed a certain home run, and

Keystone photo

Frank Chance, one of the greatest of first basemen.

major-league baseball he fell below the .300 mark just one season—in 1919.

No player in the game was so universally respected and loved as was Speaker, or so frank and honest about himself and his team. One spring after he had been made manager of the Cleveland Indians I visited him at Lakeland, Florida.

"What's the blue print for this season, Tris?" I inquired.

"Well," he said seriously, "in the first place, the Volstead act is in effect strictly. In the second place, there'll be no cigarette-smoking on the bench this summer."

He sighed deeply, grinned, and added:

Internat. Newsreel photo

Jake Stahl, former manager of the Boston Red Sox.

the ball flashed far out past Speaker, high in the air. Speaker, his gray hair flashing, raced back at top speed.

One glance over his shoulder and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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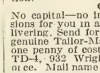

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE EIGHTY-FOUR]

he had turned and was sprinting after the flying ball. He reached the concrete barrier, stretched far over it, and caught the ball. Turning, he came trotting in, grinning happily.

Walsh, who was almost to second base when Speaker caught the ball, hurled his cap on the ground and screamed with agony over the barefaced robbery.

"That's right, Ed," said Speaker, as he trotted past. "Keep hittin' them on the handle all the time."

THE other crisis was in the World's Series between the New York Giants and the Boston Red Sox, a sensational series which the powers of baseball never investigated—although there were weird rumors concerning it. These, however, did not involve players.

At one stage it looked as if the Giants were sure winners. Speaker was at bat, runners were on the bases, and Christy Mathewson was pitching. Both teams were fighting desperately.

In that crisis Speaker hit at a "fader" pitched by Mathewson, and popped a weak, twisting foul toward first base. Either the catcher or first baseman could have caught it—and a catch meant victory for the Giants in both game and series.

Mathewson—the cool, imperturbable Matty—lost his head for once. He claimed the catch, drove the others away—and failed to reach the ball, which fell untouched.

I never had seen Mathewson worked to a high pitch of excitement before. Speaker, who, saved by an accident, was equally excited, jumped in the air, shook his fists, and shouted at Mathewson:

"Put it up, you big Swede, and I'll knock the cover off it."

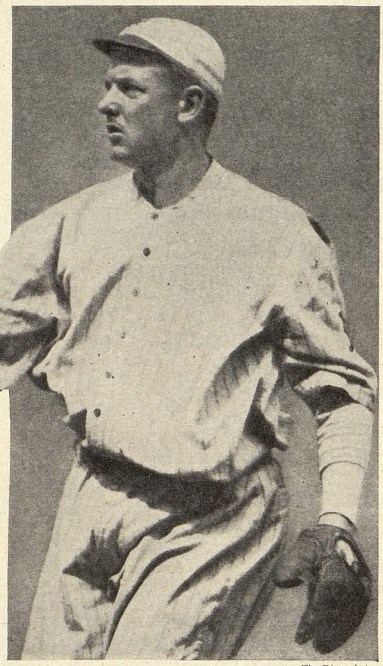
Speaker hit the next ball pitched past the second baseman for a two-base hit that won the game and the series.

Speaker was at the height of his powers as a player when a slender, swaggering, handsome youngster of good education and birth came to the Boston club. He had a world of speed, a fast curve that broke with dazzling sharpness, and he stepped into the limelight of baseball.

This pitcher was Joe Wood—"Smoky" Joe because of his speed. Joe was an odd figure. Really a well bred and fairly educated boy, he had an idea that if he was going to make good in the major leagues he would have to be tough. He told me long afterward that, in his ignorance, he believed all ball players were tough guys. So Joe got tough.

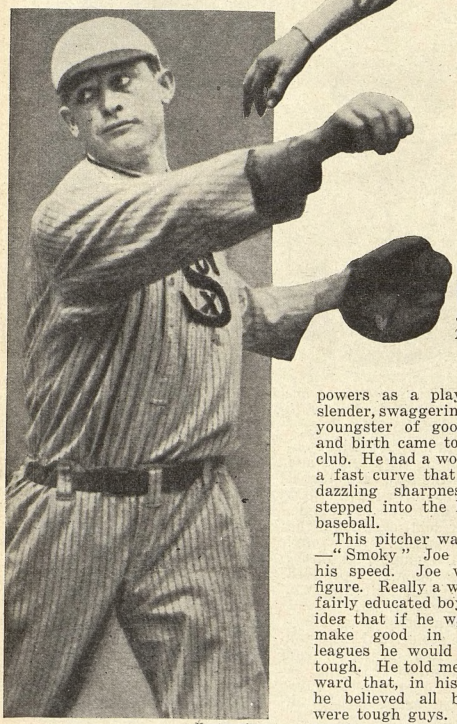
He got so tough and rough he must have been afraid to go out alone with himself. He talked out of the corner of his mouth and used language that would have made a steeplechase jockey blush. He challenged all opponents, and dilated upon their pedigrees.

He was a great pitcher and, besides that, a natural ball player who could hit (he batted .336 one year, and always, even when pitching, was accounted dangerous). He could play the outfield and he could throw. In fact, but for his great pitching ability, he would have been a star outfielder.



The Ring photo

The beloved Christy Mathewson of the New York Giants (right).



Keystone photo

Ed Walsh, famous White Sox spit-ball pitcher (left).

He feared nothing except Speaker. Their friendship must have started the moment they saw each other. The big, good-natured fellow probably saved him from being "crowned" a hundred times by some indignant opposing player or some fellow on his own team.

Wood admired Speaker above all things, and Spoke was a sort of father to the youngster, who would do almost anything Speaker suggested.

IT was Wood who came near throwing away that desperately fought series of 1912 with the New York Giants. Jake Stahl, now dead, was manager of the Red Sox, and his team outclassed the Giants in everything except fighting spirit.

The Red Sox won three and the Giants one of the first five games—the other being a tie—and only the luck and the superhuman playing of Buck Herzog kept Boston from winning four straight. With the standing games three to one, Wood was scheduled to pitch the next. Wood had been notified, he had bet a lot of money on his own team, and had told friends to bet he would finish it up.

He started to warm up before the sixth game, and then Stahl changed

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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One woman made $9 in one hour. Another woman and her daughter average $17 a day working afternoons. A chiropractor made $11.40 the first day selling NU-GARTS to his patients.

Send 50c for sample pair. Give measurement around leg above knee. Money refunded if not satisfied.

DEALERS: Write for details
DEMONSTRATORS Wanted for department stores
WHOLESALE SALESMEN—Write for proposition.
THE NOVELTY RUBBER SALES CO., Akron, Ohio

$5000 SALARY
EXPERIENCE NOT NECESSARY

Have you ever seen this heading in a help-wanted advertisement? No—and you never will! Experience IS necessary. If you are caught in a low-pay job, why not train for a $5,000-a-year position? Become an expert salesman—fix your own hours—choose your own field—control your own pay—be *independent!* LaSalle-trained salesmen in every section of the country report salary-increases and promotions. Train in your spare time by the LaSalle Problem Method, under supervision of expert salesmen. Low cost; easy terms. 64-page booklet, "The Modern Salesman, Ambassador of Progress," free. Send for it TODAY.

This Book FREE!

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 431-S Chicago

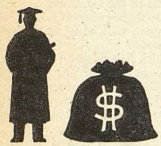
Safe Milk and Food

For INFANTS, Children, Invalids and for All Ages

The Money Value of Education

The Untrained Man
earns about
$45,000
between the ages of 14 and 60

The High School Graduate
earns about
$78,000
between the ages of 18 and 60



The College or Technical School Graduate
earns about
$150,000
between the ages of 22 and 60

THE figures given above represent the earnings of the average man. They are based on reports of the Massachusetts Department of Labor and Industry, and on statistics of earnings of students and graduates of the College of Business Administration of Boston University.

They coincide with the results of investigations made from time to time by the International Correspondence Schools, and they show, beyond question of doubt, the money value of education.

According to these figures a four-year high-school course is worth $33,000 and a four-year college course is worth $72,000 to the average man. Every hour you spend in spare-time study with the I. C. S. pays a proportionately large cash return.

For this is the day of the trained man. The high schools and colleges are turning out thousands of graduates every year. You cannot possibly hope to compete with these graduates unless you increase your educational equipment and your ability to handle more important work.

Today, as for thirty-five years, the International Correspondence Schools offer an unfailing source of help for men who were forced to leave school too soon or who require special training to meet the changing needs of business and industry.

To thousands upon thousands of men a home-study course with the I. C. S. has meant the difference between Success and Failure—the difference between the earnings of the untrained man and the man who is equipped to take his place among the leaders in business and in industry.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Scranton, Penna.

Founded 1891 *More than* 3,400,000 *students*

MAIL THE COUPON FOR DESCRIPTIVE BOOKLET

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, Box 8471-E, Scranton, Penna.
Without cost or obligation, please send me one of your booklets and tell me how I can qualify for the position or in the subject before which I have marked an X:

BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES

☐ Business Management	☐ Bookkeeping	☐ Stenography and Typing
☐ Industrial Management	☐ Private Secretary	☐ Good English
☐ Personnel Organization	☐ Spanish	☐ Civil Service
☐ Traffic Management	☐ French	☐ Railway Mail Clerk
☐ Business Law	☐ Salesmanship	☐ Common School Subjects
☐ Banking and Banking Law	☐ Advertising	☐ High School Subjects
☐ Accountancy (including C.P.A.)	☐ Business Correspondence	☐ Illustrating
☐ Nicholson Cost Accounting	☐ Show Card Lettering	☐ Cartooning

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES

☐ Electrical Engineering	☐ Surveying and Mapping	☐ Concrete Builder
☐ Electric Lighting	☐ Metallurgy	☐ Structural Engineer
☐ Mechanical Engineer	☐ Steam Engineering	☐ Chemistry ☐ Pharmacy
☐ Mechanical Draftsman	☐ Radio	☐ Automobile Work
☐ Machine Shop Practice	☐ Architect	☐ Airplane Engines
☐ Railroad Positions	☐ Blueprint Reading	☐ Navigation
☐ Gas Engine Operating	☐ Contractor and Builder	☐ Agriculture and Poultry
☐ Civil Engineer	☐ Architectural Draftsman	☐ Mathematics

Name.....

Address.....

Canadian address—International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal

[ARE BASEBALL GAMES FRAMED?] Continued from Page Eighty-five

plans and ordered "Bucky" O'Brien to pitch. O'Brien was only half warmed up and was slaughtered right at the outset. Wood was angry and, when O'Brien returned to the bench after that disastrous inning, snapped at him:

"That's a hell of a way to lose my five hundred dollars."

Immediately a fight started which was quickly suppressed. Boston lost the game, but that was not the finish.

The next day, while the players were in their dressing-room, another fight started. When Wood and O'Brien clashed, Carrigan and Forrest Cady, a big catcher, leaped in to drag them apart. Speaker thought his protegé was being ganged, and jumped to the rescue. Before any explanations could be offered, there was a battle royal. Then explanations were offered, peace was patched up, and the team went out on the field.

P. & A. photo

Tris Speaker as he looks today, at home with his wife.

Fotograms

Wood in his uniform as baseball coach at Yale University.

Wood was at a high pitch of excitement, shaking with anger and white around the lips. He started warming up by throwing the first ball as fast as he could hurl it, and it was evident, even from the stands, that something was wrong. He started the game still upset, and as a result New York pounded him all over the lot, cinching the game in the first inning.

There was a lot of dissatisfaction over the series, which Boston finally won, four to three, and Stahl was blamed for changing the plan of pitching at the last minute; but the thing back of it all was betting on ball games.

Wood was, during his entire career in the major leagues, a betting man, giving small thought to the consequences. When Speaker went to Cleveland, Wood's arm was beginning to weaken, but Speaker wanted his old pal with him. He brought Wood to Cleveland and played him as an outfielder, in spite of the dead arm. Wood's hitting covered his throwing shortcomings to a large extent.

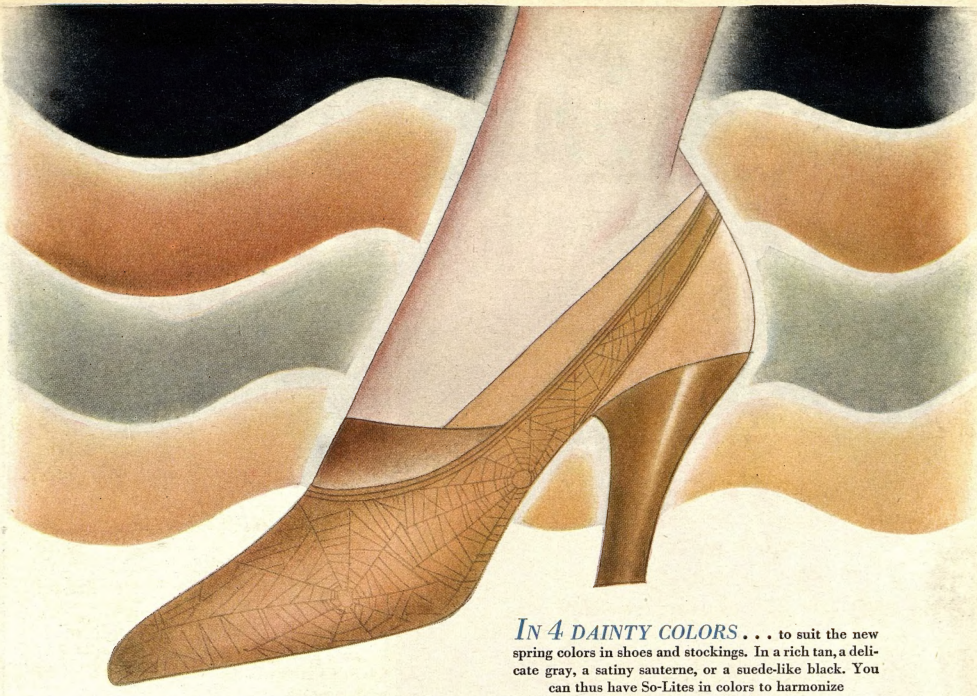
Speaker had an outfield composed of left-handed hitters, and he carried substitutes who batted right-handed, so as to change when left-handed pitchers worked against his team. Wood fitted into that program exactly.

Wood would bet on anything from craps to horse racing, and back his opinion with all the money he had, but I never heard anyone in baseball even hint that Wood would go crooked in betting.

Knowing him, few paid much attention to his betting. During that period I think Speaker was the great restraining influence in Wood's life. And when Wood finally retired he had tamed down a lot. He became the coach of Yale's baseball team, and will laugh ruefully in recounting some of the foolish things he did in his younger years.

I HAVE tried to write of these fellows and of their characters as I knew them. I have told all the worst things I know about them—their weaknesses—and you can judge as well as anyone whether or not those three fellows would meet under a grand stand and conspire to throw a game for gain.

A forecast of the 1927 baseball season by Hugh Fullerton will appear in an early issue of LIBERTY. He will review the general outlook, the chances of teams in the major leagues, and give the prospective standings of the teams at the end of the season.



IN 4 DAINTY COLORS . . . to suit the new spring colors in shoes and stockings. In a rich tan, a delicate gray, a satiny sauterne, or a suede-like black. You can thus have So-Lites in colors to harmonize with every costume

Rubber "sandals" *patterned like brocaded slippers*

SO-LITES — *in a tiny envelope to slip in your handbag*

AN OUNCE of daintiness! A pair of So-Lites in their neat little packet weighs barely three ounces. Even to their gossamer pattern, So-Lites are different from all other rubbers. They're like smart satin slippers.

So convenient, too. When the shower's over, slip your So-Lites into their rubber-lined, silk-finished container. Then drop the trim little package in your handbag. "With So-Lites, I don't have my rubbers on my hands when I no longer need them on my feet."

And you can find So-Lites in four shades, to match the different colors of your street and dress shoes. So-Lites come in a rich tan, a delicate gray, a satiny sauterne or a suede-like black.

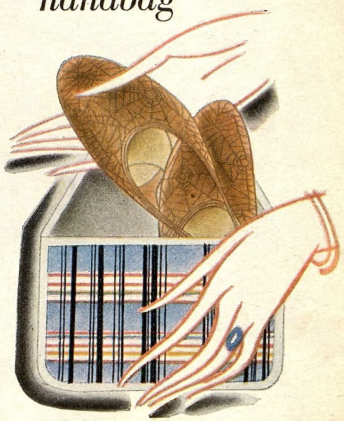
When you buy your shoes buy So-Lites to match them and to make sure of harmonious colors, correct fit. *Look for the name So-Lite inside the rubber.*

YOUR DEALER should surely have a full showing of So-Lites. If he hasn't, write us. We'll gladly send you the name and address of a dealer near you who carries them. Address Dept. S.L.2, 1790 Broadway, New York City.

These delightful new creations are just one of the many types of smart, serviceable footwear made only by the United States Rubber Company. You can get "U.S." rubbers in all styles and sizes for men, women and children.

Trade Mark

United States Rubber Company



In their waterproof envelope, total weight 3 ozs! So-Lites cost no more than other rubbers of high quality. Each pair comes in a trim little waterproof, silk-finished packet safely and neatly carried in pocket or handbag

ATWATER KENT RADIO

A million people can't be wrong about this

THERE are lots of kinds of radio, aren't there? Is it hard for you to decide? Will this help you:

More than a million families who faced the same problem are now enjoying Atwater Kent Radio in their homes. They listened to all the arguments, just as you are doing—and then put their money in the radio with the reputation backed by experience.

The reason for Atwater Kent Radio's long lead is its all-round efficiency under all sorts of conditions. It works—and keeps on working.

Now that the Atwater Kent ONE Dial Receiver is here—the true ONE Dial that gets all stations within range without secondary tuning devices—the public is buying twice as many as it did before.

All the radio makers have had their say. Isn't it time now to stop listening to arguments and listen to programs?

Write for illustrated booklet telling the complete story of Atwater Kent Radio

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
A. Atwater Kent, President
4749 Wissahickon Avenue Philadelphia, Pa.

Model 35, six-tube receiver illustrated, with ONE Dial, Speaker Model H.

EVERY SUNDAY EVENING:—The Atwater Kent Radio Hour brings you the stars of opera and concert, in Radio's finest program. Hear it at 9:15 Eastern Time, 8:15 Central Time, through:

WEAF	*New York*	WOC	*Davenport*
WBEI	*Boston*	KSD	*St. Louis*
WRC	*Washington*	WWJ	*Detroit*
WSAI	*Cincinnati*	WCCO	*Minn.-St. Paul*
WTAM	*Cleveland*	WGY	*Schenectady*
WGN	*Chicago*	WSB	*Atlanta*
WFI	*Philadelphia*	WSM	*Nashville*
WCAE	*Pittsburgh*	WMC	*Memphis*
WGR	*Buffalo*	WHAS	*Louisville*